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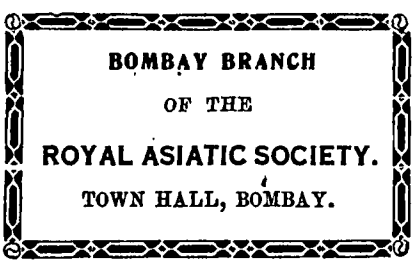

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CARTHAGE
AND HER REMAINS.

LONDON. RICHARD BENTLEY. 1861.

JOHN SADDLER. SC.

THE AQUEDUCT OF CARTHAGE.

CARTHAGE

AND HER REMAINS:

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE

EXCAVATIONS AND RESEARCHES

ON THE SITE OF

THE PHŒNICIAN METROPOLIS IN AFRICA,

AND OTHER ADJACENT PLACES.

Conducted under the Auspices of Her Majesty's Government.

BY DR. N. DAVIS, F.R.G.S. &c.

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TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF CLARENDON, K. G., G. C. B.,

&c., &c., &c.

My Lord,

I have solicited permission to dedicate this book to your Lordship, not only as a grateful acknowledgment for your uniform courtesy towards me during that period of my labours at Carthage, when you stood at the head of the Foreign Office; but likewise to have an opportunity thus publicly to state, that the excavations on the site of the classical city of Dido, and their satisfactory results, are due to the invariable encouragement, and unremitting support, which the undertaking has received from your Lordship.

Your Lordship has shown that a Minister of the Crown can well discharge the onerous, and important, functions of his high office, to the entire satisfaction of his Sovereign and of

the country, and, at the same time, can find sufficient leisure to encourage an enterprise which has a tendency to elevate the taste of the people generally, and to further a branch of literature and science, the importance of which is now so universally acknowledged.

When the objects recovered from the wreck of Carthage shall be fully and properly exhibited to the public, in a suitable locality, within the precincts of the British Museum, the nation will see the debt of gratitude which is due to your Lordship.

As one of the people, and being also fully aware of the real value of those objects, I beg to be permitted to be the first to tender to your Lordship my own share of that debt.

I have the honour to be,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most humble

And most obedient servant,

N. DAVIS.

LONDON, *Nov.* 6, 1860.

PREFACE.

THERE was a time when our forefathers contented themselves with unwieldy domestic furniture, adapted for use and durability, totally regardless of ornament; but, in the present day, we study comfort and luxury, taste and elegance. There was a time when our forefathers, in their restricted migrations, did not aspire to a speed exceeding ten miles an hour; but, in the present day, we vie with the feathered tribes in swiftness. There was a time, too, when the ruled yielded passive obedience to the despot; but, in the present day, every stripling considers himself entitled to offer an opinion on grave matters relating to the government of the country. *Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.* Everything is revolutionized! We enlist the influence of the Sun's rays for the production of our pictures; by the aid of Lightning we are furnished with instantaneous news from the remotest parts of the globe; we have subjugated Steam, and converted it into a powerful agent, to convey us, with an astonishing velocity, from one part of the world to the other.

Literature has not been exempted from this revolutionary contagion, for there was a time when our forefathers were perfectly satisfied with ponderous dry folios, whose contents they devoured with the utmost avidity, considering their pains, and labour, adequately rewarded if they could only extract one grain of sense from every hundred pages. The student of the present day not only scrutinizes daily the mechanical parts of a book, but his standard of excellence may be summed up in this sentence,—*Knowledge and information must be communicated in a concise as well as in an attractive and fascinating manner.*

With the exception of the plodding occupation of the seamstress, there is scarcely anything more monotonous than the mechanical part of excavation,—

> "Dig, dig, dig amid earth, and mortar, and stone,
> And dig, dig, dig among ruins overthrown—
> Spade, and basket, and pick, the toiling Arabs ply,
> From breath of early dawn till evening shades draw nigh."

Notwithstanding all this, the author has actually endeavoured to meet the peculiar requirements of the day. He has taken care neither to lose himself in the mazes of the mysterious past, nor has he ventured on wild speculation respecting the present. He sought to combine his special object—to dig for relics of the past, with his natural propensity to dig into the minds, and characters, of the modern occupants of the territories of Carthage. Both diggings, it will be observed, have

yielded fruit, equal in quantity, but very different in quality.

In a narrative like the present, it was impossible for the author to render full justice to the subject of the Carthaginian excavations to which they are entitled. It is, however, contemplated shortly to publish an account of the excavations in a larger and necessarily more expensive form, which will enable him adequately to exhibit all the interesting antiquities which his labours have brought to light. That work will contain several ground-plans, and will be embellished by upwards of one hundred illustrations, executed in the best style.

In the course of this narrative, the author has endeavoured to acknowledge the services he has received from various individuals in connexion with his labours. If, however, through inadvertence, he should have omitted any, he trusts the most favourable construction will be put upon such an omission.

For several illustrations, his special thanks are due to his friends, Alfred Cox, Esq., and to W. J. C. Moens, Esq.; also to the Marquis de Noailles, to Henry Ferriere, Esq., and to Lieutenant Porcher.

He likewise embraces this opportunity of expressing his grateful obligations to E. Hammond, Esq., Her Majesty's Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, for the promptness and readiness with which he forwarded and facilitated many matters connected with the

excavations; and to A. Panizzi, Esq., of the British Museum, for his valuable advice and encouragement which he, at all times, so willingly extended.

When the author first conceived the idea of recovering some of the relics of Carthage, he anticipated following up those researches by making excavations among the ruins of Pentapolis. He communicated his intention to Her Majesty's Government nearly two years ago, and hopes that the contemplated project is only postponed; and that, in due time, means will be forthcoming to enable him to carry it into execution.

M. Della Cella, Admiral Beechey, Mr. Hamilton, and, it is believed, also the learned Admiral Smyth, have visited the region of Cyrene, and concur in bearing testimony to its being a prolific field for antiquarian research. F. H. S. Werry, Esq., for some years Her Majesty's Vice-Consul at Benghazi, and now holding the same office at Tunis, has visited several of those ancient cities, and fully corroborates the statement of those learned travellers. Mr. Werry has even *tested* the soil, and his efforts have been rewarded by some interesting Grecian antiquities, which are deposited in the British Museum. It is to be hoped that they are only an earnest of what Pentapolis is destined to yield, through the instrumentality of

THE AUTHOR.

LONDON, *Nov.* 30, 1860.

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And Directions to the Binder.

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CARTHAGE

AND HER REMAINS.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

CARTHAGE, IDENTIFIED WITH THE TARSHISH OF THE SACRED WRITERS.

ALTHOUGH Carthage was once so celebrated for her opulence and power, and is so memorable for her defeat and destruction, historians are not even agreed as to the precise period when she was first founded. According to Appian, the city was built by Xorus, or Zorus, and Carchedon, fifty years before the taking of Troy, or about B.C. 1234, and 481 years before the foundation of Rome. Virgil's account agrees with this; and the learned Vossius, in his book, *De Magnitudine Urbium,* confidently declares that Carthage was not only built before the Trojan War, but that she was before that period already "in a condition of great dignity and power." Others, however, contend that the famous African metropolis was built by Dido, about fifty years before the fall of the Assyrian empire, or 116 years before the foundation of Rome.* We have, therefore, between these dates a discrepancy of 365 years; and from the

* Justin says, "Condita est urbs hæc lxxxii annis antequam Roma."—Lib. xviii. c. vi., according to which Carthage was built B.C. 835.

period that Æneas sailed for Italy and the time assigned for Dido's rearing the famous Byrsa, we have a difference of 315 years. This certainly proves beyond all doubt Virgil's anachronism. But this is not to be characterised as a blunder of "the prince of Latin poets." Virgil selected materials for his incomparable work from life and real events. He was therefore forced to have recourse to history; but the fetters of chronology would have frustrated his majestic design, and hence his repeated regardlessness to the precise order in which events have occurred. What is unpardonable culpability on the part of an historian, is admitted to be perfectly legitimate to the poet. That Dido was at Carthage is undoubtedly a fact; that Æneas was driven by contrary and boisterous winds to these parts is very probable; that the queen of Carthage terminated her life in the tragical manner stated by the poet, is plainly recorded by Justin.* These events, though they occurred at lengthy intervals, are thrown together by Virgil, and form four of the most attractive books of his magnificent and charming Æneid.

The dates assigned to the foundation of Carthage are not so conflicting as seems at first sight. It would appear that the Phœnicians had a settlement here, and had built a city about 400 years before Dido's arrival. Her birth and station entitled her to a cordial reception among her own countrymen, and her misfortune enlisted their sympathy. It was therefore most natural to confide to her the reins of power, and under her administration a systematic government was first organized.

* Lib. xviii. cap. vi.

According to Josephus (whose authority on this subject ought to be respected), Tyre was built 240 years before the temple of Jerusalem. If this be so, then the city, after a duration of only twenty years, had already sent out colonists to the African coasts. But in all probability, the first and original settlers at Carthage were not Tyrians, but the surplus population of the other Phœnician cities. Citizens of Tyre, no doubt, afterwards swelled the ranks of the African colonists, so that when Dido came among them, she found herself among her own people, and Carthage can with just propriety trace her descent from Tyre.

It is due to Carthage, and to the fugitive princess, that we now trace her origin through the rulers of Tyre.

Josephus and Theophilus Anthiochenus are the authorities on this portion of history, and their guides were Menander, an Ephesian, and Dius, a Phœnician. The former wrote his history of Tyre from records preserved in that city, and the latter had public archives for his guide.

A period of 198 years, since the foundation of Tyre, elapsed, during which history furnishes us with no particulars relative either to her rulers or her government. The first king mentioned was contemporary with David, and is called, according to Josephus, Abibal, and Abeimal by Theophilus. He was succeeded by his son Hiram, in 1046 B. C. This king was, according to Scripture, "ever a lover of David," and furnished him with cedar trees and workmen to construct his palace at Jerusalem.

Upon Solomon's accession to the throne, Hiram sent him a congratulatory embassy, expressing his great gratification on seeing the throne continued in the

family. By these ambassadors, Solomon, according to Josephus, sent the following letter to the Tyrian king:

"*King Solomon to King Hiram.*

"Be it known to thee, O king, that my father David had it a long time in his mind to erect a temple to the Lord; but being perpetually at war, and under a necessity of clearing his lands of his enemies, and making them all his tributaries before he could attend to this great and holy work, he hath left it to me, in time of peace, both to begin and to finish it, according to the direction, as well as the prediction, of Almighty God. Blessed be His great name for the present tranquillity of my dominions, and by His gracious assistance, I shall now dedicate the best improvement of this liberty and leisure to His honour and worship. Wherefore I make it my request, that you will let some of your people go along with some servants of mine to Mount Libanus, to assist them in cutting down materials for this building; for the Sidonians understand it much better than we do. As for the workmen's reward, or wages, whatever you think reasonable shall be punctually paid them."

To this the King of Tyre replied:

"*King Hiram to King Solomon.*

"Nothing could have been more welcome to me than to understand that the government of your blessed father is devolved, by God's providence, into the hands of so excellent, so wise, and so virtuous a successor. His holy name be praised for it! That which you

write for shall be done with all care and good will, for I will give orders to go down and export such quantities of the fairest cedars and cypress trees as you shall have occasion for. My people shall bring them to the sea-side for you, and from thence ship them away to what port you please, where they may be ready for your own men to transport them to Jerusalem. It would be a great obligation, after all this, to allow us such a provision of corn in exchange as may stand with your convenience; for that is the commodity we islanders want most."

These documents, Josephus declares, were extant in his time both in the Hebrew and Tyrian records. Hiram also furnished his ally with an expert architect and other eminent artists, under whose directions the celebrated edifice at Jerusalem was built and decorated. In addition to all this he advanced him 120 talents of gold. In return for such unbounded liberality, the young king consented to send to Hiram an annual present of 20,000 measures of wheat, and twenty measures of pure oil. He likewise offered him twenty cities in the district of Galilee, which the King of Tyre, however, respectfully declined.

When Solomon undertook to construct a navy, his friend again proved of great service to him. He supplied him with as many builders and shipwrights as he required; and when the vessels were completed, he furnished him with expert pilots and skilful mariners to conduct his fleet to the land of Tarshish and Ophir.

It appears from Dius, as quoted by Josephus, that Solomon's wisdom was Hiram's chief attraction; and

Tatian relates from Theodatus, Hysurates, and Mochus, Phœnician historians, that King Hiram gave his daughter in marriage to Solomon, and that by her the Hebrew monarch was induced to worship Ashtarte, the goddess of the Sidonians.

Hiram reigned thirty-four years, died at the age of fifty-three, and was succeeded to the throne of Tyre by his son Baleazar, or Baleastartus, respecting whom nothing more is known than that he reigned seven years. Theophilus, however, asserts that he reigned seventeen years, and died at the age of forty-three.

Baleazar was succeeded by his son Abdashtartus, who reigned nine years. He was murdered by his nurse's four sons, the eldest of whom usurped the throne, and governed twelve years.

Ashtartus, the brother of Abdashtartus, recovered the throne to his family, reigned twelve years, and died at the age of sixty-six. His brother Ashtarimus succeeded him.

Ashtarimus was murdered by his brother Phelles, who usurped the throne, but his reign was of brief duration. Ithobal (or perhaps Itharbaal, as we find the name written on several of the Punic votive tablets), son of Ashtarimus, slew him in the year 962 B.C, having only enjoyed the fruits of his wickedness during nine months. In scripture this prince is called "Ethbaal," and he likewise held the office of chief priest to Ashtarte. By Josephus he is styled King of Tyre and Sidon. But the union of these two kingdoms is already indicated in the above correspondence between Solomon and Hiram, since Solomon could not have asked his friend to supply him with Sidonians if he had not the rule over that people.

Ithobal gave his daughter Jezebel in marriage to King Ahab; and Menander, according to Josephus, tells us that in the time of Ethbaal, King of Tyre, there was an extreme drought, for want of rain, that lasted from the month Hyperboretæus till the same month the following year. Prayers were put up for averting this judgment, which were followed by mighty claps of thunder. The reader will not fail to call to mind the scriptural account of this calamity as recorded in the First Book of Kings. To Ithobal is ascribed the building of Botrys in Phœnicia, and Auzates in Africa.

Badezor, or Bazor, succeeded his father Ithobal, but reigned only six months. After his death the throne of Tyre devolved on his son Mettinus, who occupied it, according to Josephus, only nine years, and twenty-nine according to Theophilus. Mettinus (or Mutgo, according to Justin) left four children, two sons named Pygmalion and Barca, and two daughters, Elissa, called also Dido, and Anna.

The eldest son ascended the throne at the age of sixteen, and Elissa married her uncle Sichæus, or (according to Justin Acerbas) the high-priest of Melcareth, whose official dignity was regarded among the Phœnicians as next to that of royalty. The enormous wealth of Acerbas attracted the cupidity of the king to such a degree, that the resolution to become master of the concealed treasures made him disregard the laws of humanity, as well as the double tie of affinity. He murdered Sichæus, according to some, whilst out chasing a wild boar, and, according to others, whilst engaged in sacrificing to the protecting divinity of Tyre. But notwithstanding the perpetration of so direful a crime, the king's avarice was not gratified.

Elissa alone knew the locality where the treasures were hid, and she likewise knew that these treasures had prompted her brother to the murder of her husband. By her artful dissimulation, she left the king under the impression that she was ignorant that the dark deed was committed by him, and, apparently, even manifested towards him the same esteem and affection as though she had not entertained the least suspicion of him. By this artifice she was enabled to form her design, and carry her project to escape with the treasure, into execution. Under pretence* of retiring to Chartaca, a small city between Tyre and Sidon, as if to live there with her brother Barca, she desired the king to furnish her with men and ships to convey thither her effects. The avaricious monarch regarded this as a capital opportunity of making himself master of her wealth, and therefore readily complied with her request.

But Barca and several senators, besides a number of wealthy and influential citizens, who had also reason to dread the tyrant, were privy to her true design, and had agreed to be companions in her flight, and to share in her fate and fortune. The whole party, and all their effects, were embarked, and the flotilla was already out of sight, when Pygmalion discovered the plot. In vain did he now vent his rage, and even his resolution to pursue the

* Justin says: Tunc fratrem dolo aggreditur, fingit se ad eum migrare velle, ne amplius ei mariti domus, cupidæ oblivionis, gravem lætus imaginem renovaret, nec ultra amara admonitio oculis ejus occurrat. "She then accosts her brother with this stratagem: she pretends that she had a desire to remove to his house, so that the house of her husband might no more revive in her, being desirous to forget him and the intolerable scene of her former mourning; that the cruel means of renewing his memory might no more be brought before her eyes."—Lib. xviii. cap. iv.

fugitives was overruled by severe threats from an oracle, seconded by the tears of his own mother.

Venus, according to Virgil, enlightens the pious Æneas on this historical event, in this manner:

"The rising city, which from far you see,
Is Carthage, and a Tyrian colony.
Phœnician Dido rules the growing state
Who fled from Tyre, to shun her brother's hate:
Great were her wrongs, her story full of fate;
Which I will sum in short. Sichæus, known
For wealth, and brother to the Punic throne,
Possessed fair Dido's bed; and either heart
At once was wounded with an equal dart.
Her father gave her, yet a spotless maid;
Pygmalion then the Tyrian sceptre swayed—
One who contemn'd divine and human laws.
Then strife ensued, and cursed gold the cause.
The monarch, blinded with desire of wealth,
With steel invades his brother's life by stealth;
Before the sacred altar made him bleed,
And long from her concealed the cruel deed.
Some tale, some new pretence, he daily coined,
To soothe his sister and delude her mind.
At length, in dead of night, the ghost appears
Of her unhappy lord: the spectre stares,
And with erected eyes his bloody bosom bares.
The cruel altars and his fate he tells,
And the dire secret of his house reveals:
Then warns the widow and her household gods
To seek a refuge in remote abodes.
Last, to support her in so long a way,
He shows her where his hidden treasure lay.
Admonished thus, and seized with mortal fright,
The Queen provides companions of her flight:
They meet, and all combine to leave the state,
Who hate the tyrant, or who fear his hate.
They seize a fleet, which ready rigged they find,
Nor is Pygmalion's treasure left behind.
The vessels, heavy laden, put to sea
With prosperous winds: a woman leads the way.
I know not, if by stress of weather driv'n,
Or was their fatal course disposed by Heav'n;

At last they landed, where from far your eyes
May view the turrets of New Carthage rise;
There bought a space of ground, which (Byrsa called
From the bull's hide) they first inclosed, and walled."*

Dido and her party steered for Cyprus, where the priest of Jupiter, with his wife and children, "by the admonition of the gods," *deorum monitu*, joined them, stipulating only for the perpetual priesthood for himself and his posterity. Cyprus also supplied the princesses' followers with fourscore wives. They now sailed direct

* Imperium Dido Tyriâ regit urbe profecta,
Germanum fugiens: longa est injuria, longæ
Ambages: sed summa sequar fastigia rerum.
Huic conjux Sichæus erat, ditissimus agri
Phœnicum, et magno miseræ dilectus amore:
Cui pater intactum dederat, primisque jugârat
Ominibus: sed regna Tyri germanus habebat
Pygmalion, scelere ante alios immanior omnes.
Quos inter medius venit furor: ille Sichæum,
Impius ante aras, atque auri cæcus amore,
Clàm ferro incautum superat, securus amorum
Germanæ: factumque diu celavit; et ægram,
Multa malus simulans, vanâ spe lusit amantem.
Ipsa sed in somnis inhumati venit imago
Conjugis, ora modis attollens pallida miris:
Crudeles aras trajectaque pectora ferro
Nudavit, cæcumque domûs scelus omne retexit.
Tum celerare fugam patriâque excedere suadet
Auxiliumque viæ veteres tellure recludit
Thesauros, ignotum argenti pondus et auri.
His commota fugam Dido sociosque parabat.
Conveniunt, quibus aut odium crudele tyranni,
Aut metus acer erat; naves, quæ fortè paratæ,
Corripiunt onerantque auro: portantur avari
Pygmalionis opes pelago: dux fœmina facti.
Devenêre locos, ubi nunc ingentia cernes
Mœnia, surgentemque novæ Carthaginis arcem:
Mercatique solum, facti de nomine Byrsam,
Taurino quantum possent circumdare tergo.

Æneidos, lib. i. v. 340.

for the African shores, and landed among their countrymen at Carthage.

Here it becomes necessary to direct the reader's attention to an important point of ancient geography, respecting which very conflicting opinions have been entertained among the learned, and a correct solution of which must tend greatly to enhance the importance of Carthage. The following passages of Scripture contain the materials for our guidance, as well as the subject in dispute :—

"And King Solomon made a navy of ships in Ezion-geber, which is beside Eloth, on the shore of the Red Sea, in the land of Edom.

"And Hiram sent in the navy his servants, shipmen that had knowledge of the sea, with the servants of Solomon.

"And they came to Ophir, and fetched from thence gold, four hundred and twenty talents, and brought it to King Solomon."—1 Kings ix. 26, 27, 28.

"For the king had at sea a navy of Tarshish with the navy of Hiram; once in three years came the navy of Tarshish, bringing gold, and silver, ivory, and apes and peacocks."—1 Kings x. 22.

"Jehoshaphat made ships of Tarshish to go to Ophir for gold: but they went not; for the ships were broken at Ezion-geber."—1 Kings xxii. 48.

"The king's [Solomon's] ships went to Tarshish with the servants of Huram: every three years once came the ships of Tarshish, bringing gold, and silver, ivory, and apes, and peacocks."—2 Chron. ix. 21.

"And he [Ahaziah] joined himself with him [Jeho-

shaphat] to make ships to go to Tarshish: and they made the ships in Ezion-gaber."—2 Chron. xx. 36.

"Tarshish was thy merchant [the prophet addresses Tyre] by reason of the multitude of all kind of riches; with silver, iron, tin, and lead, they traded in thy fairs."—Ezek. xxvii. 13.

Authorities of the high standing of Bochart, Michaelis, Bredow, Gesenius, and others have fixed upon Tartessus, a city of Spain, with the adjacent country, situated between the two mouths of the river Boetis, the modern Guadalquiver, as the locality to which the sacred historian alludes under the name of Tarshish. We are then told that the united fleets of Solomon and Hiram sailed round the Cape of Good Hope, and entered the Mediterranean Sea by the Straits of Gibraltar for their destination of Tarshish, or Tartessus, better known under the name of Carteia, scanty ruins of which exist to this day.*

The territory of Ophir, on the other hand, is placed by Josephus, Lucas Holsteinius, Lipenius, Taylor, Vitringa, Roland and others, in various parts of India. Equally respectable is the authority of those who bring forward arguments in favour of Arabia; which view is supported by Michaelis, Gosselin, Vincent, Bredow, and others. Some, as Huet, D'Anville, and Bruce, have fixed on Sofala, on the south-eastern coast of Africa, where mines of gold and silver have been found, which appear to have been anciently very extensively worked. And among modern writers I may mention the talented author of "Nineveh and Persepolis,"

* Lyra and S. Anselme identify it with the Tarsus in Cilicia, where St. Paul was born.

who says: "The united fleets of Solomon and Hiram, King of Tyre, visited Ophir, (or Western India), and were occupied for three years on each voyage, owing to the difficulties of the navigation, and the delay in the collection of their cargoes."

Such are the conflicting opinions entertained by most learned men on an important point of biblical geography. This diversity of opinion leaves latitude for further conjecture, of which I most respectfully take advantage. And first, with reference to Tarshish, I would observe:

It can scarcely be believed, judging from the imperfect knowledge of navigation which the Phœnicians possessed in the time of Solomon, and from the smallness and frailty of their vessels, that Africa was ever circumnavigated by them. In this I am confirmed by the circumstance of Hanno's expedition, between 400 and 500 years after, which he only then undertook for the express purpose of making discoveries, with a view to form colonies, beyond the Pillars of Hercules.* It is

* The Periplus of Hanno commences by expressly stating, "It was decreed by the Carthaginians, that Hanno should undertake a voyage beyond the Pillars of Hercules, and found Liby-Phœnician cities. He sailed accordingly with sixty ships of fifty oars each, and a body of men and women to the number of 30,000, and provisions and other necessaries," &c. The opinions respecting the extreme distance to which Hanno reached, or rather was enabled to reach, even at that time, differ very widely. Bochart, in "Geog. Sacr." i. 33; Campomanes, in his "Antiq. Maritima de Carthago," vol. ii.; Dodwell, in Dissert. I. in "Geograph. Min.," ed. Hudson, vol. i.; and Bougainville, "Mémoires sur les Descouvertes d'Hanno," in the "Mémoires de l'Academie des Inscriptions," tom. xxvi. xxviii, all of whom make the navigation of Hanno reach to the coast of Guinea. Gosselin, in his "Recherches sur la Géographie des Anciens," makes the extreme of Hanno's voyage reach to the island of Cerne, the present Fedalla, which is found under 33½° N. lat., while Major Rennel, in his "Geography of Herodotus," so extends the voyage as to place this island under 20½° N. lat. Thus while Gosselin limits Hanno's voyage to Cape Nun, the learned Major extends it to Sierra Leone. See Heeren, App. V.

but natural to suppose that the Tyrians, or rather their descendants, at Carthage, Utica and Tartessus, should have known more about maritime affairs in the days of their greatest commercial prosperity, than the commander of Hiram's fleet; and if the former only ventured down the South-western coast of Africa B.C. 550, it is pretty evident that the latter must have been ignorant of it 450 years earlier.

The writers who have encountered this difficulty have suggested that the ships built at Ezion-geber were intended to navigate Ophir, whereas, those destined to go to Tarshish were probably built in one of the ports of the Syrian coast, from which they sailed for Tarshish in the far West. In support of their view they refer us to the narrative of Jonah, where it is related that the prophet "rose up to flee unto Tarshish from the presence of the Lord, and went down to Joppa [modern Jaffa]; and he found a ship going to Tarshish: so he paid the fare thereof, and went down into it, to go with them unto Tarshish from the presence of the Lord." (Jon. i. 3.)

But such an explanation has very much the appearance of an ingenious subterfuge. The sacred historian expressly states that Ahaziah joined himself to Jehoshaphat "to make ships to go to Tarshish: and they made the ships in Ezion-geber." (2 Chron. xx. 36.) Thus the ships that went to Tarshish, as well as those that were intended for Ophir, were alike built in the Elanitic gulf. Indeed, from the citations from the books of Kings and Chronicles, it is evident, beyond doubt, that the vessels built at Ezion-geber all took the same course, occupied the same period in their passage,

and returned laden with the same commodities. Either, therefore, the united fleet of the Kings of Tyre and Judea sailed from Ezion-geber, passed the straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and entered the Mediterranean by the Straits of Gibraltar for Tartessus, and thence sailed for the coast of Syria —a supposition* which must appear untenable upon mature reflection—or, they must have found their way from their arsenal in the Red Sea, by another passage, to the Syrian coast, and thence started upon their mercantile expedition, steering west for Tarshish, which enabled Jonah to secure his passage for that place.

It is now pretty generally admitted that the Phœnicians were the first inventors of the art of sailing, as well as of letters and astronomy. Poets, it is true, are in the habit of ascribing this honour to Jason; but the expedition of the Argonauts, who first sailed under him from Greece to Colchis in the ship Argo, in quest of the golden fleece, was undertaken at a period when the

* It has been asserted that the continent of America was not unknown to the Phœnicians, and Von Humboldt is quoted to corroborate this theory. Münter says that that learned German philosopher informs us, ("Ansichten der Natur," p. 310) "dass der Felsen Keri bei den Wasserfällen des Oronto seinen Namen von einem fern leuchtenden Flecken haben soll, in dem die Bewohner der Gegend eine auffallende Aehnlichkeit mit der Mondscheibe erblicken. Diesem Felsen gegen über zeigen sie eine ähnliche Scheibe, die sie als das Bild der Sonne verehren und Camosi nennen. Keri ist gegen Abend, Camosi gegen Morgen gerichtet. Letzteres ist augenscheinlich כמוש, der Name der Götzen der Moabiten (Num. xxi. 29, I. Reg. xi. 7, Jer. xlviii, 46). Keri ist das Arabische كري sphärisch, kugelrund, kann also volkommen auf den Mond passen. Auf Hayti soll der Hauptgötze bei der Ankunft der Spanier Zemes (שמש) geheissen haben."—Relig. der Karth. p. 11. But is it not more natural to suppose that Syrian idolatry found its way to the new continent through the lost tribes of Israel, whom, or at least a portion of whom, we are to recognize in the American Indians?

Phœnicians were recognized as a flourishing and powerful nation, and had comparatively already established their character as a maritime people.

But we ought not to estimate the Phœnician ships by our present notions of vessels, for, as Sir Walter Raleigh has justly observed, "Whoever was the first inventor of ships, every age has added somewhat to them." And Major Rennel says, with reference to Phœnician vessels of discovery, "They were ill adapted to distant voyages, which, indeed, they seldom undertook; but did very well in situations where they could land, and command provisions almost at pleasure. But, on the other hand, they were better adapted to those coasting voyages which constituted almost the whole of their navigations. The flatness of their bottoms required much less water than modern vessels of the like tonnage, whence arose an incredible advantage over ours, in finding shelter more frequently, and indeed, almost everywhere, except on a steep or rocky shore; since, in default of shelter afloat, they drew their *large ships* up on the beach, as our fishermen do their large boats." In many instances too, when overtaken by storms, they drove their ships on shore, and when the danger was over they set them afloat again by the strength of arms and levers. We likewise know that numerous war ships were transported across the land, and hence an estimate may be formed of their size. When Tarentum was taken by Hannibal, the Romans withdrew to the citadel and blocked up the harbour, so that, while they received regular supplies by Roman vessels, the ships of the Tarentines were unable to leave the port. But the Carthaginian general having observed that a street in-

side of the wall which led from the harbour to the exterior sea, might easily be accommodated to the design he had conceived of transporting the vessels over this ground, constructed some carriages on wheels, and actually drew the vessels over and launched them in the open sea. By this he was enabled to cut off all supplies from the Romans.* Augustus, even in later times, is said to have transported some ships from the open sea to the Ambracian Gulf, near Actium, on a kind of wall covered with raw hides of oxen, and in like manner over the Isthmus of Corinth. Trajan did the same from the Euphrates to the Tigris.

Now, bearing all this in mind, and in connexion with it the fact that during the first Punic War (B.C. 264) the Romans built no less than 120 vessels of war in the short space of two months; and the Carthaginians sheltered, comparatively within a small compass, a fleet of 220 ships, we shall be able to form an estimate of the size of ancient vessels, and will not be likely to give credence to the theory that the frail Elanitic flotilla ever performed a voyage round the Cape of Good Hope. Indeed, there is a painting of a war ship taken from the walls of the temple of Isis at Pompeii, exhibiting the advance of naval architecture some hundreds of years later, of that frail description, that it would indeed require a mariner possessed of all modern knowledge of navigation, and with "a heart bound with brass," and a courage surpassing that of all the fabulous heroes of antiquity, to venture to plough the boisterous sea which rages along the colossal cape of Southern Africa, in a similar craft. I verily believe

* Polyb. B. viii. Ex. vii.

that a mere glance at such a marine sketch ought to be regarded as a complete refutation of the wild theory of men for whom, in other respects, we must entertain the highest esteem.

The most natural course for the Elanitic flotilla was to steer into the Bay of Heroopolis, or the Gulf of Suez, pass through the canal of Sesostris, enter into one of the branches of the Nile, and thence sail into the Mediterranean Sea.

Sesostris' canal, uniting the Red Sea with the Nile, was cut by that monarch before the Trojan times.* It was 100 cubits (150 feet) broad, and its depth sufficient to float a vessel, then considered, of large burden. Herodotus, who ascribes the work of the canal to Pharaoh Necho, says: "The length of it is equal to a four days' voyage, and it is wide enough to admit two triremes abreast. The water enters in from the Nile a little above the city Bubastis: it terminated in the Erythrean Sea, not far from Patumos, an Arabian town."†

The Suez canal was kept up by the Romans, and was used by them "for the purpose of communication with the Red Sea; but, at a subsequent period, it fell into disuse, and, being neglected, was choked up with sand, in which state it continued till re-opened by the Arabs in the caliphate of Omar. This prince was induced to send orders to repair it, on finding that the holy land of Arabia had only been rescued from the miseries of

* Strabo, B. xvii. c. i. § 25. He however tells us, that according to other authors it was cut by the son of Psammitichus, or Pharaoh Necho.

† Euterpe, clviii.

famine by opportune supplies from Egypt; and Omar, to prevent the recurrence of a similar disaster, resolved on re-establishing this means of communication with the Red Sea. His anxiety for the welfare of the holy cities was welcomed with unbounded demonstrations of gratitude from all ranks of Moslems, as well as from the people of Arabia itself: and Omar received the flattering title of 'Prince of the faithful' (Ameer el Momaneen), which was thenceforward adopted by his successors in the caliphate. One hundred and thirty-four years after, El Munsoor Aboo Gafer, the second caliph of the Abbaside dynasty, and the founder of Bagdad, is said to have closed this canal, to prevent supplies being sent to one of the descendants of Ali, who had revolted at Medinah. Since that time it has remained unopened; though some assert that the Sultan Hakem once more rendered it available for the passage of boats, in the year A.D. 1000; after which it became neglected and choked with sand."*

The reasonableness of the statement that the Ezion-geber flotilla entered the Mediterranean Sea by the Sesostris canal and the Nile will be more fully appreciated when the smallness of the vessels employed at that period is taken into consideration. The Nile, we should likewise remember, must then have possessed greater depth, particularly at its approaches to "the great sea." The annual overflowings of "the earth-bearing" Nile, as it has been termed, during several thousand years, have resulted in an accumulation of deposits; and hence the gigantic river has been widened as it approaches the Mediterranean, and its depth natu-

* Modern Egypt and Thebes, vol. i. p. 315.

rally considerably lessened. The bars which now impede navigation had no existence at the period we speak of.

The small crafts employed in Hiram's time could easily float into the Mediterranean Sea by the Nile, particularly at the season when that river is swelled by the heavy annual rains within the tropics. The rise of the Nile commences about the time of the summer solstice, and attains its greatest height at the autumnal equinox, remains stationary for some days, and then gradually diminishes. The lowest rise of this river is eighteen cubits; and, in order fully to fertilize Egypt, the Nile must have a perpendicular rise of about thirty-eight feet, allowing about twenty-one inches to the cubit. Here then is ample time and sufficient depth for the Elanitic fleets to enter the sea on their voyage to Tarshish.

We have thus traced the course of the flotilla from the Elanitic Gulf to the Mediterranean coast of Egypt; let us now endeavour to point out its destined haven.

We have already observed that the Tyrians had formed a settlement on the North African coast in the year B.C. 1234. It would also appear that a Phœnician colony existed in this part of the world even before that period, and which was denominated either Tarshish or Carthage; and afterwards, to distinguish it from the new cities built, it received the appellation of *Utica*, or עתיקה, a word which in almost all Shemitic languages signifies *old, ancient.* It was old Carthage, or old Tarshish, when the Tyrians formed their settlement, 1234 B.C.; and it certainly deserved to be thus characterized at the time Dido arrived, and laid the foundation of the Byrsa, in the year 869 B.C.

Etymology aids us here to a certain extent, of which we shall take advantage. The word Carthage* is derived from the verb כרת, which, like the Arabic قرض, signifies *to cut*, and *to make a compact*. Thus, כרת ברית, like the Greek ὅρκια τέμνειν, τέμνειν σπονδὰς, *to make a covenant*. It has this meaning from slaying and dividing the victims, which was customary in making a covenant. The word Tarshish is derived from the root רשש, and signifies *to break, to subjugate;* and the noun תרשיש, *Tarshish*, means *a subjugated region*. Both words, Tarshish and Carthage, convey the idea of the manner in which colonization was then effected, namely, by expelling or extirpating the inhabitants, and by depriving them, or "cutting off" from them their territory; or by securing those possessions by means of treaties. It is most probable that the name Carthage was given to those colonies which, either spontaneously or amicably, submitted to Phœnician rule; and Tarshish was applied to such as were subjugated by force;—in other words, the one was obtained by conquest, and the other was acquired by treaty. Hence it is that we can point to several Phœnician colonies bearing the name of Carthage, and to others again which bear that of Tarshish. And as there can be little doubt of the fact that the Phœnicians had once a footing in the British Isles—a fact supported by the authority of Herodotus, Polybius, Strabo, and others—it is not at all improbable but that they had their Carthage or Tarshish here also. This view enables

* Bochart says Carthage is from קרתא חדתא, *Cartha Hadatha, i.e.* civitas nova, and Utica was originally called עתיקא, *Atica, i.e.* civitas antiqua. These derivations, though partly fanciful, to a great extent corroborate what is advanced above.

us to reconcile apparent contradictions in prophecy. We read, for instance, "For the day of the Lord of Hosts shall be upon every one that is proud and lofty, and upon every one that is lifted up; and he shall be brought low . . . . . And upon all the ships of Tarshish" (Isa. ii. 12, 16). Again: "Howl, ye ships of Tarshish, for your strength is laid waste" (Ibid. xxiii. 14). Here is an evident denunciation of judgment. But in another part we read, "Surely the isles shall wait for me, and the ships [of the isles] of Tarshish first" (Ibid. lx. 9). Here, on the contrary, Tarshish, or her ships, are regarded favourably. But this apparent contradiction is easily reconciled by applying the first either to Carthage or to Carteia, and the second to the British "isles."

Indeed, no doubt can possibly be entertained of the fact that the Phœnicians had a Tarshish in Britain, when we remember the evidences produced to prove that they had intercourse with this country, in connexion with these words of Ezekiel,—"Tarshish was thy merchant by reason of the multitude of all kind of riches: with silver, iron, tin, and lead, they traded in thy fairs" (Ezek. xxvii. 12). Moore, in his "History of Ireland" (vol. i. p. 10), says, "The whole of the Cassiterides* were in those days called the Britannic Isles. The name Britannia is Celtic; means a land of

* According to Beckmann's "History of Inventions," κασσίτερος means tin. Pliny, speaking of the nature of lead, says, "The white—*plumbum album* (undoubtedly our tin)—is the most valuable, and is called by the Greeks cassiteros;" and adds, "there is a fabulous story told of their going in quest of it to the islands in the Atlantic," lib. xxxiv. 17. Strabo, too, pointing out the tin islands, says, "Beyond the Pillars is Gadeira, the Cassiterides, and the Britannic Isles" (lib. ii. c. v. § 30).

metals, and was applied generally to the whole cluster of the tin isles—the Isle of Man and those of Scilly included." And in the report to the Royal Dublin Society on the metallic mines of the province of Leinster, for the year 1828, we meet with this passage: "It is worthy of remark that many of our mining excavations exhibit appearances similar to the surface workings of the most ancient mines in Cornwall, which are generally attributed to the Phœnicians." It would appear from this that what could not be procured in one Tarshish was obtained in another,* by the in-

* From the following quotations from Avianus' *Ora Maritima* (as given by Heeren in his "Historical Researches") it appears beyond all doubt that the Carthaginians had at one period settlements in Britain:

Terræ patentis orbis effuse jacet,
Orbique rursus unda circumfunditur,
Sed qua profundum semet insinuat salum
Oceano ab usque, ut gurges hic nostri maris
Longe explicetur, est Atlanticus sinus.
Hic Gaddir urbs est, dicta Tartessus prius:
Hic sunt columnæ pertinacis Herculis,
Abila atque Calpe. . . . .
. . . . . .
Et prominentis hic jugi surgit caput
(Œstrymnin istud dixit ævum antiquus)
Molesque celsa saxei fastigii
Tota in tepentem maxime vergit notum, &c. &c.

Where the ocean flood presses in and spreads wide the Mediterranean waters, lies the Atlantic gulph. . . . Here rises the head of the promontory, in olden times named Œstrymnon [perhaps Finis Terræ, Cape Finisterre], and below the like-named bay and isles [no doubt the Scilly Isles, also called Cassiterides] wide they stretch, and are rich in metals, tin, and lead. There a numerous race dwell, endowed with spirit and no slight industry, busied all in the cares of trade alone. They navigate the sea on their barks, built not of pine or oak, but, wondrous! made of skins and leather. Two days long is the voyage thence to the Holy Island, once so called, which lies expanded on the sea, the dwelling of the Hibernian race: at hand lies the isle of Albion. Of yore the trading voyages from Tartessus reached to the Œstrym-

dustrious and persevering Tyrians, and hence the enterprising flotilla returned laden with precious metals, &c. after a long absence of three years.

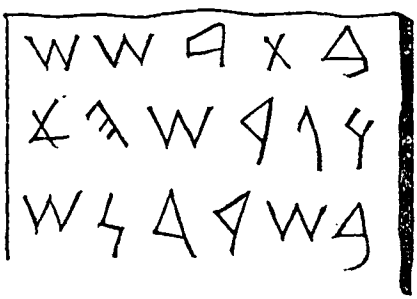
But we have more positive evidence to adduce to prove that the most ancient and most important Tarshish, or the Tarshish *par excellence*, was situated on the North African coast.

The Chaldee paraphrase of the Scriptures, supposed to have been written about the time of our Saviour, renders the word *Tarshish* by *Africa*. Thus, for instance, 1 Kings x. 22, the sentence, "for the king had at sea a navy of Tarshish," is explained by the paraphrist, ארי ספינתא אפריקא למלכא, "for the king had *African* ships." Again, the words in Jer. x. 9, "Silver spread into plates is brought from *Tarshish*," are rendered, כספא דמחפז מאפריקא מיתן, "Silver thinned is brought from *Africa*." I may here add that Theodoret, on Jer. x. 9, actually explains the word *Tarshish* by *Carthage;* and in this he follows the Seventy, who universally understood Carthage by Tarshish. This interpretation is disputed by the learned

nides; but the Carthaginians, and their colonies near the Pillars of Hercules, navigated on this sea, which Himlico [a Carthaginian explorer], by his own account, was upon during four months; for here no wind wafted the bark, so motionless stood the indolent waves. Seaweed abounds in this sea, he says, and retards the vessel in her course; while the monsters of the deep swarm around. . . . Beyond the Pillars of Hercules, on Europe's coast, Carthage's people of yore possessed many towns and places. Their practice was to build flat-bottomed barks, for the convenience of navigating shallows; but westward, as Himlico tells us, is open sea; no ship has yet ventured on this sea, where the windy gales do not waft her, and thick fogs rest on the waters. It is the ocean which far roars around the land; the unbounded sea. This the Carthaginian Himlico saw himself; and from the Punic records I have taken what I tell thee.—*Poetæ Latini Minores*, tom. v. p. 3, ed. Wernsdorf.

Bochart, who endeavours to refute him on the ground that Carthage had no direct access to metals; but in this he is greatly mistaken, for the vicinity of Carthage abounds in metals of every possible description.

The famous *lapide di Nora* furnishes us with another proof. It is a Punic inscription found at Nora, near the modern Pula in Sardinia, deposited in the Museum of Cagliari, and begins with the words:



which the Abbé Arri translated:

"IN TARSHISH VELA DEDIT PATER SARDON."

Signor Benari's rendering is:

"TARTESI EXPULSUS HIC IN SARDIS PACIFICUS."

The two combined have hit upon the correct meaning of the words, which we thus translate:

"TARTESI EXPULSUS PATER SARDON,"

or—

"AT TARSHISH WAS THE FATHER OF SARDINIA [SARDOPATORE, אב שרדן] EXPELLED, OR EXILED."

If history did not plainly record that the Carthaginians were the colonizers of the island of Sardinia, the traditions of the natives, and their national songs,* would

* "Gaude quoque Sardus Pater—qui venisti ex Lybia
Qui ampliasti Civitates—et legum tutamina
Castra, Fana deitatum,—et præsertim Kallaris
Magistratus erexisti—propter justitiæ

Quique

enlighten us on the subject, and serve to teach us that their founder Sardopatore came from Carthaginian Africa, which was anciently known, as is evident from the inscription, by the name of Tarshish.

But independently of all the evidence advanced, it may be asked, what is the information we gather on the subject under consideration from the present occupiers of the soil of Carthage? Leo Africanus has stated *that the ancient name of Tunis was Tarsis*, and every learned man of the Regency confirms his statement, which is corroborated by the unanimous testimony of the Arab historians.* Moreover, the oldest mosque of Tunis, long since closed to worshippers on account of its dilapidated condition, and portions of it being actually built over by old private dwellings, is to this day known by the name جمعة ترشيش, the "Tarshish mosque."

Enough evidence has now been produced to justify the conclusion that Carthage was *primarily* intended by the sacred writers under the denomination of Tarshish. It was in all probability only known by this appellation till the period of Dido's arrival in Africa, when, in consequence of a treaty which she concluded with the proprietors of the land, its name was changed to Carthage.† The Phœnicians, who first settled here, might

Quique nomen imponisti—Sardiniæ Insulæ.
Omnes artes jam florebant,—et optima industria.
Agricultio augebatur—in die velociter
Sed non queo omnia dicere—tua facta maxima."

V. MARTINI, Nuove Pergamene d'Arborea. Cagliari, 1849. —Vide *Bullettino Sardo*, edited by Can. Giovanni Spano, 1855.

* See افريقية فتوح—"The Conquest of Africa."

† This change of name is in perfect harmony with the etymology given above.

have become masters of a portion of territory by taking forcible possession; their acts Dido, on her arrival, legalized by agreeing to pay an annual tribute to the original African princes—the legitimate owners of the soil.

We have next to inquire where Ophir is?

A careful perusal of the quotations from the Books of Kings and Chronicles cannot fail to impress the reader with the conviction that one of the great difficulties connected with this question is, the assigning of distinct localities to the proper names of Tarshish and Ophir.

But the fact that the ships of Ophir, as well as those of Tarshish, were built at Ezion-geber,—that "the ships of Tarshish went to Ophir,"—that they occupied the same period on their passage, and returned laden with the same commodities, ought certainly to justify the conclusion that the sacred writers speak (at least) of one Tarshish which appears synonymous with Ophir. I do not mean to assert that there is anything in the etymology of these terms which authorizes a conjecture that they are one and the same place; but I do not hesitate to state that the word Ophir itself directs us to a locality in Africa, and to what portion of that continent more probably than that where we have shown the ancient Tarshish was situated?

Not unnecessarily to prolong this discussion, I beg the reader to attend to these observations.

The proper name Ophir is derived from the root אפר, *aphar*, which is kindred with עפר, and, like the Arabic عفر signifies to be whitish, light-reddish, "like sand or the gazelle." This signification was probably intended to be descriptive of the colour of the precious metal

which the Phœnician vessels brought from Ophir. It may be applicable to the gold dust then, as now, brought to the coast from Central Africa, or else it may refer to the globules of gold to this day collected in the sand on the beach of Carthage. The Phœnicians, ever anxious to retain the monopoly of commerce, most probably adopted such a name in order not to reveal the locality to other nations.

The root אפר, whence Ophir is derived, is also contained in the word אפריקא, *Aphrica*, or Africa; and the Greeks, who were in the habit of translating proper names into their own language, appear to have done the same with respect to this country. Thus we find Diodorus Siculus calls one of the most ancient places here, Λευκὸν Τύνητα, *White Tunis*, fully retaining the signification of the root whence Ophir and Africa are derived, and by so doing he points out to us the situation of the disputed locality.

We must also bear in mind that although the whole of this continent is now denominated Africa, this appellation was anciently more restricted, and belonged particularly to a locality comprised within the precincts of the territories of Carthage. Calvet is therefore quite right in explaining the proper name *Africa*, when he says, it is "a city of Africa, in the kingdom of Tunis, the Aphrodisium of the antients, lying twenty miles from Mahomatea, or Adrumentum."* And even in the name Aphrodisium, it will be observed, are contained the radical letters of Ophir. The similarity of sound between Ophir and Africa has long since been observed by the learned Dr. Jubb. His words are "אופיר Ophir,

* See also Benard's "Geographical Dictionary."

Afri, Africa, the Roman termination Africa terra"—the land of Ophir; and he likewise argues that "to go to Ophir and to Tarshish IS ONE AND THE SAME THING."

Much of the force of the argument must depend upon the mineral productions found within the precincts of the Carthaginian territory. It is therefore necessary here to state that there is a lead mine at Jebel Ressass, and another one not far from Tabarca. A few miles from Bardo, near Tunis, there is a copper mine; and in the mountains above Tabarca there is a silver mine. There is also a copper mine beyond Kef, on the Algerine frontier. At Spaitla there is another copper mine, and at Truzza there is a silver mine.

Besides the gold found in globules on the Carthaginian beach, specimens of which I have myself seen, we learn from Herodotus, who has his information from the Carthaginians themselves, that gold-dust was procured from the island Cyranis,* the Cerecina of other ancient writers, and the modern Kerkna, on the coast of Tunis. And within the last few years a gold mine was discovered in this regency, on the frontiers of Algeria. Besides, it is only natural to suppose that a commercial people, like the Carthaginians, did not neglect the gold-dust from Central Africa; and considering the numerous elephants they procured from the interior, it will scarcely be doubted that they traded largely in ivory also. Apes too are even now found on this coast; and when we remember that Juno was the protectress of Carthage, and that the peacock was sacred to that divinity, it is more than probable that that bird was at one time plentiful

* Melpomene, cxcv.

in this part of Africa. Thus, nearly all the commodities mentioned by the sacred writers, as constituting the cargoes of the combined flotilla, were at that period procurable within the territories of Carthage and Utica.

But it does not necessarily follow that every one of the articles which the Tyrian ships procured must have been collected in one locality, since, as has been stated above, they had a Tarshish in Britain, and another in Spain, besides the one at Ophir, Aphri, or Africa. What one Tarshish did not contain, they found in another. Making due allowance for the time they spent at these places, besides their necessarily touching at numerous other ports, the Ezion-geber flotilla could not have accomplished its cruize—considering too the infantile condition of navigation, and the frailty of the ships—in less than three years, the time mentioned in the Books of Kings and Chronicles.

CHAPTER II.

THE MOSLEM ANTIQUARIAN.

CIRCUMSTANCES of a mere trifling character have often a tendency to shape and regulate our future course. "*Dido*" was a theme allotted to me when a schoolboy; the result was that I felt a deep interest in the fate of that unfortunate lady. Years rolled on, and youthful dreams had to give way to the stern reality of life. Dido and Æneas, Juno and Venus, and the whole host concerned in the tragedy, described in the majestic verse of Virgil, had almost vanished from my memory, when events it is needless here to particularise brought me to the very stage where that tragedy was enacted. Never shall I forget the enthusiasm with which I, for the first time, visited the site where once stood the famous city of Carthage. The flight of its foundress from her cruel and rapacious brother, the king of Tyre; her first landing on the African coast, and the active and busy scenes in rearing colossal edifices to adorn her future capital; the Trojan fugitives, tossed about in their frail skiffs by boisterous and fierce storms, finding shelter at last in one of the creeks of the newly founded Phœnician colony; their landing and reception from the youthful queen; the hospitality lavished upon them, and particularly upon their *pious* chief; his cruel abuse

of that hospitality; their flight, and its fatal consequences: these (and much more) were all conjured up before my mind, and, notwithstanding their being chiefly the result of the poet's imagination, they had such an inexpressible charm for me, that I actually sat down and wrote one of the wildest articles for a magazine, entitled, "The Early Days of Carthage, being Particulars communicated by a Phantom on the Ruins of that City."

Such flights of fancy, I presume, are pardonable in a youth of seventeen or eighteen, particularly so as the result was, to say the least of it, perfectly harmless—having only augmented my interest in a country highly interesting in her rise and progress, in her prosperity and adversity, in her ambition and humiliation, as well as in her calamity and degradation.

Carthaginian history and the Punic language now occupied a considerable portion of my studies, and my subsequent visits to this charming spot were of a more solid and grave nature. One of these visits, in which I was accompanied by Messrs. Ferriere and Chandler, the former acting British Consul, and the latter the successor of my late much esteemed and lamented friend, Dr. S. D. Heap, Consul-General for the United States of America, I will here describe.

Scarcely any of the crowded streets of the over-populated metropolis of the world are more thronged with masses of human beings than are some of the thoroughfares of "the well-guarded and happy city of Tunis," during the morning portions of the day. The characteristic feature which distinguishes this concourse of people is very great. Cheapside of London resembles a vast and rapidly flowing river, whilst Babelbhar and the bazaars

of Tunis are like immense stagnant pools. Devoid of activity, and depreciating the importance of time, one sees turbaned heads of various hues, enveloped females approximating mummies, soldiers in dirty tattered uniforms, greasy porters, filthy Bedouins, negroes, Jews, Greeks, Arabs, Turks, and a variety of Europeans, all huddled together, making only imperceptible progress, and that apparently without any exertion on their part. An occasional intrusion of a camel, with his head towering over the dense populace, gargling as it were with rage at their extreme laziness, causes a momentary schism in this conglomerate. The adhesion is, however, rapid; till another rent is effected by a mule or an ass laden with oil. "*Balek Ezzait!*" ("Attention, oil!") is the magic cry, which demonstrates, beyond all doubt, that there is a vitality in this immense mass. A path is instantly cleared, and every one, careful lest his garments should be soiled, stands aside, thus showing the higher value they place upon these than upon fleeting time. A foot passenger entertaining even the opinion, "*Chi va piano va lontano,*" but whose native energy compels him to "go ahead," has no insignificant task to perform when he attempts to wade through such a multitude, and yet it was precisely through such a multitude that we had to penetrate before we could reach the vehicle which was to convey us to Carthage.

But though comfortably seated in our carriage, we were far from being able to breathe freely. Leaving the dilapidated houses and crooked streets of Tunis, the traveller winds his way by the inner wall of the city, till he reaches the Bab Carthagena, *the Carthaginian gate*, passing which, and crossing a little bridge thrown over

the open sewer (whose stench is regarded by many of the *enlightened* inhabitants as a barrier against the plague), he proceeds through the archway by the Protestant cemetery, traverses the suburbs to the Bab Elhadra, *the gate of verdure*, and quitting this, he is enabled to inhale the pure atmosphere. But this pleasure he cannot fully enjoy, till a mile, at least, intervenes between him and the metropolis of this regency, owing to the filth, the carcases of camels, horses, &c. (upon which dogs may be seen feasting in the day, and jackals during the night), subsewers, and other unseemly and unsightly objects, which force themselves on his notice in the vicinity of its outer wall. If his enthusiasm be ever so great, still such a spectacle is calculated to divert his mind from the object of his journey. He has, however, here a fair opportunity of forming an estimate of the salubrity of the climate of this part of the world. Nature's benign influence counteracts the vile and prejudicial acts of man; these pestilential ingredients are neutralised by her wise and mysterious laws.

In such terms are we constrained to speak of modern Tunis, notwithstanding the charm and halo with which Italy's great poet has adorned this city, when he says:

"In curvo lido poi Tunisi vede,
Ch' a d'ambo i lati del suo golfo un monte;
Tunisi ricca ed onorata sede,
A par di quante n'a Libia piu conte."

Or, according to Fairfax,

"Next Tunis on the crooked shore they spy'd,
Whose bay a rock on either side defends:
Tunis all towns, in beauty, wealth, and pride,
Above, as far as Libya's bounds extend." *

* Gerus. Lib. Cant. XV.

W.J Alais, sc

PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE PENINSULA OF CARTHAGE.

LONDON, RICHARD BENTLEY, 1861.

The distance between Tunis and Carthage is about ten English miles. The road (which lies partly on the western bank of the lake, known to the ancients as the *stagnum*) is flat, so that the traveller has almost all the way the site of the ruins of the capital of the "great republic" in view. This tends to augment his eagerness to reach his destination. The hollow sounds now and then produced by his horse's hoofs, as he approaches nearer the mounds, convince him that he is passing over ruins—that human fabrics are beneath the layers of earth; and hence his spirits are buoyed up, and he is prepared to see the stupendous wreck of the chief city of a once mighty nation. He pushes on until he reaches an elevation, and looks eagerly in every direction for the ruins of temples, and amphitheatres, and palaces; but, alas! he looks in vain. Then only does he realize the lines of Tasso:—

"Giace l'alto Cartago: a pena i segni
Dell' alte sue ruine il lido serba
Muoiono le citta, muoiono i regni;
Copri i fasti e le pompe arena ed erba"—

beautifully rendered by Fairfax:

"Great Carthage low in ashes cold doth lie,
Her ruins poor, the herbs in height can pass;
So cities fall, so perish kingdoms high,
Their pride and pomp lie hid in sand and grass."*

No wonder then that Sir Grenville Temple thus describes his first visit to Carthage: "I was prepared," says he, "to see but few vestiges of its former grandeur: it had so often suffered from the devastating effects of

* Gerus. Lib. Cant. xv. § 20.

war, that I knew many could not exist; but my heart sank within me, when, ascending one of its hills (from whose summit the eye embraces a view of the whole surrounding country to the edge of the sea), I beheld nothing more than a few scattered and shapeless masses of masonry. Yes, all vestiges of the splendour and magnificence of the mighty city had indeed passed away, and its very name is now unknown to the present inhabitants."

Our experience was the same; and had it not been for a very extraordinary and loquacious cicerone who accompanied us, and who may be regarded as an exponent of the opinions entertained by those natives who think at all on the subject, we might have quitted the ruins *minus* much information relative to the city of Dido—a privilege which does not often fall to the lot of travellers.

To the Consulates are attached Moslem officers denominated Trojmaan, *Dragoman*, which literally means an interpreter, and as everything is done here by the rule of contrary, I presume they are probably so called because they scarcely ever speak any other than the language of the country. The American consul was accompanied by one of these officials, who was a native of Sicily, carried off when very young from the shores of that island by Tunisian cruisers, and condemned to slavery till he embraced the Mohammedan religion, and this he did shortly after his capture. With his adopted religion he assumed the name Ali, entered the piratical service, and, according to his own version, became as famous as Barbarossa himself. He ravaged the coasts of Italy as well as those of his native isle, and added numerous victims to the horrible *bagnio*. The account

of his exploits is truly marvellous, which he is ever ready to communicate. With thirty men under his command he attacked large cities; with his small craft he opposed a forty-gun frigate; with the aid of a fellow corsair he defeated a Neapolitan fleet of six sail; with one small schooner he *surrounded* and captured two Spanish corvettes, having an aggregate of sixty guns! Such is a brief outline of a few of the feats performed by our veteran corsair. Ali's deeds would undoubtedly have raised him to the rank of admiral had not Lord Exmouth so officiously interfered and checked his bright career. From the period of the abolition of piracy and Christian slavery he had to submit to his destiny. From roaming about on the wide and expansive sea, where he had been the terror of all who ventured upon it, he had now to confine himself to the precincts of one of the gates of the Bardo palace, where he had to stoop to the humble occupation of a *hamba*, or policeman. But he was penetrated with the motto "Excelsior!" and hence he never despaired. His indomitable perseverance met with its reward, and Ali, or rather Baba Ali, Father Ali (a designation to which his venerable age entitles him), has been promoted to the rank of Dragoman. He now sits at the entrance of the American Consulate (where he has been sitting for the last twenty-five or thirty years), struts before the consul and his family, and from the roof of the United States edifice he hoists, on stated occasions, "the glorious stars and stripes," with his motto ever upon his lips, singing out in his native language, "*Piu alto!*" ("Higher still!") How much above the highest of the Tunis consular flagstaffs Ali will yet strive to soar remains to be seen. In the mean time we shall

bring him down from his elevated position to the humble ruins of Carthage.

On reaching the ruins of what I have ascertained to be those of the temple of Saturn, Ali exclaimed, "I was present when this, the custom-house of the Carthaginians, was cleared from the rubbish by the English Colonel,* and, had he only dug a little deeper, he might have come upon the treasures which the people buried here on the approach of Okba, Mohammed's companion, and Scipio, his *halefa*, or lieutenant."

Leaving this temple and descending the declivity on our way towards the beach, we passed over some of the ancient sewers, and Ali readily informed us that it was a part of the submarine passage, leading right across the bay to Corbus, the Cerebis of antiquity—a distance of about fifteen miles. This certainly beats the Thames tunnel right hollow. A smile indicated our incredulity, to remedy which he positively declared that some Arabs had actually traversed this passage. "It is not at all improbable," he added, "but that we may meet with one of them before we return to Tunis." We did perceive an Arab approaching us shortly after, and, until he was quite close to us, Ali *imagined* that it was one of the identical men.

We next visited the range of stupendous cisterns, and the colossal masses of wall on the beach. But roaming about upon the site of a city like Carthage, exposed to the fierce rays of a burning sun, and wading through fields of corn and beans, or traversing ploughed fields strewed over with stones, bricks, and mortar, the ex-

* Colonel Sir Grenville Temple attempted some unsuccessful excavations during 1838.

haustion is immense. The most romantic mind has to give way to the requirements of nature, and the depressed spirit must be recruited. A cold collation, served up in one of the apartments attached to the chapel of St. Louis, was therefore very acceptable.

From the chapel of St. Louis the view is highly picturesque. I remember Lord Lyons was so enraptured with it, that he remarked that he could end his days there; and Dido, in the selection of this site, certainly proved that she, the foundress of Carthage, was a woman of exquisite taste. A more superb locality can nowhere be found. I was admiring the various points of beauty with which Nature has adorned this spot, when Baba Ali approached me with a solemn face, and, moving his head longitudinally, remarked, "Verily, this world is transitory; the next alone is durable. Look, how vast a city this Carthage must have been! what ingenuity and wealth its numerous inhabitants must have possessed! how great was its strength, and yet how paltry are the remains of its former glory and grandeur!" In other words, *sic transit gloria mundi*—in an observation so correct I could not but acquiesce.

Our Moslem antiquarian was as much charmed with the surrounding scenery as any of us. The wide and expansive bay—if not surpassing, at least equalling that of Naples—was calm and placid, not a ripple was observed on its surface. The atmosphere was so serene and transparent, that distance appeared annihilated, and the mountains bounding the opposite coast, though at a distance of fifteen miles, seemed in close proximity to us. Viewing all this, Ali exclaimed, with reason, "What can surpass this in loveliness!" Readily could I have

rejoined, "Nothing:" but he continued—"How often evil is converted into good! The two-horned Alexander had a mind to bring destruction upon the Carthaginians, and his efforts to effect this was only the cause of their future greatness."

"You must explain yourself, Baba Ali," said I, "for I am entirely in the dark to what you are alluding."

Having imbibed an extra pinch of snuff, the veteran supported himself upon his staff of office, and readily proceeded to enlighten me in these terms:

"Know, then, Signor Davis, that the two-horned Alexander,* after subduing the East, proceeded with his numerous armies to conquer the kingdoms of the West. Egypt and Turkey, Greece, and all the Christian nations, had already acknowledged his authority, when he turned his attention to Carthage. The king of this country had a most lovely daughter, whose fame had reached Alexander, and he resolved to ask her in marriage. He came, therefore, peaceably to the king, and made his proposal. But the king answered, 'My daughter is already betrothed to an African prince, and hence I am unable to grant thy request.' Alexander offered to extricate him from this difficulty by proposing to slay the prince; but the king would not listen to this, saying, 'My daughter loves the prince, and therefore she shall marry him.' This refusal enraged Alexander, who determined upon vengeance. He marched towards the West till he reached Gibraltar, on the other side of which is the great sea. Now you must be aware that on this side of Gibraltar there was in ancient times no sea at all. All was dry land.

* Alexander the Great is called by the Arabs *Iskander Bo-Kornein*—the two-horned Alexander.

Large and populous cities were then to be seen wherever now the Mediterranean is, and people could go from Africa to Europe on camels, or on foot. At Gibraltar he set his millions of men to work, and opened a wide channel. The sea rushed in furiously, and multitudes of cities were destroyed, and millions of human beings perished. But Carthage and Africa being situated on a higher elevation, the waters did not affect them. On the contrary, it improved the appearance of the country, and the people built ships, and soon enriched themselves upon the spoil of other States. From that period dates the greatness of Carthage; and for this charming scenery we are indebted to the evil designs of Alexander. Thus you see how evil is often converted into good. On calm days, when the waters of this sea are placid, as it is just now, the remains of ancient cities are still to be seen, particularly in those parts where the depth is not very great. In my cruises, in former days, I have repeatedly seen them. And here, in this Lake of Tunis, there was also a large city, traces of which you can see at any time you please. That city was likewise destroyed at the same time. The wealth there is under the water must be immense, as people in those times were exceedingly wealthy. To give you an idea of this, I will relate to you what occurred only a very few years ago.

"A man from *Moalkah*—a village on the site of Carthage—was once digging amongst the ruins for stones, which he was in the habit of selling for building purposes, when a sudden fall of earth partly buried him in the soil. In his endeavours to extricate himself from his critical position, his hand accidentally grasped something that had the appearance of a brass mirror, set

all round with, what he thought, pieces of glass. On rubbing it slightly, he found that what he had taken for brass was nothing less than solid gold, and hence he naturally concluded that the glass might turn out to be precious stones. He kept his own counsel, and at once informed his wife and neighbours that he had determined upon performing the pilgrimage to Mecca—the only way to enable him to quit the country. Accordingly he went to Alexandria, and there he placed the mirror in the hands of an auctioneer. Within two days he was informed that the article had reached the enormous price of 700,000 dollars! But Mohammed Ali, hearing this, sent for the man, and asked him to explain how so precious a gem had come into his possession. The man related the whole truth, and the Basha, in the most affable manner, remarked, 'What God has given you, I will not take from you. I myself will be the purchaser of so valuable an ornament. Here are a few hundred dollars for your immediate wants, and, when the auctioneer will inform me of its final value, I will pay you the full price. You can continue to live in this country; your family I will send for, so that you may enjoy together the goodness of God.'

"When the people of Alexandria heard that the Basha desired to become the purchaser, they refrained from bidding, and the Moalkah peasant received his 700,000 colonati! The man himself I did not know, though I may have seen him; but I have spoken to the individual who was sent here by Mohammed Ali for the express purpose to accompany the peasant's family to Egypt. How enormous was the wealth of those ancients! how wonderfully is their story so minutely recorded by the learned! and how vast are the treasures here interred!"

CHAPTER III.

PROSPECT OF A RESUSCITATION.

A MORE intimate acquaintance with the site, and remains, of Carthage tended to produce in me the conviction that much of her former greatness was only hid from the eye by an accumulation of earth, gradually deposited, and that these deposits have contributed to form the colossal tomb of the city of Dido. To resuscitate, at least, a portion of her remains now became my vehement desire, for I thoroughly repudiated the often-repeated assertion of poets and historians, that the very ruins of the capital of this once mighty empire had disappeared—*etiam periere ruinæ.*

Among other difficulties I foresaw one, to surmount which I endeavoured to enlist the aid of an individual holding a prominent position in the Regency of Tunis, and, with whose co-operation, I hoped to obtain from the local government the necessary permission to excavate on the site of Carthage. But although I obtained his assurance of co-operation, it appeared evidently that he was actuated by motives calculated rather to hinder than to forward my views. There was nothing personal in this; his reluctance to promote my undertaking was, I have reason to believe, of a political nature, and so soon as I made this discovery, I resolved to rely upon personal influence.

Some years ago I performed a tour through the Regency of Tunis with the reigning Bey, then heir apparent to the throne. During two months of daily intercourse, the prince formed an attachment for me which I had reason to believe was genuine. On our return he invited me to visit him regularly at his palace, an honour which I readily accepted. During my visits I had numerous opportunities of speaking to him, and to the other princes, of existing evils and abuses, as well as furnishing him with information and advice calculated to be useful to him on a future day. So accustomed became they to my visits that when one week elapsed during which I was prevented from showing myself at the palace, it was immediately construed into a diminution of my friendship towards them.

Ahmed Basha died, and my friend Mohammed Basha mounted the throne. I returned to Tunis, hoping to secure the object I had in view; but in doing this I was not without my misgivings, and these will easily be comprehended by those who have any knowledge of Oriental courts; and, particularly, when they are informed that several years elapsed during which I had had no intercourse with the Bey. There were likewise certain individuals who had in the meantime obtained influence, and whose interest it was—conformably to prevalent practices—carefully to exclude others from having ready access to the reigning prince. However, I called on his highness, and was received by him very cordially. I repeated my visits to the palace, and, in the course of a short time, I became intimate with the prime minister. The other ministers were old friends of mine, and particularly so "the lord keeper of the seal," Sidy

Ismaain, who always regarded me, to use his own words, "as a real brother."

The Bey had commenced certain reforms, which I could readily trace to my former advice, and as reform was the topic of the day, I was desired to draw up a paper on the subject. I did this, and the prime minister received it very thankfully. Previous to this I had recommended to his highness the planting of cotton in the Regency—a recommendation he promised to adopt. I likewise turned his attention to the numerous mines of lead, silver, copper, quicksilver, and gold, hitherto quite abandoned, but which I showed him the desirableness to turn to account. The great object I had in view in all my suggestions was, to release the poor from the burden of taxation, pressing heavily upon them; and in order to do this effectually, I pointed out other sources of revenue.

In the prime minister I had no great confidence, notwithstanding his repeated professions of friendship towards me: and yet he was all-powerful. A single shrug of his shoulder was sufficient to thwart any proposition, however favourably it might have been entertained by the Bey himself. But having furnished his excellency with materials so useful to the country, he considered himself under obligations to me, and of this I took advantage.

The morning after I had made the discovery that the individual above alluded to was not likely to aid me in procuring the permission for excavation, I found myself at one of the country-houses of the prime minister. I had been patiently listening to a host of compliments and a series of thanks (no one I know of understands the

adage, *gratia pro rebus merito debetur inemtis*, "whatever is procured without purchase deserves thanks," better than his excellency does), when I resolved to bring matters to a crisis.

"Your excellency has repeatedly made professions of friendship towards me," I said, "and now I have determined to put that friendship to the test."

"What I have professed," the minister replied, "is pure and genuine; and if it please God, may our friendship be eternal."

"The test I have resolved upon," I rejoined, "is of a trifling character, and your excellency can easily satisfy my demand, if you have only the will to do it."

"If my ability is equal to my will to serve you, then you may consider the favour you ask for as granted. Now, what is its nature?"

"I want permission to excavate on the site of Carthage."

"*Allahi barek* (God bless you)! This you shall have. I shall name it to his highness," the premier added; "and, I feel sure, he will not refuse a favour that you ask; he is too kindly disposed towards you not to comply with your request."

"Excellency," I replied, "I have no doubt as to his highness's disposition towards me, and hence, if the request I make is not granted, I shall not ascribe it to any unkindness on his part, but to the unwillingness to serve me on the part of his first minister."

He smiled, and added, "*Insha Allah* (please God), you shall have it."

I had now a series of jog-memory journeys to perform in order to secure the Bey's promise previous to my

manœuvres reaching the ears of the diplomatist above alluded to, who, I feared, would now exert himself to the utmost to frustrate my object. At length, after a great deal of perseverance, I succeeded in obtaining the Bey's own promise in the presence of his ministers and of Mr. Ferriere, then acting Consul-General. The permission was afterwards given in writing to Mr. Ferriere, to be forwarded to me to London. He posted it carefully at the French Consulate, but strange to say, it never reached me; and though every exertion has been made to trace the document, in England and in France, all efforts proved fruitless.

One huge difficulty was now surmounted; the next question was how to go to work? I had contemplated forming a society with a view to carry out my object, and in this I was readily seconded by Sir Gardiner Wilkinson, Admiral Smyth, Mr. Layard, Mr. Monkton Milnes, and a number of other eminent men, interested in such undertakings. Upon mature consideration, however, I found that my real object would not be attained through the medium of a society. What was to become of the antiquities to be discovered? Were they to be divided among the members, or were they to be sold to the highest bidder? In either case they would be dispersed to ornament private cabinets and drawing-rooms. I had, therefore, recourse to some of my friends at the British Museum, and here I found ready advice and cordial sympathy in my friend Mr. Vaux, as well as mature counsel in my older friend, Mr. Carpenter. I had also an interview with Mr. Panizzi, who listened to my proposal most enthusiastically. Shortly after I addressed the trustees of the Museum on the subject,

and they likewise approved of all my suggestions, and favoured me with their opinion as to the course I was to adopt.

I addressed a memorial to the Earl of Clarendon, then her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, in which I gave a summary of the steps I had taken, and of the plan I proposed to pursue, with a view to secure from the Government the requisite aid to enable me to carry out my enterprise. I stated to his lordship that the attention of the scientific world had, at different times, been directed to the ruins of Carthage; but religious and political prejudices had till then been a barrier, and therefore every application to obtain permission for systematic excavation, on the site of that city, had been met, either by a positive, or by an evasive, refusal. Hence no European museum could boast of any important remains, either of art or of science, belonging to the once famous North African republic. But having succeeded in obtaining the permission to excavate from the Basha of Tunis, my desire was to employ it for the public benefit, and to hand over the antiquities, that may be discovered, to the trustees of the British Museum.

A few days only elapsed, and I had the honour to receive a communication from the Foreign Office, informing me that her Majesty's Government entertained my proposal. Ample means were placed at my disposal, and I now set cheerfully to work in making the necessary preparations for my departure to the scene of my future operations.

Having completed my arrangements in England, and left the necessary directions for the shipment of exca-

vating tools, I started for Paris, and thence for Lyons. I now shaped my course for Genoa, crossing over Mount Cenis, which the most renowned Carthaginian warrior had traversed some 2,000 years before. Mine was a mission of retaliation, for Hannibal's aim was to enrich Carthage with the spoil of Europe, mine was to enrich Europe with the spoil of Carthage. At Turin Mr. Panizzi's introduction secured me a very cordial reception from our excellent ambassador, Sir James Hudson, whose chaste and classic mind took no ordinary interest in my enterprise.

I reached Genoa the night previous to the departure of the Sardinian steamer for Cagliari and Tunis, and found an old friend, Mr. Fedriani, the agent for this steam company, as my fellow passenger. A few hours previous to embarking the weather had been terrific. One of those awful thunderstorms, which prevail in these parts about the months of September and October, raged with all the fury imaginable; but at the moment of my embarking, Nature appeared in repose, as if exhausted, after most convulsive and desperate exertions.

We had a charming passage to Cagliari, where I spent the few hours, during which the steamer is detained, with my old and learned friend Canonico Spano, the principal of the university, and the *savant par excellence* of the island. His enthusiasm, on learning the nature of the work I was about to undertake, knew no bounds. "How delighted I am," he exclaimed, "to find that your exertions, and perseverance, have been thus crowned with success." But on remarking that his congratulations had better be deferred till the result of my labours merited them, he quickly rejoined, "Dear

friend, you will find valuable remains; you are sure to find them, rest satisfied."

The venerable Canon of the Cathedral of Cagliari possesses a very interesting collection of Phœnician and Roman antiquities,* accumulated by his exertions at Pula, Tharros, and other ancient places, formerly occupied by the Carthaginians. He accompanied me to the museum principally to show me *la lapide di Nora*, the Punic inscription found at Nora, already referred to, and desired me to favour him with my translation of the same. On viewing the monument, which is about two feet by fifteen inches, I found some difficulty in deciphering several letters, and felt therefore reluctant to hazard a translation. But my friend's importunity overcame my scruples, and I was forced to comply with his request. It reads thus:—

"AT TARSHISH WAS EXPELLED THE FATHER OF SARDINIA: PEACE, O! PEACE, TO HIM THAT CAME [EVEN] SHALATHAN, THE SON OF RASHBON, THE PRINCE OF CONQUEST."

At noon we were again under steam, and the following day, the 14th October, at two P. M., I landed at the Goletta, the port of Tunis.

* He has since presented it to the museum of Cagliari. The collection is valued at £2,000.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FIRST ATTEMPT.

Previous to my departure for Tunis, Mr. Wood, her Majesty's Consul-General, had been informed by the Earl of Clarendon of my appointment, and was requested to render me all the aid in his power. On my arrival at Tunis he accompanied me, on my first visit to his Highness the Bey, from whom I met with a very flattering reception. He expressed himself highly pleased with my return, reiterated his promises relative to the proposed excavations, and, in the course of conversation, remarked to the Consul, "Hitherto I have shown a readiness to gratify Signor Davis; but now, since her Majesty's Government is interested in the undertaking, I am determined to facilitate the work by all means in my power."

My time was now fully occupied in making the preliminary arrangements, in securing workmen and in procuring animals of burden, as well as in studying the locality of my future operations: and in this I entertained hopes of considerable aid from various ground plans of ancient Carthage which I had procured in France and elsewhere. Falbe, Dedreux, and even Dureau de la Malle, raised my hopes to no ordinary degree as regards the topography of the city of Dido; and though I am

far from entertaining any desire to depreciate their ingenious labours, I am constrained to say that I have derived no benefit from them. I give them full credit for powers of imagination, and this is certainly all that they are entitled to. To the general public their ground plans may have an attraction; but to the testing tools of practical excavation they are no guide. Many are the hopes they have raised in me, but equally many are the disappointments to which they have subjected me. To see a map of a city, the materials for which must be gathered from ancient authors, who are so very sparing in their details, specifying the site of *Les Thermes de Gargilius*, or of the *Villa de Galerius*, or of the *Maison d'Annibal*, is absolutely preposterous.

Within the more restricted precincts of Carthage there stand now two villages—Moalka, the habitations of which are principally formed of the ancient cisterns, which were supplied by the great aqueduct, and Dowar Eshutt, with few exceptions an irregular mass of hovels chiefly built of ancient materials. Broken granite columns, fragments of bas-reliefs, limbs, and other portions of statues, which formerly adorned temples and structures of magnificence, are now degraded to fraternize with mud, rotten timber, and common field stones. To the inhabitants of these villages I had to look for labourers, and a more roguish-looking set than those that presented themselves, when I made my object known, cannot easily be found. Whilst conversing with them the girths of my saddle were stolen, and the individual who held my horse swore by everything sacred, ay, and even by the head of the prophet, that he had no knowledge of the thief. Here, I thought to myself, is another item to

be added to my list of unforeseen difficulties. But I resolved to manage them, and did manage them.

In the party which surrounded me—and that was composed of some forty or fifty individuals—I perceived one, more active, more intelligent, but also more roguish than the rest. Him I at once resolved to employ as my *capo banda*, or, as some have since denominated him, chief scamp. I called him aside and walked off with him to the fields. When at a distance from the village I opened negociations, which speedily terminated in his accepting service and agreeing to procure for me a certain number of workmen, at about sevenpence halfpenny per day. A present of a five-piaster piece ratified the engagement, and cemented the friendship which, he said, he had at first sight formed for me.

The extraordinary attention Ali Karema (such is his name) paid me on returning to the village, at once convinced his countrymen that he had concluded a good bargain, and this roused their natural cupidity. Every one now manifested a disposition to please me, and all vied with each other in zeal to secure my approbation. I left Dowar Eshutt under a loud salvo of blessings from its congregated greedy and lazy inhabitants, with earnest wishes for my speedy return.

On the day appointed I returned and found Ali with six Arabs prepared to commence operations. The question now was as to the locality, and here the topographical charts were in requisition. The site was fixed, but the permission of the owner was required, which was, however, speedily obtained. The land belonged to the chief secretary (Bash Kateb) of the late Bey, a man of enormous wealth, of great pretensions, and the

last, I well knew, likely to consent to my digging for antiquities in his property, on account of his having the reputation for fanaticism and bigotry; and people of this stamp, in Moslem countries, are extremely hostile to works of art, since they look upon every painting and statue as intended objects of adoration. They say, moreover, "The great Omnipotent is mocked by men imitating His work of creation, which is His prerogative. You cannot give life, wherefore imitate the body?" Such reasoning is regarded as highly orthodox, and unbelievers alone will call it in question. Just, then, however, the "scribe" had let this piece of land to a peasant of Dowar Eshutt, who had no such scruples, or whose scruples vanished when the prospect of a gratuity presented itself.

We commenced digging on the 11th of November, and by the 16th my number of labourers had increased to twenty-five. I found the Arabs very docile, and though not very active, yet steady workmen. But though partially satisfied with my men I was far from being so with the result of the work. Every day I was in hopes of finding something, but day after day passed away without bringing anything to light. I was likewise subjected to great mortifications from a certain portion of the European population of Tunis, who every evening, on my return to the city, made it a point to ask me what discoveries I had made. This question was not put from motives of curiosity, or from any particular interest that they took in antiquarian researches; it was simply to ascertain whether their prediction that nothing could be discovered at Carthage was correct. These individuals regarded my undertaking as perfectly chime-

VILLAGE OF DOWAR-ESHUTT (SCENE OF THE FIRST EXCAVATION).

rical, and looked upon me as a deluded being. There were others also who were actuated by pure malice, to whom my want of success appeared to give no ordinary degree of satisfaction.

There may be, and no doubt there are, some strong-minded people who would have treated all this with utter contempt. To me, however, it was a source of great annoyance, so much so that I resolved to abandon Tunis, and take up my abode at Dowar Eshutt. A Maltese had built a small cottage at that village, and, as it was then untenanted, I hired it, supplied it with a few of the absolute necessities, and at once took possession. Here, although I was deprived of many comforts, I was, at least, free from annoyance, was close to my work, saved myself a daily ride of twenty-four miles, and had, moreover, a shelter for the objects of antiquity I hoped to discover.

Now I could devote all my time to the work. I increased my number of labourers, and opened a series of experimental trenches, having still the above-named plans for my guide. In following up one of these trenches I came upon solid masonry, and in a few days cleared three arched or vaulted chambers, but with the exception of a marble hand, and a few terra cotta lamps, of no particular beauty, which I found in them, I considered my labour as entirely lost. These chambers measured about twenty-two feet by ten, and communicated with each other by lofty doors. The arch was the plain semicircular, and was constructed of irregular stones, whilst the wall, up to the curve (about fourteen feet in height), was of massive square stones. At one period the existence of the arch would have been suffi-

cient evidence to fix the date of this building, but this opinion is now exploded, since Sir Gardiner Wilkinson informs us, that "innumerable vaults and arches exist in Thebes, of early date," and Mr. Layard found the same construction at Nineveh also. Arched gateways are, moreover, often represented in the bas-reliefs from that place. There was therefore nothing to guide me in assigning an origin to this building, except that experience has since taught me that wherever ruins are visible above ground they are, with few exceptions, to be ascribed to the Roman Carthage. Here a slight portion of the masonry was above ground.

The vault of one of these chambers had partly fallen down, and I apprehended no danger from the remaining portion, from the firmness of the cement, which defied the pickaxe and vied with the stones in solidity. I ordered this chamber to be cleared. On returning, in the course of a couple of hours, I found that the Arabs, instead of removing the earth equally from the whole room, had, from fear, kept to the roofless portion, and allowed the remainder, some fifteen or sixteen feet in depth and five feet in thickness, to support the half arch. I remonstrated with them, pointed out the risk to which they had exposed themselves, and ordered them at once to come up. When the Arabs had cleared out I descended, to examine the best way how to rectify their blunder. But scarcely had I left the place one second, and before I had actually time to commence giving instructions to the men, who were looking down, when the whole mass fell with a tremendous and awful crash. We were enveloped in a thick cloud of dust, and before that cleared away, and ere I could see any of

them, I heard the terrified Moslems ejaculating their thanksgivings that they had not been buried in that building of the infidels. But not a stone was moved from the ruin itself; there it stood as firm as ever, giving a practical lesson to the masons of the wretched villages, built on the site of Carthage, of the superiority of the architecture of the ancients.

So alarmed were the Arabs by what they had just witnessed, that they, for the first time, perceived that there was danger connected with excavation. Some even resolved to leave, and would have left, had I not told them that by so doing they would forfeit the wages due to them. I also reminded them that the accident was solely caused by their deviating from my instructions. To this Ali Karema added, "*Elhai walmoot fe yad Errabbi; kol shai bilmaktoob*" ("Life and death are in the hand of God; everything is preordained"). Their fear wore gradually off, and in half-an-hour they were more composed, and quietly resumed their work.

The part I took in this affair is what any European, of ordinary capacity, could as readily have taken. I was therefore greatly amused to listen to the remarks of the Arabs respecting me. "How shrewd he is!" said a man of about sixty, "no sooner did he arrive than he perceived the danger, and how extraordinary that he should have come up before that mountain of earth fell!" Another answered, "Yes, and had he not called us up when he did, in all probability, our parents would have been childless, our wives widows, and our children orphans."

From this memorable day I date my reputation among my judicious workmen and discriminating neigh-

bours of Dowar Eshutt and Moalkah, who were so loud in my praises, and so unwearied in repeating them, that I often heard of acts performed by me of which I had not the remotest knowledge. This, and other reasons, which I need not enumerate, induced me, in return, to class them among the Cretans, of whose peculiar characteristic they partake to the utmost extent.

Having given this spot a fair trial, I abandoned it, and shifted to a ruin at the foot of St. Louis' hill, upon the summit of which, it is generally believed, stood the famous temple of Æsculapius. With the exception of a few fragments of wall, two of which are towering some thirty feet above ground, the whole is a ponderous mass of shapeless masonry, embedded in earth. Here I marked out several trenches, and set my men to work. The first day's labour brought to light the leg and thigh of a statue in dark marble, and I naturally entertained great hopes of finding the remaining portions. To form an estimate of the nature of this structure was an absolute impossibility, nor could I form any opinion as to the manner of its destruction. It possessed sufficient solidity to have withstood the ravages of time up to the present day; and after Rome, I know of no enemy who would have wasted time and labour to effect its destruction intentionally. Has an earthquake contributed towards the dismemberment of the ruins of this city, of which we have no record? But, granting that there are grounds for such an opinion, I can easily conceive the terrible consequences of such a terranean convulsion, but I cannot comprehend the entire disappearance of parts of mutilated and fractured statuary. I have found heads, hands, and feet of statues, and though I have

made the most persevering search in the vicinity, surpassing even the bounds of probability within the range of which the other parts could have fallen, I have never been successful in joining two fragments of the same statue. There was a time, we know, when Italian vessels came over for the sole purpose of exporting marble and sculpture from Carthage; and many a statue, which once graced a pagan temple, now, undoubtedly, adorns a Christian church; but those traders would not have left indispensable portions behind them. If the ruins of Carthage have therefore suffered from an earthquake, it must have been prior to that period, the eleventh century, and the iconoclasm must be ascribed to the emissaries of the prophet of Mecca. Yes—

> "When the smooth chisel all its force had shown,
> And softened into flesh the rugged stone,"

the ruthless barbarian, actuated by a false zeal for the Deity, considered it his sacred duty to cause havoc and devastation in the forum and in the temples of the *Giohala* idolaters. Portions of the finest work of art have been used by them in rearing their miserable hovels, in the place of brick and stone. But the whole culpability must not be laid to the charge of the Moslem conquerors; Romans and Vandals have established a precedent, and have been quite as criminal as the rude followers of the missionary-generals of Mohammed. In a Roman ruin, near the Cothon, I found exquisite pieces of statuary embedded in cement, and placed beside the roughest building materials; and even Punic inscriptions I have discovered on several occasions so disposed of.

Notwithstanding we discovered nothing of an encouraging nature, we persevered digging at this spot for nearly two weeks, my object being, to a great extent, to test the character of the soil, and to ascertain to what depth there is reasonable hope for successful research, or, rather, to learn what depth of earth has, during a succession of centuries, accumulated upon the ruins. The result of this, and of similar subsequent experiments was, that I came to the conclusion that Phœnician ruins, prior to the last Punic War, have a depth of nearly twenty feet of soil upon them, allowing an average increase of one foot per century where no preventive cause exists. On elevated, and exposed localities, the drifting soil will not so readily settle as it naturally will in low, or in sheltered places. Within this ruin we sank one shaft as deep as thirty feet, and in the trenches, close to it, we found several marble and granite columns, and one very beautiful capital, of the Corinthian order, at a depth of twelve feet.

Whilst working here, his Highness, the Bey, accompanied by several of his ministers, honoured the excavation with a visit, and expressed his gratification at the manner in which things were conducted. He even graciously condescended to say some encouraging words to the men. The effect of this was very good, since those of my Arab neighbours who still regarded me as a kind of intruder, and looked upon my proceedings with a jealous eye, finding their ruler favourable to my project, at once changed their bearing towards me, became less suspicious, and more affable.

The character of the Bey became the subject of discussion among my men immediately on his depar-

ture, and, as I had some Arabs who had been to Europe and to Algeria, the opinions expressed as to his highness's government partook very much of a revolutionary and republican nature. I discouraged these remarks, and endeavoured to point out the good features in his character and in his government.

Under similar circumstances one sees how absolutely necessary it is fully to consider the character of a people before an estimate can be formed of the nature of the government suited to them. What is vigour and health to one country may be suicidal to another. The country, the particular locality, the temperament, religion and education of a people, ought to be fully examined; the adaptation of the laws fairly scrutinized before a judgment, as to merits and demerits, can be pronounced, or before innovations and alterations can be suggested. Transplant the government of Tunis to Britain, and revolt, conspiracies, and bloodshed would speedily result. Introduce Britain's constitutional government into this regency, and I have no hesitation in saying that, instead of producing order, tranquillity, and prosperity, the inevitable consequence will be licentiousness and demoralization in all their hideous forms and hues. The government must be adapted to the particular character of the people. In every government there ought, however, to exist elements of modification and progression; but whether these elements exist here is a fair subject for investigation.

Most of the so-called *patriots* and soi-disant *martyrs* to a cause have only liberty on their tongue whilst despotism reigns in their hearts; and, whenever successful in their attempts, have, almost invariably, substituted

one kind of tyranny for another. "Liberty, fraternity, and equality," have only a reflexive, and not a reciprocal, signification with them. Some, again (and these are more honest), have formed estimates of the excellency of some specific government, whose principles they desire to be universally promulgated, totally regardless as to their appropriateness to particular countries and people. If partially successful in their efforts in some one instance, they speedily discover the difficulty in managing the helm of state. Their sole aim is to have their bark in full and majestic sailing trim, but their want of skill and experience prevents them from perceiving the host of impediments by which they are surrounded, nor are they able to observe the terrific indications of the political barometer. The surrounding shoals and the gloomy forebodings of the mercury are alike left unheeded. The result is, that a tremendous hurricane bursts upon them—their craft staggers and is disabled, and the morning dawn reveals an unsightly and awful wreck.

This country undoubtedly stands in need of reform, but it requires a skilful hand to bring it about. Its vast resources, hitherto abandoned, ought to be turned to account, and its commerce with Central Africa and with Europe ought to be encouraged. But it remains to be seen whether the present advisers of his highness possess the will, and the talent, to effect salutary changes, which alone can ensure stability and durability to this interesting country.

CHAPTER V.

HAMED, THE MARABOOT OF TEJAN.

NOTWITHSTANDING my particular antipathy to the city of Tunis, business repeatedly compelled me to visit the "verdant" metropolis. Adjusting tools, the purchase of ropes, boards, &c. and, occasionally also the desire to see my old friends, entailed upon me the duty of a ride to that labyrinth, in which, we are told, 200,000 human beings are huddled together, and how they vegetate there is a problem which a rational stranger cannot easily solve. There are, of course, many exceptions to be made; for there are some very commodious and comfortable residences even in Tunis; but after one of those pelting rains, of three or four days' duration, a stranger, who has no particular interest within its walls, can meet with nothing attractive. One literally wades through the mud, and at every step, and at every winding, the chances are that the splashing of a camel, or of a horse, will so metamorphose your attire, that the original colour will scarcely be perceptible. Indeed to view the surrounding country, and see the lovely sites there are for the situation of a town, one would almost be inclined to come to the conclusion that the original founders of Tunis must have offered a premium for the

selection of the very worst site; and, if such has been the case, then that premium was most justly awarded. Efforts, it is true, are being made to bring about improvements. Sewers, which have been open for centuries, are now in the course of being covered in; but then these sewers, it is intended, are to discharge themselves into the lake, whereas they are actually lower than the level of the lake itself. And, as the depth of the lake is annually decreasing, on account of the mud and filth which it constantly receives, it is pretty evident what their utility will be a few years hence. The paving of some streets is, however, a step in the right direction, and if the work is not abandoned, one of the greatest discomforts will certainly be removed.

It was on one of those gloomy days above alluded to, and before any improvements were commenced, that I found myself in the city of Tunis. I was wading up towards the *Sook Elatareen*, "the scent bazaar," to visit a Moslem friend, when the particulars I am about to narrate occurred.

"Strike him without mercy—the great ones of the earth have mercy—why should you hesitate? Strike him: I say again, strike him!"

These words were uttered in a most stentorian tone by an individual amidst a dense crowd, congregated near the most sacred of the Tunis mosques. The advice was however not taken; as the mosque doors were just then thrown open, the crowd speedily divided itself—some entering for devotion and the rest were soon dispersed.

I had just taken a seat in one of the scent shops, where I watched these proceedings. The instigator to violence had his back towards me and appeared in

a pensive mood, till his auditory had perfectly deserted him. On turning round, he saw me, and, at my request, seated himself opposite to me.

"Sidy Salah," I addressed him, "I was perfectly astonished to hear you give such dreadful advice to infuriated people."

"But did they strike?" he quickly asked.

"Certainly not," I answered, "but no thanks to you. They were actuated by their better judgment, and not by your counsel. I cannot comprehend how you, a reputed Dervish (saint), can be guilty of promoting discord instead of encouraging to harmony and peace?"

"O! ye people doomed to the fire," he exclaimed, most goodnaturedly, "how very dull are ye about religious matters! Ye are able to defy Satan himself with the astonishing things you produce. You find your way in your steamers into distant seas and countries, but the way to heaven you are ignorant of. This world is only transitory, the other—*the other*, is eternal. What will you do with this world's goods when the world itself shall pass away?"

"But, Sidy Salah," I interrupted him, "You are wandering from the point; I simply asked you why you instigated the people to violence?"

"What I said," the saint answered, "was ironical, and hence, you observed, the effect was the reverse to what my words literally implied. And as to the great ones of the earth, why our sovereign is the most innocent, harmless, and upright; so are his ministers and all his officers. They are all forgetful of themselves, and only look after the well-being of the subjects. They neither

oppress the poor nor do they spoil the rich. They adhere to all their engagements, and are never guilty of a breach of promise. The fatherless, the widow, and the stranger bless them, and the wretched praise them for their charities. Look at our splendid hospitals! In them, and in our prisons, you see their benevolence, and our flourishing commerce shows the admirableness of their administration of the affairs of the state. The opulence of the merchants, the contentment of the tradesmen, the happiness of the artizans, all combine to prove the reasonableness of my admiration of the *great ones of the earth.*"

"Now," I remarked, "if I am in all this to understand you ironically, then I suppose you mean that we Christians are *not* doomed to the fire."

The saint laughed heartily, and turning to the two other individuals in the shop, he said—

"Have I not always asserted that these Nazarenes can vanquish all, death only excepted? You perceive how he takes advantage of me;" and turning to me again, he added, "No! brother, I do not always speak ironically. If you want to avoid the fire, and go to heaven, you must believe that there is no God but God, and that Mohammed is his apostle. You must be a Moslem."

The last words were pronounced with great emphasis. A brisk polemic encounter followed, and the conversation turning upon the tests of saintship, I asked my friend whether he had already fully established his right to the title Dervish by "stopping the mouth of lions."

Salah evidently did not appreciate this question, and, no doubt, heartily wished he could have stopped my mouth, for pretending not to have heard me, he abruptly

rose to call an individual passing by, and thus quitted the shop.

The premises cleared of his holiness, the owner volunteered to enlighten my mind respecting the Dervish.

"Sidy Salah," he said, "is a truly good and pious Moslem. He has neither house, nor tent, nor property; he has nothing but what he carries about with him. Whatever monies he obtains—and he obtains very much—he immediately distributes among the poor. He never says that he is a Dervish, but all people know that he is one. He can as easily enter a lion's den and play with that savage animal as you would with a domestic cat. But if he did it, the people would almost worship him, and he is reluctant to erect such a fame for himself."

"Have you ever seen," I asked, "a Dervish enter the lion's den?"

"No, I never have," was the reply.

"Do you know any one who has witnessed such a scene?"

"I certainly do not."

"Then what proof have you that such a feat has ever been performed?"

"None, except the universal report."

"And do you regard a man's entering a lion's den sufficient to constitute him a saint?"

"Most assuredly; for who, except one who is under the immediate care of God, can control that ferocious animal?"

When I informed this devotee that I had seen men and women, of the most questionable characters, enter the dens of lions, tigers, and other wild beasts, and play

with them as with cats, and chastise them within their own domain; that the beasts crouched down, roared, and manifested the greatest terror, he exclaimed, "Most astonishing! Well has Salah said that the 'Nazarene vanquishes all, death alone excepted.'"

Besides the owner, there was a crooked little man in the shop, who had hitherto asked *no* question, but had remained perfectly silent. This personage now, all of a sudden, altered his mind, and, in a most knowing manner, desired me to give him my reason for asserting that the persons I alluded to were not Dervishes.

Personally, of course, I knew nothing of the parties, and therefore simply told him that I had reason to believe that their lives were not the most correct.

"But look at Sidy *Mahras*," he answered, "that Dervish of Dervishes, after whom that large mosque is named; how much is said about his private life, and no doubt perfectly true, yet how great is his fame, and who doubts his having been a Bash Dervish?"

To "answer a fool according to his folly" is not a very easy matter. I was, however, relieved from the task by an interruption from a customer, during which the little man took his departure.

When the shopkeeper was again at leisure he resumed the subject, and during the half-hour I still remained with him, he gave me the following particulars respecting Hamed of Tejaan, a saint of great renown, who is the founder of a new order:

"Some years ago," he said, "there arrived at Tunis a man deeply versed in theological matters, and who, consequently, was greatly respected. Hamuda Basha, our sovereign, invited him to the palace, and was very much

astonished to hear from him that all science and learning had departed from Tunis. He was deeply grieved, and, therefore, sent for the Bashmufti, and told him, 'O! teacher of the faithful, the glory of our realm is departing, since knowledge has already vanished. My resolution is to send you to Morocco, that you may drink in deeply the heavenly wisdom found there, and return to communicate knowledge to the learned here. You shall at once depart, and seek to wipe away the stain from Tunis.'

"The Bashmufti answered, 'O! prince of the faithful, be comforted; the matter is not as it has been represented to you. The sun of Tunis still shines brightly, and, with the help of *Allah*, will continue to increase in refulgence. It is not necessary for me to go to Morocco, but I will send a *taleb* of the *jemma Ezzaitona* (a student of the Olive mosque), who will convince the literati of the great Sultan of the West that Tunis has, with good reason, retained its ancient renown for its profound knowledge of the mysterious and lofty sciences.'

"'Bashmufti,' the prince replied, 'I leave the matter in your hands.'

"The Bashmufti selected Sidy Ibrahim Errichi, a young man of about twenty. This young man, renowned for his piety and talents, at once departed, properly escorted, on his journey to the learned of the Sultan of the West. He took his way towards Tejaan in Fez, where he had heard of a famous Marabut, of the name of Hamed, whom he was desirous of seeing.

"The day before reaching this place the party missed their way, and wandered about, for some time, in desert parts, amidst dreary ravines. At length exhausted by

fatigue, and night coming on, Ibrahim resolved to put his confidence in God, and halt in that solitude for the night. Here they were without shelter and without provisions, and scarcely a blade of grass for their weary animals. The toil of the day made them forgetful of food, and the whole party were soon wrapt in sound sleep.

They had not slept more than two hours, when the clouds, which had been gathering rapidly during the whole afternoon, burst, and the rain came down in torrents, accompanied by most terrific thunder, and the lightning was so dazzling, that they were almost blinded by its immense flashes. Such a position was dreadful enough, but the fearfulness of it was vastly increased when they came to look after their animals, and found them gone, and the baggage, which they had piled together, all removed.

"'O! master,' cried out one of the servants, 'we are lost; we have fallen into the hands of the wicked.'

"'Nothing happens by chance,' answered the young *taleb;* 'the most trifling, as well as the greatest events, are all according to the decrees of fate. The wicked cannot hurt us, and Satan himself dare not injure us, but by the permission of the Ruler of all. Be courageous, and keep steadily together, until this thunderstorm passes over, and we shall endeavour to ascertain what has become of our property.'

"They seated themselves under an overhanging rock, where they were partially sheltered from the rain, and wrapping themselves up in their wet burnooses, they patiently awaited the change.

"In this position they were only a few minutes, when,

during a tremendous blaze of lightning, the same servant exclaimed,

"'O! apostle of God, I have seen, not far hence, a man dressed in a black burnoose, with a large white beard, mounted upon a lion.'

"'You are beside yourself; your cowardice conjures up to your imagination phantoms which you regard as realities. Delusion . . . .'

"Just then, and before Ibrahim could finish his sentence, another illumination revealed the figure to them all, and just as described by the servant.

"'Most astonishing, and most wonderful!' exclaimed the *taleb*, 'this is not a delusion; it is either a vision or a reality, and in neither case have we reason to fear. A venerable man, mounted upon the most ferocious of the brute creation, can only designate peace. Hereabouts is either the abode of some holy man, or else some prophet or apostle (peace be upon them!) of days of yore, has been commissioned to aid us in our present difficulty.'

"The *taleb* was calm and perfectly resigned, but his companions were bewildered by fear, apprehending in their ignorance some terrible calamity; and whilst tormented in their minds by a host of evils, which they imagined might befal them, one of the party directed the attention of the rest to a large fire blazing at about half-a-mile's distance from them. Ibrahim at once rose, and ordered his men to follow him. A few minutes' walk brought them to the spot. Here, to their great astonishment, they found a large and commodious tent, their own baggage neatly arranged, their horses properly secured and feeding on corn, and a magnificent supper ready prepared for them. Their joy was immense.

They dried their clothes, took their supper, and then lay down to repose. But on the following morning, although the events of the night were so fresh before their minds, they found no visible traces, either of tent, or utensils. All had disappeared except their own property. When they opened their eyes, the clear canopy of heaven was above them! Their amazement at all this you can readily conceive.

"They started again, and, an hour after their departure, a Bedouin met them, who directed them to Tejaan, which they reached in the course of the afternoon. Ibrahim went direct to the Marabut's house, and was met at the door by a black female servant, who, before he had time to address her, said to him, 'If your name is Sidy Ibrahim Errechi, from Tunis, on your way to the lights of the Islaam at Morocco, then my master bids you to enter in peace.'

"The Tunis *taleb* did as he was desired, and found a venerable old man, with a fine white beard, dressed in a black burnoose, seated on a divan.

"'Welcome, welcome, Ibrahim,' exclaimed the renowned Hamed, 'peace, and mercy from above, be with thee; the slave of the seal of the apostles welcomes thee to his humble abode.'

"'O light of the Islaam, its tower and strong defence,' answered the *taleb*, after some seconds of hesitation; 'I feel humbled in your presence; suffer me to remain with you as one of your lowest of menials.'

"'Not so,' replied the holy man; 'not a menial, but a coadjutor shalt thou be. Prosperity attends thy mission upon the condition that thou dost faithfully promise

to be initiated in my order, and to propagate its sublimity throughout the kingdom of Tunis.'

"'Most readily and cheerfully do I accept the honour so liberally conferred on me. I feel my unworthiness to labour in so good a cause, but you may rely upon me (after the marvellous exhibition of your power last night), that all my energies shall be devoted to the work.'

"'What the prophet has been among the prophets,' said Hamed, 'that am I among the saints; those who follow me are equal with the immediate friends of the prophet, and need ask no blessings from others, for in me the society of all the saints is concentrated, through me all blessings are conferred, and, wherever my followers are assembled, there the prophet is in their midst.'

"Ibrahim remained with Hamed Tejani two days, during which he was initiated in all the mysteries, and then departed on his mission to the Sultan of the West."

I shall now, for obvious reasons, for a short time abandon my guide, the shopkeeper, and leave Ibrahim Errechi to find his way to the Sultan Muley Soliman, while I detail some information respecting the famous saint, which I obtained from another source.

Hamed belonged to the Tejana tribe, and proceeded, at an early age, to study at Fez, where he made considerable progress in Moslem divinity. He then proceeded upon a pilgrimage to Mecca, visited Cairo, Damascus, Bagdad, besides other places, and became a disciple of almost all the founders of orders in the great cities of the vast Moslem empire, but remained alike

dissatisfied with all. At length the prophet appeared to him and enjoined him to form "the perfection of all orders." He returned to his native place, gathered some disciples, and soon after published several works which attracted the notice of the learned of Fez, by whom Hamed's doctrines—as above stated—were condemned as heretical in the extreme. Shortly after the matter assumed a more serious aspect; a council of Muftis and Cadis was assembled, over which the Sultan presided, and at which Hamed was condemned to death for heresy.

Before the execution of the sentence, the Sultan resolved to visit Sheikh Hamed, in order to form an estimate of his character from a personal interview. On his arrival he found the saint occupied in preparing some chemical mixture—his holiness was passionately fond of chemistry—and, on asking what he was about, Hamed replied,

"Prince of the faithful, I am preparing a medicine to heal poverty."

"To heal poverty!" rejoined the Sultan. "Why, you know the impoverished state in which my predecessor has left the imperial chest. My wants are great; why do you not employ your talents for the benefit of the State?"

"Your Majesty," answered the cunning saint, "has only to command, and I am ready to obey. Most willing am I to increase the wealth of so noble, so pious, and so generous a prince."

"The result of all this was," says the author of the "Refutation of the Tajani Order,"* "that the Sultan,

* "Eshaha Ennareah fe rud ala Ettareek Ettejaneah."

who had entered as his enemy, left him as his friend, and had at once the sentence of death reversed."

The author of this "Refutation" produces many instances to prove that Hamed had departed from the faith of the fathers, and was, in the true sense, a common impostor and an infidel. But the book is a proscribed book, and the fame of the saint is so universal throughout Barbary, that no Moslem would have the hardihood to quote it.

In his works, Hamed asserts that he has repeatedly visited the places of bliss destined for his followers, and that the prophet always accompanied him on those celestial trips. He also has an account of the number of those destined to go to heaven, and of those who are doomed to hell.

He asserted that the prophet was invariably by his side, and when his disciples (who were always surrounding him with the most profound deference and respect) put a question to him, he would sometimes turn to his right side, and in the most solemn manner ask, "O! Mohammed, Apostle of God, what is your opinion respecting this matter?" Then turning back to the people he would answer, "The Apostle of God, peace upon him, declares his opinion to be such and such."

Hamed's book, entitled "Johrat Elkemaal," the "Pearl of Perfection," is regarded as an inspired work. His followers assemble and read it with great solemnity. A place, adorned with a rich covering, is always arranged for the prophet, who, according to Hamed's teaching, is the constant companion of his followers.

We shall now return to the *taleb* at the capital of the Empire of Morocco.

Ibrahim presented his credentials from Hamuda Basha and a letter from Hamed Tejani, which procured him a very honourable reception from his imperial Majesty.

"The day after his arrival" (the shopkeeper is again my guide) "the *taleb* was summoned before the great lights of the West, and a host of intricate questions were put to him, to which he replied to the unanimous satisfaction of the assembly. Another day was then appointed when more difficult questions, previously prepared, were handed to him in writing, with the answers to which all the Muftis and Cadis and Imaams were amazed. The most aged then addressing him, said—

"'Young man, we have grown old in study, at which we have toiled all our days; we have heard and read of many who have excelled in wisdom, but you surpass them all. You can go back and tell your sovereign that the West has not your equal.'

"Ibrahim then took pen and paper, and, in their presence, composed a most elegant poem, in praise of Sultan Soliman, and handed the production to the learned, who highly eulogized it, but expressed the opinion that it must have been previously prepared. He assured them that such was not the case, and to convince them of his poetic genius, he composed another with reference to the whole examination, and this drew from them the most unbounded admiration.

"The Sultan then told Ibrahim, 'When you arrived I honoured you on account of your sovereign, my ally, but now I honour you on account of your own merits. Here are ten thousand gold pieces, and as long as I live a similar sum shall be forwarded to you to Tunis.'

"The Sultan and the literati then furnished the *taleb*

with letters and testimonials, and he returned to Hamed Tejani on his way back to Tunis.

"As soon as Ibrahim entered the apartment of Hamed, the latter addressed him thus:

"'Welcome, Ibrahim, the place of Bashmufti has just been vacated for thee. Within half an hour of thy arrival the Bashmufti of Tunis died, and thou art to fill that high and honourable office.'

"Ibrahim was astonished at this intelligence, and immediately made an entry of it in his note-book. On his return to Tunis he found the day and hour of the Bashmufti's death fully to correspond with the statement of the saint, and on presenting the letters from the Sultan and literati of the West, Hamuda Basha, at once, appointed him to be the Bashmufti of Tunis.

"The new Bashmufti now set to work to redeem his promise, and succeeded so well that all the princes, the nobles, and men of rank, as well as hosts of private citizens, now belong to the order of Hamed Tejani." Thus much from my friend the shopkeeper.

Two years previous to his death, Hamed selected one of his disciples, named Haj Ali Tamaseen, whom he initiated in all the mysteries and appointed to be his successor; he also requested, even during his lifetime, that all the followers should pay Haj Ali equal deference and respect with himself.

A son of the original saint succeeded Haj Ali, and upon his death, Mohammed Belaid, a man of notorious sanctity, and son of the immediate successor of Hamed, became Sheikh, or leader of the order.

This Sheikh Mohammed Belaid arrived some time ago at Tunis, and was received with great marks of

honour. Mohammed Basha lodged him in his town palace, and hired the Scotch steamer, "Waldensian," Captain Joss, to convey his holiness to Alexandria, whence he proceeded to visit the holy cities of Mecca and Medina. He was accompanied by his brother and about seventy Arabs. Belaid is a half black, of a fine commanding figure and has a most benevolent and intelligent expression of countenance.

There is another class of saints which we may as well notice, inasmuch as it is more numerous. In it are included all those who are deprived of their senses, lunatics, and base impostors—men and women more fit "for chains and compassion than for liberty and admiration." These live upon the public charity, and often commit the greatest outrages without receiving the proper chastisement; and, some of them, when they die, have pompous funerals and monuments erected over their remains. Their graves, generally chaplets, are regarded as sanctuaries, from whence a criminal, if he takes refuge in them, though he may be starved, must not be forcibly removed.

But the veneration for those of disordered minds is not of Moslem origin. The Romans had their *Ceriti*, so called because it was supposed that Ceres sometimes deprived her worshippers of their reason. They had also their *Lymphati*, whom the nymphs had caused to go mad, and these were believed to possess the faculty of presaging future events. Mohammed Bey's death, it is said, was predicted by one of these maniacs, and the same, I am informed, has already foretold that Mohammed Sadek, the present Bey of Tunis, is only to reign either eleven, thirteen, or nineteen months.

CHAPTER VI.

CONDITION AND AFFAIRS OF CARTHAGE TO THE PERIOD OF HER COLLISION WITH ROME.

We have traced the fugitive princess of Tyre to the period of her landing among her countrymen at Tarshish, the scene of her future glory as Queen of Carthage, and of her melancholy, and memorable, death as the constant and faithful widow of the priest of Melcareth. Her rank, and the character of the eminent personages by whom she was accompanied, secured to her all respect from the Phœnician settlers on the African coast; and the woful circumstances which compelled a person of her station, and sex, to leave her native country in search of a home in a foreign land, enlisted in her favour all the kind and affectionate feelings which human nature can command. It was therefore only natural that she should be invested with supreme authority, and that public affairs should be intrusted to her guidance and direction. An eminent writer has well observed, "It has unfortunately been the lot of Carthage to have her fall alone stand conspicuous in the annals of the world, and the preservation of her glory left to foreign historians." The absence of historical data is particularly to be regretted during the period that Dido swayed the sceptre of the African Phœnician settlements, since

there is good ground for believing that the seeds of the future greatness of Carthage were then sown. But we are unfortunately left to the mercy of some Greek or Roman writers, of a subsequent date, from whom we must glean with great caution, on account of the national prejudices which most of them have interwoven with their historical notices of Carthage. Polybius may be regarded as one of the most impartial writers, but he had some of his materials from Fabius, who, the learned Greek himself states, took every occasion to depreciate the Carthaginians, and to extol the Romans. Philinus is another of his authorities, and he again manifested an extraordinary partiality for the Carthaginians, extolling their virtue, courage, and wisdom, whilst he allowed none of these qualities to the Romans. That Fabius, himself a Roman, should praise the virtues of his own people, is not very extraordinary; but that Philinus, a Sicilian, a native of Agrigentum, should have formed such an exalted opinion of the Carthaginians, is certainly deserving of notice, for it shows that even during their decline they did not merit the character their detractors have handed down to us.

But, we repeat, the lack of native* historical materials, relating to the period when the character of the people was first shaped, and when a regular form of government was first inaugurated under the auspices of Tyrian

* In the time of Sallust (about B.C. 60), some of the Punic works of native authors were still in existence. In giving an account of the first settlers in Africa, he does it—ut ex libris Punicis, qui regis Hiempsalis dicebantur, interpretatum nobis est—"as it was translated to me from the Carthaginian books which were said to be King Hiempsal's"—(chap. xvii). At the time Sallust was governor in Africa, Hiempsal II. was King of Numidia.

princes and nobles, is particularly to be deplored. We are therefore compelled to have recourse to the foreign sources extant, and in the choice of these we shall endeavour to exercise our judgment to the best of our abilities.

Having pacified the natives * by a treaty, mutually advantageous, and having ample building materials within reach, besides abundant treasures at her disposal, it is only natural to suppose that Dido's attention was first directed to the erection of useful and necessary public edifices, and then to the embellishment and fortification of the future metropolis of Africa. We can therefore easily conceive the following scenes, described by Virgil, as being literally true, although it does not necessarily follow that the Trojan hero ever witnessed them :—

"Jamque ascendebant collem, qui plurimus urbi
Imminet, adversasque aspectat desuper arces.
Miratur molem Æneas, magalia quondam:
Miratur portas, strepitumque, et strata viarum.
Instant ardentes Tyrii: pars ducere muros,
Molirique arcem, et manibus subvolvere saxa;
Pars optare locum tecto, et concludere sulco.
Jura magistratusque legunt, sanctumque senatum.
Hic portus alii effodiunt: hic alta theatris
Fundamenta locant alii, immanesque columnas
Rupibus excidunt, scenis decora alta futuris.

* The story of Dido's purchasing from the natives as much land as a bull's hide would cover, is now universally rejected. William Penn appears to have benefited by this fable, and secured, through a similar artifice, a great stretch of country from the Indians on the river Delaware. He bought from them as much as a dozen bulls' hides would cover, which the aborigines readily disposed of for a mere trifle. He then cut the hides into very narrow thongs, which enabled him to encircle a vast extent of the finest land. The poor Indians discovered the trick too late, and allowed the white man to retain what his cunning had thus secured him.

Qualis apes æstate novâ per florea rura
Exercet sub sole labor; cum gentis adultos
Educunt fœtus, aut cum liquentia mella
Stipant, et dulci distendunt nectare cellas:
Aut onera accipiunt venientum, aut agmine facto,
Ignavum fucos pecus à præsepibus arcent.
Fervet opus, redolentque thymo fragrantia mella.
O fortunati, quorum jam mœnia surgunt!
Æneas ait et fastigia suspicit urbis.*

Æneidos, lib. i. v. 419.

"They climb the next ascent, and, looking down,
Now at a nearer distance view the town.
The prince with wonder sees the stately tow'rs
(Which late were huts, and shepherds' homely bow'rs),
The gates and streets; and hears from ev'ry part
The noise and busy concourse of the mart.
The toiling Tyrians on each other call,
To ply their labour: some extend the wall;
Some build the citadel; the brawny throng
Or dig, or push unwieldy stones along.
Some for their dwelling choose a spot of ground,
Which first design'd, with ditches they surround.
Some laws ordain, and some attend the choice
Of holy senates, and elect by voice.
Here some design a mole, while others there
Lay deep foundations for a theatre.
From marble quarries mighty columns hew,
For ornaments of scenes, and future view.
Such is their toil, and such their busy pains,
As exercise the bees in flow'ry plains,
When winter past, and summer scarce begun,
Invites them forth to labour in the sun:
Some lead their youth abroad, while some condense
Their liquid store, and some in cells dispense;
Some at the gate stand ready to receive
The golden burden, and their friends relieve:
All with united force combine to drive
The lazy drones from the laborious hive:
With envy stung, they view each other's deeds;
The fragrant work with diligence proceeds.
'Thrice happy you, whose walls already rise!'
Æneas said, and view'd, with lifted eyes,
Their lofty tow'rs."

(*Dryden's Translation.*)

The poet likewise informs us:

"Lucus in urbe fuit mediâ, lætissimus umbræ
* * * * *
Hic templum Junoni ingens Sidonia Dido
Condebat, donis opulentum et numine Divæ:
Ærea cui gradibus surgebant limina, nexæque
Ære trabes; foribus cardo stridebat ahenis."*

It was whilst viewing this gorgeous edifice, that all apprehensions of danger vanished from the Trojan refugee's breast. Here he first dared to hope for safety:—

"Namque, sub ingenti lustrat dum singula templo,
Reginam opperiens; dum, quæ fortuna sit urbi,
Artificumque manus inter se operumque laborem
Miratur; videt Iliacas ex ordine pugnas,
Bellaque jam famâ totum vulgata per orbem,
Atridas, Priamumque, et sævum ambobus Achillem."†

The hero recognized himself too in these paintings; and now, fully assured, he exclaims—

"Solve metus: feret hæc aliquam tibi fama salutem."
"Dismiss fear: this fame shall bring thee some safety."

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* "Full in the centre of the town there stood,
Thick set with trees, a venerable wood.
* * * *
Sidonian Dido here with solemn state
Did Juno's temple build and consecrate,
Enrich'd with gifts, and with a golden shrine;
But more the goddess made the place divine.
On brazen steps the marble threshold rose,
And brazen plates the cedar beams enclose:
The rafters are with brazen cov'rings crown'd;
The lofty doors on brazen hinges sound."

† "The striving artists and their art's renown—
He saw, in order painted on the wall,
Whatever did unhappy Troy befall—
The wars that fame around the world had blown,
All to the life, and every leader known.
There Agamemnon, Priam here, he spies,
And fierce Achilles who both kings defies.
(*Dryden's Translation.*)

When we bear in mind the historical exactness with which "the prince of Latin poets" has recorded the religious ceremonies and customs of the Romans, and of other nations, it is unfair to suppose that he was less scrupulous in the selection of his materials relative to the city of Dido. No doubt—

> "Each blank in faithless memory void,
> The poet's glowing thought supplied;"*

and this is, of course, perfectly legitimate in the branch of literature for which Virgil is so famous. But it is unlikely that he would have had recourse to fiction, when facts were at his disposal. The author of the Æneid was contemporary with the author of the Jugurthine War, and if Sallust was able to consult Punic works for his purpose, it would indeed be strange if the idolized poet of Andes, patronized by the emperor, had been debarred from such sources of information, to compose a work, whose fame will last to the very end of time, and whose merits were fully acknowledged, and appreciated, even in his own day. Indeed, from several descriptions of scenery, it would almost appear that the poet visited the site of Carthage himself, or else it proves, beyond all doubt, that he must have been extraordinarily careful in the selection of his materials.

We are therefore perfectly justified to assume, upon the authority of Virgil, that Carthage contained, in the days of Dido, sumptuous edifices, replete with the works of art of the best masters of the day. The foundation for forming the taste of the nation was thus early laid, and gradually developed itself to such a degree, that, in

* Lay of the Last Minstrel.

the course of time, the best paintings and sculptures were accumulated; and these were not merely the works of native artists, but the productions of foreigners, either resident at Carthage, or who flourished in Greece, Sicily, or in Etruria. Indeed, the desire to possess the best paintings, and the best statues, grew among the Carthaginians to such a degree, that they were not satisfied with purchases which their wealth enabled them to secure, but they had recourse to a practice in which they were afterwards imitated by other nations, not merely ancient, but even modern. Wherever their arms were victorious, whatever countries their valour subdued, and whatever nation was forced to acknowledge the supremacy of the African metropolis, that country, or that nation, was compelled to part with its most precious sculpture, or paintings of divinities, to adorn the city of Dido. It is, therefore, not surprising that Scipio's triumph, after the destruction of Carthage, was considered "most glorious;" for Appian tells us, "there was nothing to be seen but statues, curiosities, and rare objects of an inestimable price, which the Carthaginians had for so long a period been bringing into Africa from all parts of the world, where they had obtained numerous victories." And, independently of this valuable exhibition, which adorned Scipio's triumph, we ought to bear in mind that that general had already previously restored numerous paintings, and statues, to those nations who were then in alliance with Rome, and from whom they had been taken by the Carthaginians.

From the nature of the pillage taken to Rome, and the objects restored to other nations, it is evident that the Carthaginians were not merely a nation of shipwrights

and merchants—a greedy, money-making people, but that they possessed a degree of refinement and taste equal to that of, if not superior to, any contemporaneous nation.

The commercial character of Carthage is of such renown, and so universally acknowledged, that we need only name the fact. But there is a feature connected with her commerce which ought not to be overlooked, since it shows the perfection to which her mercantile operations were carried, even at that early period. The utility of paper money, or bank-notes, and of bills of exchange, is notorious, and though they are generally believed to be comparatively of recent date, they are actually of Carthaginian origin. They are mentioned in many places as money of leather; but nowhere is it described with such minuteness as in the dialogue upon riches, attributed to Æschines, the Socratic philosopher. "We must look, however," says he, "to the sort of money. The Carthaginians make use of the following kind. In a small piece of leather a substance is wrapped of the size of a piece of four drachmæ; but what this substance is no one knows except the maker. After this it is sealed and issued for circulation; and he who possesses the most of this is regarded as having the most money, and as being the wealthier man. But if any one among us had ever so much, he would be no richer than if he possessed a quantity of pebbles."* This, it is evident, was a representation of specie, and was confined to the Carthaginian states, out of which it had as little currency as Bank of England notes would have, in the present day, in Central Africa, or even in most parts of the

* See "Æschines Dialogi c. Fischeri," p. 78; also Heeren's "Researches," p. 68.

Regency of Tunis. The importance of representative money* is fully appreciated, and the ingenuity so to prepare it as to defy forgery is obvious enough; and a nation which, at such an early stage of civilization, had already rendered such important services to commerce, could not have been inferior in intellect to other nations.

Carthage had likewise her literature, which has unfortunately perished. Pliny, speaking of writers on agriculture, mentions, "Mago the Carthaginian," and says that to this writer the Roman senate awarded such high honours, that, after the capture of Carthage, when it bestowed the LIBRARIES of that city upon the petty kings of Africa, it gave orders, in his case only, that his thirty-two books should be translated into the Latin language, and this, notwithstanding M. Cato had already compiled his Book of Precepts; it took every care also to entrust the execution of this task to men who were well versed in the Carthaginian tongue, among whom was pre-eminent D. Silanus, a member of one of the most illustrious families of Rome. †

We find long after Mago flourished, and about twenty years before Carthage fell by the hand of the second Africanus, a Carthaginian youth idolized by the learned of Rome, for his genius and literary talents. Terentius Publius was a native of the African metropolis, but, owing to the vicissitudes of the fortune of war, he fell into the hands of the Romans, and was sold by his captors as a slave to the senator Terentius Lucanus. The brilliancy

* It would appear that Carthage reserved to herself the right of preparing this representative money; the Mint was, however, in active operation in the colonies: indeed, it is more than probable that coining was entirely confined to them.

† Hist. Nat. lib. xviii. c. 5.

of his genius recommended him to his master, by whom he was manumitted, and in gratitude for this act, he adopted the name of his benefactor. He now applied himself to the study of Greek comedy with the utmost assiduity, and merited the friendship and patronage of the learned and great, among whom we may name Scipio the elder, and his intimate friend Lælius. Terence was only twenty-five years of age when his first play was represented on the Roman stage, and we learn from St. Augustin, that when the words—

"Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto,"

"I am a man, and nothing that regards a man do I deem a matter of indifference to me,"

were repeated, the theatre resounded with applause, and the audience, though composed of foreigners, conquered nations, allies, and citizens of Rome, were unanimous in their praises of the poet, who spoke with such elegance and simplicity the language of nature, and thus sustained the native independence of man. It is also said that Terence translated 108 of the comedies of the poet Menander, six of which are only now extant. Terence is justly admired for the purity of his language, and the artless elegance and simplicity of his diction, as well as for the universal delicacy of his sentiments. He will ever be admired for his taste, his expressions, and his faithful pictures of nature and manners, and the becoming dignity of his several characters. Quintilian, who candidly acknowledges the deficiencies of the Roman comedy, declares that Terence was the most elegant and the most refined of all the comedians whose writings appeared on the stage. We are not informed as to the time, or the

place, of his death, but it is believed that he left Rome in the thirty-fifth year of his age, and never after appeared in that city. Some suppose that he was drowned in a storm, as he returned from Greece, about 159 years before the Christian era. To me it appears much more natural that he returned to his native city, where he most likely ended his days. He may have exerted his influence with his own countrymen to obviate the coming struggle with the Roman Republic; and when the legions of Scipio were finally arrayed before the doomed city which gave birth to the poet, he, in all probability, made every exertion to bring about an accommodation. All this, however, is mere conjecture, but as regards his talents, his elegance, and popularity as an author, there can be no diversity of opinion. How many such men flourished in Carthage it would have been a grateful task to record; but national jealousies and other hostile causes have unfortunately deprived us of that pleasure.

But we are entitled to rank Juba, the descendant of Micipsa, who married the daughter of Cleopatra, among Carthaginian authors. Pliny says, "Juba, the father of Ptolemy, who was the first king who reigned over both Mauritanias, . . . has been rendered even more famous by the brilliancy of his learning than by his kingly rank." * This king was an indefatigable student and lover of science. He collected the most valuable materials from Punic, African, Greek, and Latin authors, which he digested in a continuous narrative the execution of which does him the highest honour.

Carthage, therefore, had not merely an architectural taste and a love for the fine arts, but she had likewise a

* Hist. Nat. lib. v. c. 1.

systematic and well regulated commerce; she had her authors, her literature, and her libraries.

To the princess of Tyre, and to the period immediately subsequent, the African metropolis appears to have been indebted for the form of her government. Originally it undoubtedly was of a purely monarchical form, but this was afterwards modified to suit the requirements of circumstances, till it assumed a shape in which it continued, in full vigour, to the time of Aristotle, to whom we are indebted for a concise and sufficiently clear description of its nature. The hereditary monarchy, commencing with Dido, who was succeeded either by her sister, or her brother Barca and their descendants, was, in the course of time, either for want of direct heirs or from other motives (with the nature of which we are unacquainted), changed into an elective monarchy. In the interval of this transition an absolute form of government appears to have been established, which was subverted by the aristocracy, or the descendants of those who were the immediate companions of the fugitive princess of Tyre. In the hands of this hereditary nobility now remained the governing power, and from their families the kings, Βασιλεῖς, or more properly the *sufetim*, "judges," the chief magistrates, were elected. Aristotle commends the Carthaginian plan of electing their kings, and says that they did so "without confining themselves to one family or choosing from every one; but if there be any person of greater merit, he is preferred to age and every other claim." *

Besides the *sufetim*, or kings, the Carthaginians had a senate, denominated by the Greek writers *gerusia*, which is synonymously used with *synedrium*. This term, as well

* Aristot. Polit. lib. v. c. 12. Ibid. lib. ii. 11.

as the title Sufet, given to the kings, it will be observed, is of Hebrew origin. The senate was composed of one hundred and four members, "similar to the Ephori of Sparta, but superior to it; for while every one might obtain this dignity at Sparta, at Carthage they were chosen from the better sort." The king and the senate had the power to determine upon all affairs respecting which they were unanimous, and had the option to bring them before the people or not; but whenever they did not agree, the matter was referred to the people. The people then had the power to decide, and every one present was at liberty to give free expression of his opinion.

There existed also at Carthage another legislative body, regarding which various conflicting opinions have been given by different writers. It appears to have been superior to the senate, and was styled *Pentarchy*. "The five," Aristotle says, "have supreme authority in many and great affairs, are self chosen, and they likewise choose the council of a hundred, who form the highest magistracy. They also continue longer in office than any other, for it begins before they come into office, and continues after it expires, and in this the government is oligarchic. But as they are not elected by lot, and receive no remuneration, it is aristocratic."* From Justin we collect a few more particulars relative to this supreme council. He tells us, that after Hamilcar was slain in Sicily, his three sons, Imlico, Hanno, and Gisco, and the sons of his brother Hasdrubal, Hannibal, Hasdrubal, and Sappho, managed the affairs of the Carthaginians. "But as so numerous a family of commanders

* Aristot. Polit. lib. ii. 11.

was dangerous to a free state, since they directed and decided all things, there were selected a hundred persons from among the senators, whose duty it was, upon the return of the generals, to demand from them an account of their transactions, in order that through this check they might so consider their command in war as to have a due respect to the judicature and laws at home." *

The power and functions of this legislative body is thus distinctly stated, but how it was brought into existence seems difficult to comprehend. The paucity of information we possess relative to the Carthaginian government compels us to have recourse to conjecture, and in the present instance, I apprehend, there is not much danger of committing any grave error. It is stated that the council of one hundred was chosen from among the senate; but if the number of senators consisted only of one hundred and four members, it is quite evident that such a body could not have been formed from that court. The only way of clearing this difficulty, it appears to me, is, by assuming that, according to the laws of Carthage, five new senators were periodically elected, and the outgoing five formed a Pentarchy. These, at first, when the number was limited, might have acted as a ministry, or select council, to the king, or Sufet; but when the outgoing senators increased, as they naturally would, it is probable that either those that retired last, or the eldest among them, assumed that office.

* Deinde cum familia tanta imperatorum gravis liberæ civitati esset omniaque ipsi agerent simul et judicarent, centum ex numero senatorum judices deliguntur, qui reversis a bello ducibus rationem rerum gestarum exigerent, ut hoc metu ita in bello imperia cogitarent ut domi judicia legesque respicerent.—Lib. xix. cap. ii.

In times of perplexity, or in difficult cases, the Pentarchy could summon a hundred of their members for deliberation and action. But in the course of time, when danger threatened the commonwealth, as is stated by Justin, it was found expedient to constitute the council of a hundred into a permanent supreme court, which continued to retain within it its Pentarchy.

We see, then, that Carthage had its limited and elective monarchy, its ministry, its supreme council composed of one hundred members, besides a senate of one hundred and four members—a government resembling very nearly that of Great Britain, for the people, as we have seen, likewise enjoyed a certain degree of power that was appropriated to them.*

So long as this political constitution was unimpaired, Carthage flourished; but when the people began to dispute for an undue augmentation of their share in the administration, the system became deranged, radical evils crept in and increased, party spirit began to run high, the authorities became biassed by public opinion, and the executive was impeded, and checked, in its action. Carthage began to decline, and her own factions finally contributed to her destruction and overthrow.†

* Aristotle, speaking of the flourishing period of Carthage, says: "It is a proof of a well constituted government if it admits the people to a share, and still remains unaltered in its form of polity, without any popular insurrection worth notice on the one hand, or growing into a tyranny on the other."—Polit. lib. ii. 11.

† Polybius remarks on the Carthaginian government, that it "seems to have been originally well contrived with regard to those general forms that have been mentioned. For there were kings in this government, together with a senate, which was vested with aristocratical authority. The people likewise enjoy the exercise of certain powers that were appropriated to them. In a word, the entire frame of the

So long as Carthage adhered to the laws and constitution of her founders, so long was she careful to discharge the obligation to the original proprietors of the soil, under which she was placed by the Tyrian princess. But as her population and power increased, and her wealth augmented, her scruples vanished, and the Phœnicians not only encroached upon the possessions of the natives, but made war upon them, and even compelled them to give up the tribute paid for the building of the city.* The possessions of Carthage expanded, and her

republic very much resembled those of Rome and Sparta. But at the time of the war with Hannibal, the Carthaginian constitution was worse in its condition than the Roman. For as nature has assigned to every body, every government, and every action, three successive periods—the first of growth, the second of perfection, and that which follows, of decay; and as the period of perfection is the time in which they severally display their greatest strength, from hence arose the difference that was then found between the two republics. For the government of Carthage, having reached the highest point of vigour and perfection much sooner than that of Rome, had now declined from it in the same proportion; whereas the Romans, at this very time, had just raised their constitution to the most flourishing and perfect state. The effect of this difference was, that among the Carthaginians the people possessed the greatest sway in all deliberations, but the senate among the Romans. And as in the one republic all measures were determined by the multitude, and in the other by the most eminent citizens, the advantage in the course of the affairs was of such great force, that the Romans, though brought by repeated reverses into the greatest danger, became, through the wisdom of their counsels, superior to the Carthaginians in the war." (Hist. lib. vi. c. ii.) Further on the same author says: "Among the Carthaginians money is openly employed to obtain the dignities of the state." And Aristotle also informs us that a plurality of office was approved of at Carthage—two radical evils which of themselves are sufficient to subvert a state.

* Itaque et Mauris bellum illatum, et adversus Numidas pugnatum, et Afri compulsi stipendium urbis conditæ Carthaginiensibus remittere. "Wherefore war was made with the Moors, as also against the Numidians; and the Africans were compelled to give up to the Carthaginians the tribute paid for the building of their city."—Justin, lib. xix. c. ii.

authority was acknowledged in proportion as her ambition urged her to enlarge her borders. A little more than two centuries after her foundation, she had the sway over Africa, from the Pillars of Hercules to the frontiers of Pentapolis, and to the south her boundaries were unlimited. She became mistress of a numerous population, through whom she not only became opulent by monopolizing their commerce with Central Africa, but upon whom she laid heavy burdens of taxation to enrich her treasury, and whose sons she employed in subduing other countries. They were likewise called upon to aid in forming a series of colonies, which drew down upon her the envy of the then civilized world. Her numerous navy, which proclaimed her dominion of the sea, and powerful army, made the standard of the Carthaginians universally respected; and their aim was not merely to gratify ambition and a martial spirit, but to secure to themselves the prerogative to commerce and wealth, wherever they might be found. So ardent became they in their pursuit after gain, that it was afterwards proverbial that the Carthaginians invariably sought to make their purchases in the cheapest markets, and to sell their commodities at the highest prices.*

A little more than three hundred years after the foundation of Carthage, Rome saw the necessity of forming a treaty with this powerful African republic, the particu-

* This character of the Carthaginians reminds one forcibly of the despatch in cypher which Sir Charles Bagot received while minister at the Hague. On applying the key, it read as follows :—"In matters of commerce, the fault of the Dutch is giving too little and asking too much; with equal advantage the French are content, so we'll clap on Dutch bottoms a twenty per cent. Twenty per cent, twenty per cent, nous frapperons Falk with twenty per cent."

lars of which are preserved by Polybius. From it, it appears that the Phœnicians had then already subjugated Sardinia and a portion of Sicily. Twenty-five years later Carthage formed a treaty with Xerxes, whose hatred to the Greeks induced him, by this compact, to urge his new ally to the conquest of the whole of Sicily.

Mago was the author of the extension of Carthaginian greatness and predominancy. He appears to have been contemporary with Cambyses and Cyrus, and must consequently have flourished between 550—500 B.C. Justin goes so far as to say that being the first to regulate their military discipline, he founded the empire of the Carthaginians (*imperium Pœnorum*), and advanced the strength of the city, no less by the art of war than his personal valour.* He was succeeded by his two sons, Hasdrubal and Hamilcar,† whose scene of action was Sardinia and Sicily; but the former dying of a dangerous wound, the sole command devolved on his brother.

During the reign of Gelon, the government of Carthage undertook to carry into execution their treaty with the Persian monarch. Three years were employed in preparing an immense expedition, which was intrusted to Hamilcar, and consisted of 2,000 ships of war and 3,000 transports. This numerous fleet sailed for Sicily, where it met with a most terrible defeat from Gelon. The ships were either burnt, or otherwise destroyed, whilst upwards of 150,000 Carthaginian troops, together with their general, perished.‡ The remainder of the army

* Lib. xix. c. i.

† Herodotus speaks of him as the son of Anno, or Hanno, "who had been elevated to the throne of Carthage for his personal virtues" (Polymnia, c. 166). Herodotus either mistakes Hanno for Mago, or the father of Hamilcar had both names, Mago and Hanno.

‡ B.C. 480.

surrendered at the discretion of the victor, and Carthage readily agreed to pay nearly half a million of our money to the king of Syracuse to defray his expenses of the war.

But if Polyænus may be believed, it would appear that Gelon, not daring to meet the Carthaginian general in the field, destroyed him by a base stratagem, when in the act of offering sacrifices to the gods. The troops of Carthage were then easily defeated. It is, however, only due to Gelon that we mention his generous conduct in concluding peace with the African republic. Montesquieu characterises it as "the noblest treaty of peace ever mentioned in history." By this he alludes to the article in which the king of Syracuse insisted upon the Carthaginians to abolish the custom of sacrificing their children. This writer adds, that Gelon "required a condition that was advantageous only to themselves, or rather, he stipulated in favour of human nature." But Diodorus Siculus, who mentions this treaty, says nothing of this condition, and, indeed, we know that this inhuman practice still prevailed in the time of Agathocles, and long even after him.

Seventy-nine years later, the Segestans, who had declared in favour of the Athenians against the Syracusans, invited the Carthaginians to their assistance. Interested motives induced the Phœnicians to comply with this request, and Hannibal, the son of Gisco, the grandson of Hamilcar, was intrusted with the command of another army. On his arrival in Sicily, he laid siege to the towns of Selinuntum and Hymera, which were taken by storm and their inhabitants treated in the most barbarous manner. On his return to Carthage, he was received with joyful acclamation, and three years later he was

again appointed to lead a fresh expedition to the scene of his victories. On this occasion Himlico, or Imlicon (who is sometimes also called Hamilcar), the son of Hanno —probably the author of the famous Periplus*—was appointed his lieutenant. The army landed in Sicily, but was unable to accomplish anything, not on account of the superior force of the enemy, but on account of a dreadful contagion, which not only thinned the ranks of the Carthaginian troops, but which likewise deprived them of their leader.

Himlico, who now took the command of the army, exerted himself to the utmost with considerable ability, and with tolerable success; but was, notwithstanding, constrained to conclude a treaty with Dionysius, who had made himself master of Syracuse. According to this treaty, the Carthaginians were to retain their ancient possessions in Sicily, and to receive tribute from the inhabitants of the various cities they had conquered. The Leontines and the Messinians were to retain their own laws and preserve their independence. Lastly, Syracuse was to continue subject to Dionysius.

This favourable treaty was artfully agreed to by the tyrant of Syracuse, with a view to enable him to make ample preparations for a more successful conflict. Indeed, soon after Himlico's arrival at Carthage, Dionysius despatched deputies to Africa, who were commissioned to desire the senate to restore the Sicilian cities to their liberty, and to evacuate the island; and, in case of their refusing to comply with this request,

* If this be the Hanno who made the celebrated exploration on the western coast of Africa, then it is more than probable that his brother Imlico, or Himlico, uncle to the one named in the text, is the author of the lost "Periplus to the Coast of Britain."—*See* Note, p. 23.

they were to inform that venerable body, that he would treat every Carthaginian in the island as an enemy.

The same dreadful contagion which had destroyed a great portion of the army in Sicily was at this time causing fearful havoc in Carthage itself; but notwithstanding this calamity, the proud African metropolis could not brook to such insolence from a mere upstart. Himlico was created a Sufet, or king, and, without loss of time, sailed at once for Sicily with a powerful army. He landed with his troops, whilst the fleet, under the command of Mago, continued cruising along the coast.

Himlico's generalship and tactics were so skilful, that wherever his troops presented themselves their arms were victorious. Most of the Sicilian cities already acknowledged him as their master, and he was on the point of laying siege to Syracuse itself, when unfortunately the same awful malady, which had proved so disastrous to his former campaign, again appeared in the army, with such increased vigour that it proved fatal to nearly one-half, and the remainder were reduced to so miserable a condition that they were entirely unable to resist the enemy.

Of this wretched state of affairs Dionysius now took advantage. He made himself master of a number of Carthaginian ships, destroyed the remainder, and finally compelled the Sufet to pay nearly 62,000*l.* for permission to retire with only a few followers.

Himlico could not survive so miserable a termination to a campaign which seemed so prosperous on the outset. Although by no means personally culpable for this calamity, yet, on his return to his native city, the

distress and lamentation of the relatives of the troops, which met him on every side, so preyed on his mind that he took the fatal step of putting a period to his existence.*

Another evil resulted from the melancholy termination of this campaign, which could not have been foreseen. The Africans, who, like all conquered nations, entertained an inveterate hatred against their masters, now gave free expression to their indignation, and alleged, as a reason, that that portion of the army composed from among them, had been abandoned to the mercy of the Greeks. This was not strictly true, for Mago, who succeeded Himlico in command, did his utmost for them as well as for the Carthaginian troops. But the flame of discontent once kindled, speedily blazed up into a complete revolt, and they actually assembled to the number of 200,000, and taking possession of Tunis, threatened to make themselves masters of Carthage also. The capital was in a state of despair, for the authorities were not prepared to resist so great and resolute a force, when fortunately strife and dissensions among the Africans themselves resulted in the abandonment of their project.

During the period that the capital was kept in such awe by the Africans, the Sufet Mago, who had rallied his troops and recommenced hostilities, lost another great battle, as well as his life, in Sicily. The senate was informed of this catastrophe, and at once resolved to send Mago's son with fresh troops. His instructions were to adopt active measures on the expiration of the truce, which Dionysius' own weakened condition appears

* Justin, lib. xix. c. 3.

to have compelled him to grant to the Carthaginians on the death of their chief.

Young Mago distinguished himself to such an extent that his country was not only enabled to obtain an honourable peace, according to which she was to retain her old Sicilian possessions, but she likewise became mistress of additional strongholds, and Dionysius even consented to indemnify the Carthaginians for the expenses of the war, which amounted to about 106,000*l.*

But the glory of this victorious general was but of brief duration. The Sicilians, the Sardinians, and even the Africans, made convulsive efforts to secure their freedom, and that at the very time when a pestilence (the plague ?) raged at Carthage so fearfully, and caused such ravages, that the living scarcely sufficed to inter the dead. The streets were crowded with the infected, who raved like maniacs, and rushed upon each other committing the most violent outrages.

The indomitable and persevering spirit of conquest, which actuated the African metropolis, surmounted all difficulties and even defied calamities. At length, the cruelty and tyranny of the younger Dionysius, who succeeded his father, as well as the progress and success of the Carthaginian arms, brought Timoleon, the Corinthian, to the aid of the Syracusans. This general, taking advantage of the Greek mercenaries in the Carthaginian pay, stirred up their patriotism, by means of qualified emissaries, to such a degree that young Mago, perceiving a spirit of mutiny in his army, recklessly abandoned his post, and returned to Africa. The senate impeached him for this base act, but he prevented the execution of the sentence by a voluntary death.

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Hasdrubal and Hamilcar succeeded young Mago and carried to Sicily a reinforcement of 200 ships of war and 1,000 transports, conveying 70,000 men. These Timoleon defeated, and the result of his victory was, a limitation of the Phœnician boundaries in the island.*

About this time (B.C. 348), the Carthaginians concluded another treaty with Rome,† very similar to the one already alluded to, except that Tyre and Utica form contracting parties in it. Tyre is probably named in this treaty in order to secure additional protection for her, for that city was then threatened by Alexander the Great, and domestic troubles prevented Carthage from supplying the mother country with other aid. Indeed, the terror of the Macedonian monarch was soon after a cause of great uneasiness to Carthage herself; for Tyre had to yield to his sway, and his intentions‡ respecting Phœnician Africa were extremely doubtful.

We have now reached the period when an attempt was made to subvert the government of Carthage, the particulars of which are recorded by Justin.

Hanno, a leading man of the metropolis, actuated by ambition, conceived the design of usurping regal and absolute power, and fixed the day of his daughter's nuptials for accomplishing his object. A magnificent feast was prepared for the citizens in the public squares, whilst the senators were invited to a banquet at his own mansion. But the venerable council having had information from the servants that the wine intended for them was poisoned, declined the invitation; and, in order not to bring about a collision with this wealthy, and just

* Diod. lib. xvi. p. 252. Plut. in Vit. Timol. † Polyb. lib. iii. c. 3.
‡ Justin, lib. xxi. c. 6.

then popular, citizen, they preferred not to divulge his scheme, but simply passed an act limiting the expenditure of marriage festivals, resolving at the same time to be on their guard for the future. Foiled in this enterprise, he determined to effect by violence what he could not accomplish by treachery. Accordingly, he contrived to corrupt 20,000 slaves, and fixed on a day for the massacre of the senators. But his plans were again betrayed, and apprehending the consequences, he seized upon a certain fort (*quoddam castellum*), whence he encouraged the Africans to revolt. He was thus engaged in open rebellion against his country when he was suddenly seized, tried, and condemned to death.* His whole family was, according to the senate's sentence, exterminated, and the reason assigned for this act was, "that no one of so wicked a family might be left to imitate Hanno's example, or to avenge his ignominious end."

Hitherto Carthage was the aggressor on foreign territories, and never contemplated an invasion of her own immediate dominions, except the occasional temporary encroachments and inroads of some African tribes, whose depredations were easily checked. Her security was, however, now on the point of being interrupted, and that from a quarter she could scarcely have anticipated. Agathocles, who, from an obscure origin, had, by the assistance of Hamilcar, succeeded in making himself master of his native city, Syracuse, and had, as a com-

* Effossis oculis, et manibus cruribusque fractis, velut a singulis membris pœnæ exigerentur, in conspectu populi; corpus verberibus lacerum in cruce figitur. "His eyes were put out, and his hands and legs broken, as if chastisement was exacted from every member; he is thus put to death in sight of the people, and his body, torn by flagellation, is fixed on a cross."—*Justin*, lib. xxi. c. 4.

pensation for the service rendered him by that general, sworn implicit obedience and fidelity to the African commonwealth, basely infringed on treaties by repeated attacks on cities in alliance with Carthage. Complaints and petitions reached the senate from all quarters, and all combined to charge Hamilcar with the cause of the miseries to which the tyrant of Syracuse had reduced them. The senate, without calling for explanations, or waiting for the general's defence, passed the extreme sentence upon him, from which ignominy he was however saved by a timely death. This outrageous and unjustifiable sentence of the senate, Agathocles regarded as a *casus belli*, and at once commenced open, and active, hostilities against the Carthaginians. His progress was, however, ably checked by Hamilcar, the son of Gisco, who had previously commanded in Italy, and was now, on the death of his namesake, sent to oppose the Syracusan tyrant.

Shut up in Syracuse, which city the son of Gisco closely besieged, Agathocles conceived the bold enterprise of transferring the seat of war to Africa, and actually managed to land his troops on that coast before his design was even disclosed to his own party.

Agathocles disembarked with his followers near Clypea, the modern Calebia, and having roused the spirit of his troops, all unanimously resolved to conquer; and, in order to cut off all hope from flight, the fleet was burnt and the march towards Carthage at once commenced. Diodorus Siculus gives a very flourishing account of the country through which Agathocles led his army. This beautiful and lovely track of country was overrun by the Sicilians, in whose trail appeared nothing but devastation.

Property was plundered, villas set on fire, and plantations wilfully and maliciously destroyed.

Hanno met this desperate band with 30,000 men; but the issue of an engagement proved the superiority of the invader's forces. The Carthaginian general was slain, and three thousand of his men fell in this first trial of strength. Agathocles lost also two thousand of his followers, but then his ranks were daily swelled by discontented Africans, and many of the cities,* groaning under the heavy yoke of taxation, or who had other grievances against their rulers, readily opened their gates, and actually invited the victorious invader. Aphellas, a king of Cyrene, also joined the standard of the Syracusan chief with a large force, and proposed to aid him in the conquest of all Sicily, provided Africa should fall to his own share. But Agathocles speedily despatched this ambitious coadjutor, and, seizing his troops, he fought, with the combined forces, another desperate battle, in which he again worsted the Carthaginians, under the command of Bomilcar.

This defeat was ascribed to the treachery of the Carthaginian general, and he was therefore apprehended and condemned to be crucified in the middle of the Forum. From his cross he upbraided the senate for their cruelty towards Hanno, their banishment of Gisco,† their clan-

* Justin says: Non Afri tantum verum etiam urbes nobilissimæ novitatem secutæ, ad Agathoclem defecere; frumentoque et stipendio victorem instruxere. "Not only the Africans, but also the noblest cities, from a fondness for novelty, revolted to Agathocles, and furnished the victor with corn and money."—Lib. xxi. c. vi.

† Probably the son of the same Hanno, who, being absent from Africa, escaped the massacre of the family. According to Diodorus, he closed his days at Selinus, and was the father of Hannibal, the successful commander in Sicily.—Diod. lib. i. p. 590.

destine votes against his uncle Hamilcar, who preferred making Agathocles their ally rather than have him fight against them as an enemy, and finally for their inhumanity towards himself.

It was during these trying and humiliating difficulties that the Carthaginians had recourse to a host of superstitious rites, among which was the immolation of human victims to Baal, or Saturn. Having propitiated their divinities, messengers were despatched to Sicily, to request immediate relief from Hamilcar, the son of Gisco; and they were likewise instructed to spread abroad a total misrepresentation of the state of the struggle of the Sicilians in Africa. Had not soon after a true version of Agathocles' progress and success reached Antander, his brother, this piece of Phœnician diplomacy might have accomplished more than their numerous forces had hitherto been able to achieve, for the regent was on the point of delivering up Syracuse to the Carthaginians. But the true reports from Africa now roused his courage, as well as that of the people, and all combined to repel the most vigorous attack which Hamilcar then made on Syracuse. In a subsequent engagement this general himself fell into the hands of the enemy, who forwarded his head to Agathocles, and he increased the terror of the Carthaginians by throwing it into their camp.

Defeats had not the effect of disheartening the Carthaginians. The panic was only of short duration, and when it was over they found that they possessed sufficient means to meet all contingencies. The enemy was not only successfully opposed in Africa, but fresh troops were sent to Sicily, and the latter step produced such an awe in the invader, that he found it necessary to

return to his own island, to see after its interests, leaving his son Archagathos in charge of the African expedition. On his return to Syracuse Agathocles discovered that his exploits in Africa (which had, no doubt, been greatly exaggerated) had procured him great popularity, so that most of the Sicilian cities readily submitted to him.

But the affairs in Africa did not permit him to occupy himself long with the adulation of his countrymen. His presence was required before Carthage, and he therefore, without unnecessary loss of time, joined his army. Here he found everything in disorder and confusion; discipline had vanished, and his troops were in a demoralised condition. It was only by holding out to them the prospect of the plunder of Carthage that he checked the mutiny, and succeeded in inducing them to attack the enemy's camp. In this engagement he lost the greater portion of his men, not so much by the terrific slaughter they had to sustain, as by absolute desertion. Agathocles now dreaded the consequence of this defeat, and therefore sought for safety in flight. He was pursued, but his sons alone were overtaken and secured, whom the exasperated troops murdered,* and then surrendered themselves to the Carthaginians. Thus terminated the first invasion of Phœnician territories in

* Archagathos cum occideratur ab Arcesilao amico antea patris, rogavit eum quidnam liberis ejus facturum Agathoclem putet, per quem ipse liberis careat? Tunc respondit, satis habere se quod superstites eos esse Agathoclis liberis sciat. "When Archagathos was put to death by Arcesilaus, who formerly was a friend of his father's, he asked him what he thought Agathocles would do to the children of him who deprived him of his own? He replied, that he was satisfied so long as he knew that they would survive the children of Agathocles."—*Justin*, lib. xxi. c. 8.

Africa. Other generals, with fresh troops, were sent to Sicily, with whom Agathocles was but too glad to conclude a treaty of peace, equally advantageous to the two states.

Conformably to treaty, the Carthaginians (about B.C. 277) offered to the Romans the services of a fleet of 120 sail, commanded by Mago, against the designs of Pyrrhus, the ambitious king of Epirus. This offer was appreciated, but politely declined. The admiral, however, soon after repaired to Pyrrhus himself, with the ostensible object to volunteer a mediation, on the part of his government, between the contending parties; but his real mission was to sound that king as to his intentions regarding Sicily: for it was reported that he contemplated the conquest of that island, and, indeed, it was even rumoured that he had secret designs against Lybia, and even against Carthage herself. The Phœnicians had, therefore, just grounds to apprehend some disasters from so successful and resolute a warrior. Indeed, his subsequent conduct proved the correctness of their surmises, for the Sicilians sent ambassadors to him, proposing to put Syracuse, Agrigentum, and the city of the Leontines into his hands, and desired him to expel the Carthaginians from the Sicilian territories.

Having completed his arrangements, Pyrrhus sailed from Tarentum with 200 vessels, having on board 30,000 foot and 2,500 horse, with which army he at once advanced against the Carthaginians, vanquished them in several pitched battles, drove them before him, and ruined their provinces. Overtures for peace were therefore now made to the conqueror, to which he would only agree on condition that the Carthaginians

should evacuate Sicily, and consider the Lybian Sea the boundary between them and the Greeks, a condition which was naturally rejected.

Pyrrhus now began to direct his attention to Africa, and actually commenced preparations for invading that coast. But in his efforts to carry his project into execution, he gave such dire offence to those very persons who first invited him to Sicily, that some joined the Mamertines, whilst others preferred to place themselves under the rule of the Carthaginians. His popularity thoroughly vanished, his troops became insolent, and he behaved with haughtiness, and showed himself oppressive. The African invasion was abandoned, and his return to Italy was deemed a fortunate event to all Sicily. On quitting the island he is reported to have exclaimed, "What a field we leave the Carthaginians and Romans to exercise their arms in!" * How speedily, we may add, were those arms brought into deadly conflict with each other in that very field!

After the retreat of the king of Epirus from the shores of Sicily, Hiero was elected first general, and soon after king of Syracuse and its dependencies. Mutual interests induced the new king and the Phœnicians to abandon hostilities; but an event occurred which changed the face of things, and not only converted this ally into an enemy, but which produced a rupture of the harmony which hitherto existed between Rome and Carthage.

The Mamertines, a body of Italian mercenaries, were appointed by the king of Syracuse to guard the town of Messana; but this tumultuous band mastered the

* Plut. in Vit. Pyrr.

citizens, and seized on their possessions. Hiero prepared to punish their perfidy, and besieged them in Messana. Reduced to extreme want, one party appealed for protection to the Carthaginians, whilst the other implored the Romans for assistance. The former at once entered the city, whilst Rome, for some time, hesitated as to the propriety of aiding so lawless a set; and was only at last induced to take their part with a view to limiting the boundaries of a State which appeared to threaten even her own safety. At the approach of the Roman legionaries the Mamertines, who had solicited their assistance, took up arms, and with the aid of Roman troops forced the Carthaginians to evacuate Messana. Roman and Carthaginian valour was now for the first time brought into collision. Hiero, who had embraced the cause of his African ally, from fear of Italian encroachment, now joined the cause of Rome, and left the issue of affairs to be decided between the two greatest republics of the day.

Carthage now concentrated her thoughts on her Sicilian possessions, particularly after the defeat of her forces before Messana, by the Consul Appius Claudius. Great levies were made in Liguria and among the Gauls, and greater still in Spain, and embarked for Sicily. But another victory gained by the Romans, which made them masters of Agrigentum, the Carthaginian "place of arms," emboldened the enemy to follow in the footsteps of Agathocles, and transfer the scene of action to the coast of Africa. Rome's persevering energy speedily brought a fleet of 120 sail into existence, of which the Consul Duilius took the command. On the coast of Myle he was met by the Carthaginian admiral

Hannibal, with 130 sail, whom he defeated; and Duilius was the first Roman who ever received a triumph after a naval battle. Several other losses induced the Carthaginians to sue for peace; and the Romans, whom an unsuccessful descent upon Africa under Regulus had rendered rather diffident, accepted the proposal; so that an end was put to this war, commonly known as the first Punic war,* upon these terms:

"There shall be peace between the Carthaginians and the Romans, with the approbation of the Roman people, upon these conditions. The Carthaginians shall relinquish every part of Sicily. They shall not make war upon Hiero, nor give any disturbance to the Syracusans or their allies. They shall restore without ransom all the Roman prisoners, and pay a tribute of 2,200 Euboic talents of silver, within the course of twenty years."

A thousand talents of silver were afterwards added, and the time for payment was limited to ten years instead of twenty.

Polybius, who gives a most minute account† of this struggle of twenty-four years' duration, which embraced battles in Sicily, at sea, and in Africa, says that it was "the longest in its duration, the least interrupted in its progress, and, upon the whole, the most considerable of any that we find in history. For, not to mention again the various combats, in one naval battle only five hundred quinqueremes were in action; and in another scarce fewer than seven hundred. The Romans, in the course of the war, lost seven hundred quinqueremes, including those that were destroyed by tempests; and the Carthaginians

* Commenced B.C. 264, and terminated B.C. 241.

† The account extends over five chapters of the first book.

about five hundred. Let those who have been accustomed to contemplate with amazement the naval preparations and engagements of Antigonus, Demetrius, and Ptolemy, consider whether the present war does not possess materials calculated to produce much greater astonishment. For, if we carefully reflect upon the difference between these quinqueremes and the triremes employed by the Persians against the Greeks, and afterwards by the Lacedæmonians and Athenians in all their naval combats, it will clearly appear that no State or people ever brought so great a force upon the sea as those that were engaged in the present war."

In the following paragraph Polybius adds:—"In the present war the same ardent zeal, the same designs, the same generous perseverance, and the same passion for dominion, animated alike both republics. The Roman soldiers, indeed, in all points of bravery and spirit exceeded those of Carthage. But on the other hand, the Carthaginian general, both in conduct and in courage, was far superior to any of those commanders that were sent against him. This general was Amilcar, surnamed Barca, the father of Hannibal, who afterwards waged war with Rome."

CHAPTER VII.

THE PORTS OF CARTHAGE.

REPEATED disappointments compelled me to throw aside those published productions which profess to treat upon the topography of Carthage, and I was forced to fall back upon my own resources. The Arabs have great faith in the European's knowledge which relates to all things in this life. The treasures hidden within the bowels of the earth, they believe, are all plainly indicated to the Nazarene in "the Book." Their confidence in that mysterious production was, however, considerably shaken, when they found that one experiment after another proved a complete failure. Karema had praised me up to my men as profoundly versed in the arcana of these ruins, and now he found that he had good reason to apprehend that not only my credit, but his own too, was at stake. He therefore repeatedly approached me to put the question whether "the Book" actually pointed out the particular locality which I had selected for excavation? On receiving an affirmative reply, he would run to the men and do his utmost to inspire them with confidence. "Dig away, boys! dig away! The master has consulted *the Book*, and we are now sure to come upon something good." But a few days' toil again dissipated their hopes.

About this time we repeatedly shifted our ground, and during these migratory excavating operations Ali Karema, more than once, favoured me with a variety of suggestions. "Master," he said, "why don't you dig yonder? All people say, and among them the most learned, that there stood the Mint: surely it is not probable that all the money has been carried away. And have not the ancients truly observed that one certainty is worth a thousand uncertainties?"

The significant shrug of his shoulder amply proved that he felt convinced that his suggestion would be left unheeded.

Days and weeks passed on, and the numerous tons of earth we removed still disclosed nothing to recompense our toil. It was now pretty evident that not only were the professed guides useless to my undertaking, but that digging at random was worse still. I therefore resolved to prepare something in the shape of a topography, based upon the authority of ancient writers, and, having due regard to all discrepancies, allow full sway to the exercise of common sense. The reader will be aware that no ancient writer does professedly give anything like a description of Carthage, but, still, enough may be gathered from them to fix several grand outlines. Polybius, for instance, informs us in his account of the Mercenary War, that "Carthage is situated within a gulf upon a long tract of land, which bears the form of a peninsula, being almost every way surrounded, partly by the sea, and partly by a lake. The isthmus which connects it with the rest of Africa is about twenty-five stadia in its breadth. At a moderate distance from the isthmus, and on that side which is bounded by the sea,

stands Utica. On the other side, upon the lake, is Tunis." *

It is greatly to be deplored that a man like Polybius, who accompanied Publius Scipio to Africa, was present at several engagements, saw Carthage, yet has not handed down to us any description of the city itself.

The next author in point of chronology is Sallust, from whom, as governor of Numidia, and author of the "Jugurthine War," at least, an account of the ruins of Punic Carthage might have been expected. But he, unfortunately, prefers amusing his readers, in his digressions, with a fabulous account of the migration and settlement of ancient nations, and tells us: "As to Carthage, I think it better to be silent than to speak but little,"† and yet how important might that "little" have been to us!

From Livy we only learn what the extent of the city was: Carthago ‡ in circuiter viginti tria millia passus patens. "Carthage comprehended in a circuit of twenty-three miles."

Strabo tells us: "Carthage is situated upon a peninsula, comprising a circuit of 360 stadia, with a wall, of which sixty stadia in length are upon the neck of the peninsula, and reach from sea to sea. Here the Carthaginians kept their elephants, it being a wide open place. In the middle of the city was the Acropolis, which they called Byrsa, a hill of tolerable height, with dwellings round it. On the summit was the temple of Æsculapius, which was destroyed when the wife of Asdrubal burnt herself to death there, on the capture of the city. Below the Acropolis were the harbours and the Cothon, a

* Polyb. lib. i. c. vi. † Sall. Bell. Jug. § 19.

‡ Hist. lib. li.

circular island, surrounded by a canal communicating with the sea, and on every side of it were situated sheds for vessels." *

A few more particulars are gathered from Appian. This author says: "Carthage was situated in the great gulf of Africa, encompassed by the sea in the form of a peninsula; and the isthmus, which divides it from the continent, was about 25 stadia in breadth. A long point of land stretched out towards the west about half a furlong wide, and this advancing into the sea, divided it from the marsh, and was enclosed on all sides by rocks and a single wall. Towards the south and the continent, where the citadel, called Byrsa, stood, there was a triple wall of thirty cubits high, besides the parapets and towers by which it was flanked at intervals of about two acres. Their foundations were about thirty feet deep, and four stories high, the walls reaching only to the second story; but they were vaulted, and that to such an extent, that underground they had stabling for three hundred elephants, and above for four thousand horses, with all things necessary for their sustenance. Moreover, there were lodgings for twenty thousand infantry and four thousand cavalry: in short, all the ordinary necessaries for war purposes were kept within their walls only. There was but one place of the city where the walls were both low and weak, and that was a neglected angle which began at the point of land we spoke of before, and reached to the ports. They had two ports, disposed of in such a manner that a ship might easily go from one to the other, and yet there was but one entrance, through a passage sixty-six feet

* Strabo, lib. xvii. c. iii. § 14.

wide, secured with chains. The first was for merchants, where there were numerous and diverse sorts of quarters for the sailors; the other, which was the inner port, was appropriated for men-of-war, and in the middle of it stood an island which, as well as the port, was surrounded with vast quays, containing receptacles and covered shelter for two hundred and twenty ships, and above them were store-houses and naval workshops. The fronts of each place were supported by two Ionic marble columns, so that the whole round, as well of the port and the island, represented on both sides two magnificent galleries. Upon this island stood the admiral's palace, from whence his orders were issued by the sound of the trumpet, from whence he published his ordinances, and from whence he had the oversight of all things. The island stood immediately opposite to the mouth of the port, extending itself a good way forward, so that the admiral could discern all that passed at sea, a great distance off, whereas those at sea could not distinguish what was going on within. Nay, even the merchants within their port could not see the men-of-war, for it was separated from the inner harbour by a double wall. They had even a separate gate from their port to the city."*

In the course of his account of the final assault upon Carthage, in the third Punic war, Appian furnishes us with a few more particulars. He tells us that the Roman general made a simultaneous attack upon the Cothon and the Byrsa. Having carried the gate of the former, the troops made themselves masters of the "great place of the city,"† which was near to it.

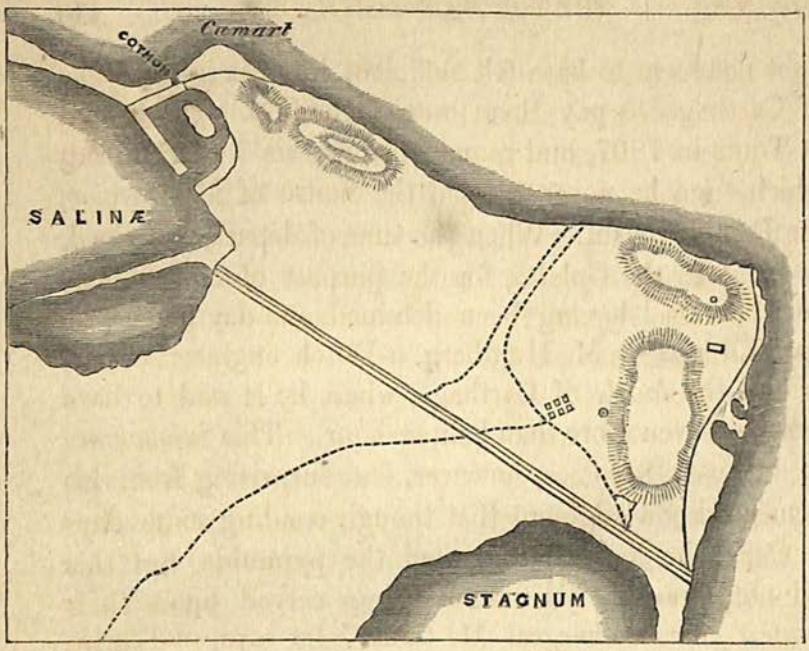
* Appian. Bell. Pun. P. i. xli.

† The Agora. Τὴν ἀγορὰν ἐγγὺς οὖσαν τοῦ Κωθώνος. Appian. viii. 127.

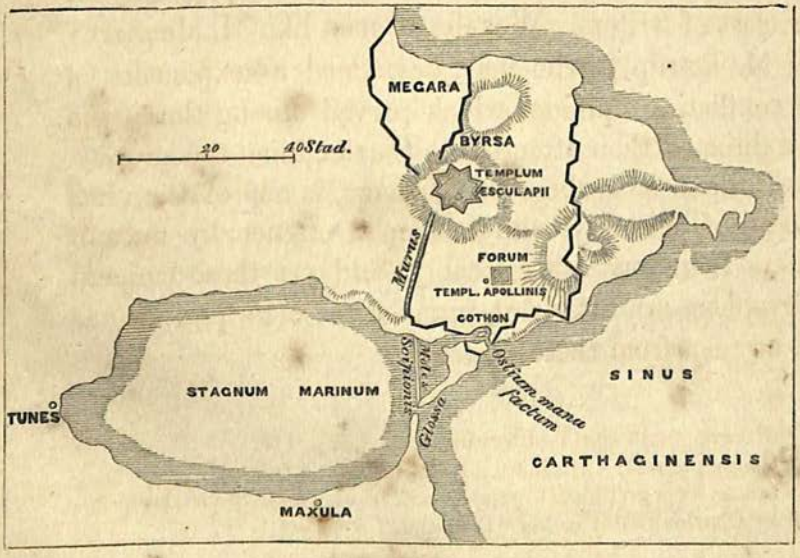
Between it and the Byrsa, we are also informed, stood the temple of Apollo; and that the way from the "great place" to the Byrsa was an ascent by three streets. Here the most prominent and best fortified edifice was the temple of Æsculapius.

The account of subsequent writers has only reference to Roman or Vandal Carthage, so that the above must be regarded as the materials for the topography of the city actually built by the Phœnician colonists. That the subject is involved in great obscurity, will be readily admitted upon a perusal of these particulars. The difficulty is by no means removed upon an investigation of the locality itself; on the contrary it is only augmented, and becomes more perplexing. It is therefore not to be wondered at that men, eminent in the world of letters, should so totally disagree on this point. Had Appian not had recourse to the points of the compass; greater harmony would, undoubtedly, have existed among those who have directed their attention to Carthage. As it is, writers have been, and still are, greatly puzzled to reconcile his description with the present remains and the actual features of the peninsula itself.

I do not, of course, allude to fanciful writers, but to eminent students. Chateaubriand has obtained a well-merited reputation for elegance of style, but he is entirely reckless as regards truthfulness of description. He says that the harbour is to be traced extending close to the greater cisterns at Moalkah, which statement, Sir Grenville Temple justly observes, is as incorrect as his assertion that the site of Carthage is shaded by fig, olive, and karoob trees. But M. Chateaubriand, it appears from his own account, as his antagonist remarks,



M. ESTRUP'S PLAN.



M. MANNERT'S PLAN.

does not seem to have felt sufficient interest in the ruins of Carthage to pay them much attention. He landed at Tunis in 1807, and remained there six weeks, during which time he never quitted the house of M. Devoise, the French consul. When the time of departure arrived, he went to the Goletta, for the purpose of embarking; but the vessel having been detained one day longer, he was induced by M. Humberg, a Dutch engineer officer, to visit the *locale* of Carthage, where he is said to have remained even more than half an hour. This *insouciance* on his part becomes, however, less surprising from his former acknowledgment that though residing some days at Cairo, he had never visited the pyramids, but this did not prevent his name being carved upon their summit. "Je chargeai M. Caffe," he says, "d'écrire mon nom sur ces grands tombeaux, selon l'usage, à la première occasion: l'on doit remplir tous les petits devoirs d'un pieux voyageur."*

We cannot undertake to criticise the topography of this class of writers. We refer to men like M. Mannert † and M. Estrup,‡ who may be named as exponents of the conflicting opinions which prevail among those who have directed their attention to Carthaginian topography. The Cothon, or harbour of Carthage, is one of the chief objects of this city, and is named oftener by ancient writers than any other locality, and yet these eminent geographers are utterly at variance as to its position, as will be seen from these sketches:

* "Excursions in the Mediterranean," vol. i. p. 115.

† "Geographie der Griechen und Römer," vol. x. part 11.

‡ "Lineæ Topographicæ Carthaginis Tyriæ." Estrup has been followed by Charles Ritter in his "Erdkunde," &c. Part 1.

Not unnecessarily to prolong a discussion from which but very little good may result, since we feel constrained to differ from both, it will be preferable, at once, to proceed in search of more positive information. All authors, ancient and modern, are agreed as to the fact that Carthage was built upon a peninsula, although different estimates are given as to the extent of the city. The size of the peninsula is limited by the isthmus, stretching across from the lake of Tunis to the salt marshes of Camart, a distance of about three miles. Within the precincts of this peninsula, comprised within a circumference of about twenty-four miles, we are to look for the remains of Carthage, both Punic and Roman. That the Phœnician city stood within these precincts is amply proved by the unanimous testimony of all writers of antiquity. The imprecations of the Roman senate, at the period of the destruction of this city by Scipio, against those who would attempt her restoration, have induced many to search for distinct sites. Appian does indeed tell us that "several seditions arising within the city [of Rome] during the tribuneship of Gracchus, on account of the poverty of the people, it was resolved to send six thousand to inhabit Africa. But on preparing for the foundations of this colony, on the spot where Carthage stood, it was found that the wolves had removed the marks; the senate therefore prohibited all further proceedings. But some time after, when Cæsar, who was created dictator after his victory over Pompey, pursued him into Egypt, and from thence proceeded to the territory of Carthage, to prosecute the war against the friends of his defunct enemy, it is stated, he saw in a dream a great army weeping, and calling on him

to rebuild Carthage. He noted down his design to rebuild both that city and Corinth. But, being slain by his enemies, and his son Augustus finding, by mere accident, this memorandum, he rebuilt Carthage, which we may now see near (ἐγγὺς) the place where the ancient city stood, for he was careful to avoid falling under the execrations fulminated at the period of its demolition. I find it recorded that 3,000 inhabitants were sent from Rome, and the neighbouring cities supplied the remainder. Thus was Africa reduced to a province, and Carthage, destroyed by the Romans, was both rebuilt and repeopled by them, one hundred and one years after its destruction."*

I have intentionally given this extract in full, in order to enable the reader to form his own estimate of it, and, I presume, he will not fail to observe that Appian contradicts himself. If the Romans built a city *near* the old Carthage, it cannot be said that they rebuilt Carthage; but if they actually rebuilt that metropolis, then we must understand it to mean *upon the site* where the city of Dido formerly stood. Indeed the same author, in his "History of the Civil Wars of Rome," distinctly says that C. Gracchus and F. Flavius, who went to Africa to fix the settlement of this colony, selected "the same site where formerly was the city of the Carthaginians," οἵ δὲ τῇ ἀποικίᾳ τὴν πόλιν διέγραφον, ἔνθα ποτὲ ἦν ἡ Καρχηδονίων. He likewise says that they did this, οὐδὲν φρονίσαντες, not considering, or in spite of Scipio's declaration that it should remain uninhabited, and in defiance of the imprecations against all those who should attempt to rebuild that city. Pliny, who flourished about fifty years before Appian, asserts the same of the Augustan colony, and

* Appian, Part I. lvi.

being a Roman, his authority is of importance on this point. He says: "Colonia Carthago magnæ in vestigiis Carthaginis"* ("the colony of Carthage, founded upon the remains of great Carthage"). If the Romans, in the time of Gracchus, had no consideration for a decree of the senate, why should they have had a greater regard for it seventy years later? If they considered such a decree in the time of Augustus, of one hundred years' standing, as obsolete: or, to speak more plainly—if their cupidity surpassed their loyalty, I do not see why we should endeavour to establish for them a standard of such pious consistency, or such unbounded veneration for the decision of their supreme magistrates, the "conscript fathers," whose acts had, during the interval, been so often abrogated and annulled. But the whole argument may be brought within the compass of a nutshell. That the Romans built their city upon the peninsula upon which the Punic metropolis stood, is universally admitted; that Phœnician Carthage extended itself over the *whole* peninsula, is asserted by all ancient writers: it is therefore, an unquestionable fact, that the Roman was built upon the ruins of the Punic Carthage.†

* Pliny, lib. v. c. iv. African Carthage was called Carthago Magna, to distinguish it from the Carthage in Spain.

† That the principal ruins above ground should belong to the Roman period is only natural to suppose; but that their existence in a particular locality should be regarded as an indication to evade the execration of the senate, on the part of the rebuilders of Carthage, is absurd, since these ruins are situated in the very locality against which the curse of the senate was chiefly directed. But so universal has been the desire to uphold the scrupulous loyalty of the Romans, as to have led astray men most eminent in literary achievements. Bishop Munter, *e. g.* says: "Dass aber das römische Karthago nicht ganz auf dem Platze des alten, sondern etwas östlicher angelegt ward, ist von Reisenden

We are, therefore, to look for the remains of both these cities within the same precincts.

Leaving the gate of the Goletta we find ourselves on a sandy strip of land, washed to the left by the lake of Tunis, and to the right by the sea. This strip, or "tongue," the γλῶσσα of the Greek and the *tænia* of the Latin writers, has no particular feature of interest on its surface, but from it we have a prospect of the heights of Carthage. In length it is about three quarters of a mile, and it varies in width from one hundred and fifty yards to a quarter of a mile, widening as we approach the peninsula. Having traversed it, we wind our way towards the sea, leaving to the left a mound of ruins, which we take to be that of the forum, and to the right the Krom, the residence of the minister of war (one of the best men in this regency), and approach two red houses on the beach, the larger belonging to the prime minister, and the other to the minister of marine. Here we have the famous Cothon, or harbour, represented by what now appear to be two large ponds, the further one having a small island in the centre. The proprietors of the red houses have made a carriage road between them; but the waters still communicate, by means of subterranean pipes. Upon the small island, as well as on the margin of the harbours, are yet traces of ancient masonry. In this vicinity, or rather among

bemerkt worden. Die mit der Zerstörung der punischen Stadt verbundenen Execrationen erlaubten nicht auf dem verwünschten Boden wieder zu bauen." It is assumed that the Romans could not build in that part to which the senatorial anathema referred, and hence, wherever remains of Roman structures are found, it is taken for granted, could not have been the site specified. Our having discovered Punic and Roman remains in the same locality is a complete refutation of this antiquated opinion.

the ruins of the forum, was found, some years ago, a colossal marble bust of a Samian Juno, which M. Pacifique Delaporte, then in charge of the French consulate at Tunis, obtained from Ahmed Bey, and presented to the Imperial Museum of the Louvre, where it may now be seen.

About the same time, whilst some Arabs were occupied in digging for stone upon the little island, they came upon a Punic inscription, which the learned Abbé Bourgarde purchased, and it is now among his interesting collection of Carthaginian antiquities, which I have made several unsuccessful efforts to secure for the British Museum. As the ruins on the surface of the island are undoubtedly of Roman origin, it is important to observe that in the same locality, and at no very great depth, a relic of Punic Carthage *—a votive tablet—was discovered, bearing the name of

"HANNIBAL, THE SON OF MAWARZAH,
THE SON OF A DEVOTEE OF MELKARETH."

Upon reading this inscription several questions naturally suggest themselves; but we do not stop to discuss any, not even whether the Hannibal here named is the Hannibal Opsor who sided with Massinissa, or the Carthaginian admiral who bore the same name. For our present purpose it is sufficient to know that a Punic inscription was discovered upon this little island, for it certainly proves that some Phœnician structure must at one time have existed here, and if

* This undoubtedly proves that the Romans employed the Phœnician materials for their own constructions. It may have belonged to the demolished admiral's palace, used as a common stone in building a Roman edifice.

such a structure did exist here, it must have been the admiral's palace.

We have then already in one very important situation joint remains of Roman and Punic Carthage.

But the question whether this is actually the Cothon, or harbour, requires yet some confirmation.

Those who follow Appian's blunder place the Cothon to the west of the peninsula, but they will look in vain for any of its traces in that direction, either of an artificial or of a natural kind. I have indeed discovered here a mosaic, which, it may be asserted, belonged to a small temple dedicated to some marine divinity, but I doubt whether this will be regarded by any one as sufficient proof, or even as a probability, that either the naval or the mercantile port was in its proximity. The most exposed part of the coast is this very locality; and we must indeed entertain a very humble opinion of the judgment of the Tyrian colonists, in matters relating to nautical affairs, to think that they would have selected such a spot to shelter their ships. The north-west wind blows here with extreme violence during a great portion of the year, and its vehemence is naturally first, and chiefly, directed against this portion of the coast. By this wind the Bey was deprived of his whole fleet, and a thousand lives, in 1820; and it was the wind from the same quarter which caused such havoc among the shipping at the time his Royal Highness, Prince Alfred, visited Carthage, by which eleven vessels were driven on shore. If then such be the effect upon ships anchored within the Bay of Tunis, which is sheltered by the peninsula, what must it be to vessels, exposed to its rage, in a part where it comes furiously sweeping along, undisturbed and

unchecked, across the wide expanse of sea? Indeed, the locality we speak of is known among the natives by the name of *Bab erreakh*, "the gate of the wind," by which they mean that the most violent, and most tempestuous, wind blows from that quarter. The bend in the olive trees, on the plain, likewise indicates its fury from the same direction. It is therefore most improbable that a sea-faring people as the Carthaginians were, and a people so perfectly alive to their interests, should have exercised so little judgment as to have exposed the source of their wealth to such constant peril. On this side then the Cothon could not have been, and no other locality bears such clear evidence, and corresponds so exactly with the descriptions given by ancient writers, as that near the two red houses. Let any one now compare our photographic sketch of the Cothon with the particulars recorded by the authors above quoted, and, I feel sure, he will come to the conclusion to which my own careful investigation on the spot has led me.

Let those who have embraced M. Estrup's theory give a glance at the sketch which shows his *tænia*, and let them bear in mind that that strip of land is constantly increasing in size—that it is recovered from the sea, and had, at the time of the third Punic war, no existence at all. But, if this strip of land had even an existence at that time, we ought to remember that we are told that Censorinus, one of the consuls, who had the command at the commencement of that struggle, lay encamped upon it for some time, with a large army. The objection to this is want of space and want of water, which, it will be admitted, are serious obstacles

to a besieging force. This could, therefore, not have been the *tænia* alluded to by the various ancient authors. And if the *tænia* was not on this side of the isthmus, it follows naturally that the Cothon could neither have been here.

M. Mannert is amply refuted by Appian. He makes the *stagnum marinum*, or lake of Tunis, the naval harbour, and points out the molè which Scipio built to block up the Carthaginian ships. But if this geographer is correct, the Roman general's labour was a perfect waste; for we learn from Appian, that, at the very commencement of the third Punic war, Censorinus entered the *stagnum*, with his naval forces, to assail the walls of the city which were on its margin. We are afterwards told by the same writer, that the same consul crossed the *stagnum*, and went in search of wood to construct engines, with which he hoped to batter down the wall at the "weak angle." Surely, this proves beyond all dispute that the *stagnum marinum* could not have been the Carthaginian harbour, and, hence, the topography of M. Mannert, as well as that of M. Estrup, must be rejected.

We will now return to the real Cothon, the situation of which we have already indicated.

For the photography of the present aspect of the ports of Carthage I am indebted to the extreme politeness of the Marquis de Noailles (who kindly favoured me with copies of his most successful views, which he took during his North African tour, and whose visit to Carthage I shall always remember with great pleasure). It is taken from the hill on which St. Louis' chapel is built, and exhibits the grand features of the Cothon, as described by Strabo

and Appian. Its size is now very considerably diminished; and when we bear in mind the great accumulation of soil we find upon ruins in its immediate vicinity, we shall not be surprised at its present dimensions. A few hundred feet from it, in the direction of, and near to, Dowar-Eshutt, I excavated what appears to have been a temple, dedicated to Neptune, the pavement of which had eighteen feet of earth upon it. The Cothon is more exposed to the drifting soil than this temple was, on account of the higher ground in its immediate vicinity. Besides this cause the sand is, during the winter especially, constantly washed in by the sea, as it continues its devastating encroachment upon the land.

There are, at present, traces of an entrance to the harbour from the sea towards the S.E., but this is modern, for the real entrance appears to have been a little lower down, towards the S.W., where remains of strong masonry are still seen. Across this entrance, from N.E. to S.W., and in the water, we find ruins of, what appears to be, Scipio's mole, which he built to block up the harbour. It united two points of land, nine hundred and forty feet distant from each other. In steering in for the merchant harbour the vessels took a course N. by E., where the water gradually increases in width from one hundred feet to one hundred and thirty. Its length from the beach to the road, which leads to the prime minister's large house, is seven hundred feet. The road (to which access is given by the gate marked by the pilasters) is fifty feet wide, and, beyond it, the water is still narrow one hundred feet more. It then widens to four hundred and twenty feet, in the direction of N.E.

W. J. Alais sc

THE COTHON OR PORTS OF CARTHAGE.

LONDON RICHARD BENTLEY 1861

by E. and continues so one thousand one hundred and sixty in length. Up to this point we find the merchant haven has a clear length of two thousand and ten feet.

Between the merchant and the naval harbours there is a narrow neck of water, one hundred and seventy-five feet in length, thirty-five of which are taken up by the carriage road leading to the small red house. The water measures across to the little island one hundred and twenty-five feet, and the diameter of the island is four hundred and forty-six feet. This island, and the circular sheet of water, or canal, by which it is surrounded, is enclosed by a thick prickly-pear hedge and a ditch, which occupy about twelve feet. Round this ditch we come occasionally upon massive masonry, in all probability the remains of the receptacles of vessels, mentioned by ancient writers. If we allow one hundred and twenty-five feet for the depth of the receptacles, so as conveniently to contain a vessel, we shall have a diameter of the naval harbour, including the island, of nine hundred and fifty-eight feet; and this gives us two thousand nine hundred and sixty-eight feet as the extreme length of the harbours from the entrance. The bearings, from the island, of the chief points of interest around us are: the entrance from the merchant harbour SS.W.; the new outlet E.; the site of the temple of Æsculapius, or the little fort N.E. by E., and the hill of St. Louis N. by E.

Occupied in a work of excavation it is only natural to say that my attention was often directed to the small island, in the centre of the naval harbour, on which the admiral's palace was situated. Often did I contemplate

cutting a trench through it, to test the nature of its contents; but Ali Kareema informed me that he, with a number of Arabs, had dug there for stone, for the prime minister's house, and that they had found nothing of interest during all the summer they were thus occupied. He, moreover, assured me that at a depth of seven, or eight, feet they generally came upon water, which forced them to leave the massive foundations which are beneath. As my intention was only to dig for such antiquities as I was able to remove, I naturally restrained my curiosity, and resolved to leave this kind of investigation to others.

M. Beulé, whose peculiar tact and adroitness we shall have to notice as we proceed, undertook this work. The result of his labours fully confirmed Kareema's statement. The extreme depth he was able to reach is eleven feet, when his men came upon water, which prevented their further progress. The pavement of the temple of Neptune, which I. discovered, a very few hundred feet from the Cothon, had, as has already been stated, eighteen feet of earth upon it, and that pavement M. Beulé will, of course, pronounce to be Roman. Are his remains, or the remains upon which he came, at a profundity of eleven feet, then Punic? *Fortunæ filius*—he is a child of fortune, as Horace says, and whatever he looks for, he is sure to find. Punic remains were the special object of his search, and what else but Punic relics can he be expected so find?

From all we have said there can now be no doubt but that we have fixed upon the real Cothon of Phœnician Carthage, of which the Romans afterwards took advantage and used for their shipping. Dureau de la Malle,

Falbe, Dusegate, and Sir Grenville Temple are of the same opinion.

We are now within the city proper, but not near the precincts of the Byrsa. We have crossed the wall without perceiving it; but unmistakable traces of it, and of a ditch, still exist near the sea, and in the vicinity of the Krom, on the side of Goletta. It is again met with behind the village of Dowar-Eshutt, and can be followed up to Moalkah. We find again traces of it at a short distance from the white house belonging to the lord keeper of the seal. It then winds its way down to the water near the sea gate. Near many of its angles we have yet the remains of the forts by which the wall was flanked.

Near the Cothon, and on the Goletta side, was that part of the wall which is mentioned by historians as the "weak and neglected angle," and which has so vastly facilitated the destruction of the city.

It is therefore here, and in its immediate vicinity, that one portion of the history of Carthage so prominently presents itself before one's mind. It is not that portion when she swayed the sceptre over the African provinces; nor when her dauntless navigators left her port to explore distant, and unknown, regions; nor when her vast fleets swept the expansive sea, and monopolized the commerce of the world; nor when her proud armies left her shores to increase her dominions and augment her revenues; nor when her veteran general added to her foreign conquests, and by his prowess made Rome tremble. No; but it is the sad and humbled condition of this once proud, great, and renowned city—that period of degradation which constrained her to stoop

low to her enemy without meeting, either with compassion, or mercy—that lamentable period when a victorious conqueror dismantled her walls, demolished her sumptuous edifices, ransacked her temples, and laid all her magnificence low with the very dust.

The destruction of Carthage by the second Africanus, the causes which led to that doom, and the circumstances connected with it, are the chief topics upon which the visitor to this spot dwells. Much of all this is vividly pourtrayed before his mind's eye. The vast stage upon which that fearful tragedy was enacted is still the same; the natural scenery is but slightly varied; the artificial embellishments, and the actors of that ever memorable performance—they have disappeared. Their deeds, their prowess, the havoc and desolation they caused, are, however, recorded upon the world's only lasting monument —History.

A desperate struggle of seventeen years terminated in the humiliation of Carthage, by which she was forced to accept, at the hands of the first Scipio, terms destructive to her independence and subversive of her spirit of enterprise. She was left to the mercy of her barbarous and unprincipled neighbours, to whose taunts and insults she had to submit; for the treaty concluded after the famous battle of Zama expressly stipulates that the Carthaginians "should not make war out of Africa, nor even in that country, without first obtaining leave for that purpose from the Roman people." They were, likewise, to "restore to Massinissa all they had either dispossessed him of or his ancestors." Of this fettered condition of the African Republic her neighbours took advantage, and Rome, then otherwise honourable, ap-

peared, in this instance, gratified to see the energies of her rival trammelled, and her pride humiliated. She went even so far as to encourage the rapacious disposition of the Numidian king, who boldly encroached upon Carthaginian territories. In vain did Carthage remonstrate with Massinissa, and in vain did she despatch humiliating supplications to the Roman Senate. Her remonstrances to the one, and her entreaties to the other, were alike left unheeded. Her patience at length exhausted, Carthage had recourse to force in order to expel force, but in this effort she was, alas! signally defeated. Rome took advantage of this defeat, and alleged this act of self-defence as an infringement of the treaty of Zama. An infringement according to the letter of that treaty it undoubtedly was, but Rome ought to have blushed in urging it as a cause of war, for Roman intrigue produced hostilities in Africa. Rome was the abettor of the sworn enemy of Carthage; and even the Roman commissions, at different times, sent into Africa, under the pretence to settle the disputes between the contending parties, appeared actually to have plotted the plan for the destruction of the city of Dido. Cato the elder, one of the last commissioners sent over, on his return to Rome, urged strongly the necessity of the destruction of Carthage We are told that he invariably ended his orations in the senate with the words, "*Præterea censeo, Carthaginem esse delendam*" ("I am also of opinion that Carthage must be destroyed").

From Appian we learn that, shortly before the commencement of the third Punic war, Scipio was sent to Africa for the purpose of procuring elephants from

Massinissa, and that he was present at one of the engagements between this king and the Carthaginians. The purport of his interview with the old warrior we find recorded by Cicero. Scipio himself tells us, that when he arrived in Africa "there was nothing of which I was more earnestly desirous than to see King Massinissa, who, for very just reasons, had been always the especial friend of our family. When I was introduced to him the old man embraced me, shed tears, and then looking up to heaven, exclaimed, 'I thank thee, O Supreme Sun, and ye also, ye other celestial beings, that before I depart from this life I behold in my kingdom, and in this my palace, Publius Cornelius Scipio, by whose mere name I seem to be re-animated; so completely and indelibly is the recollection of that best and most invincible of men, Africanus, imprinted on my mind.'

"After this I inquired of him concerning the affairs of his kingdom. He, on the other hand, questioned me about the condition of our commonwealth, and in this mutual interchange of conversation we passed the whole of that day.

"In the evening we were entertained in a manner worthy the magnificence of a king, and carried on our discourse for a considerable part of the night. And during all this time the old man spoke of nothing but Africanus, all whose actions, and even remarkable sayings, he remembered distinctly. At last, when we retired to bed I fell into a more profound sleep than usual, both because I was fatigued, and because I had sat up the greatest part of the night.

"Here I had the following dream, occasioned, as I

verily believe, by our preceding conversation—for it frequently happens that the thoughts and discourses which have employed us in the day-time produce in our sleep an effect somewhat similar to that which Ennius writes happened to him about Homer, of whom, in his waking hours, he used frequently to think and speak.

"Africanus, I thought, appeared to me in that shape with which I was better acquainted from his picture than from any personal knowledge of him. When I perceived it was he, I confess, I trembled with consternation; but he addressed me saying, 'Take courage, my Scipio, be not afraid, and carefully remember what I shall say to you.

"'Do you see that city Carthage, which, though brought under the Roman yoke by me, is now renewing former wars, and cannot live in peace? (and he pointed to Carthage from a lofty spot, full of stars, brilliant and glittering;) to attack which city you are this day arrived in a station not much superior to that of a private soldier. Before two years, however, are elapsed you shall be consul, and complete its overthrow; and you shall obtain, by your own merit, the surname of Africanus, which as yet belongs to you no otherwise than as derived from me. And when you have destroyed Carthage, and received the honour of a triumph, and been made censor,'" * &c.

From all this it appears evident that the fate of Carthage was fixed, and her doom sealed long before Rome came forward with her subterfuge, alleging an infringement of a treaty. The hoary Massinissa hastened the event from selfish motives, hoping to erect his throne

* "Cicero on the Commonwealth," B. vi. § ix.

within the metropolis of Africa; but his interests clashed with that of his protectors and patrons, and, hence, he manifested a degree of reluctance to co-operate with them in the desperate struggle * which was now about to begin, and the particulars of which we shall narrate in the following chapter.

* The particulars recorded in the third Punic war enable us to identify various localities to which reference has already been made, and to which we shall have occasion to allude as we proceed.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FALL OF CARTHAGE.

HALF a century had elapsed since the termination of the second Punic war, when Rome again took up arms against Carthage. The two consuls, M. Manlius and L. Marcius Censorinus, started for Africa, with secret orders from the senate, not to put an end to the war, but with the destruction of the great rival city.

Upon the very first rumours of war the Uticans despatched ambassadors to Rome to surrender their city. The Carthaginians had likewise sent an embassy with a view to conciliation, which returning with an unsatisfactory answer, other deputies were sent, and these were empowered to declare that their countrymen placed themselves, and their possessions, entirely and unreservedly at the disposal of the Romans. The answer was that the African expedition had already sailed for Sicily, that the Carthaginians should continue in the enjoyment of their laws, their liberty, and their territories, provided they sent, within thirty days, three hundred youths, of the most distinguished families, as hostages, and promised to comply with the orders of the consuls.

Circumstanced as Carthage then was,—her African allies faithless, a wily Numidian king their implacable enemy, ever ready for fresh hostilities; deserted by a

portion of their own countrymen, and likewise a want of harmony among her own leaders; besides actual domestic hostilities at her very gates,—what else was left for her but to acquiesce in Rome's demand? The hostages were accordingly sent off to Sicily, and the ambassadors, who accompanied them, were there told, by the consuls, that the order of the senate would be made known to them upon the arrival of the expedition at Utica.

After some delay the Roman fleet reached Utica. The ambassadors at once hastened to the camp to ascertain the decision of the senate. The Roman generals now informed them that before the senate's decision could be communicated, they had first to request that Carthage should deliver up all her arms and engines of war. This was complied with, notwithstanding Asdrubal was at the time in a state of revolt, and was actually encamped with 20,000 men at the gates of the city. Such complete confidence had they, however, in Roman integrity, that these deputies, accompanied by the most venerable senators and priests, conveyed to the consuls 200,000 complete sets of armour, innumerable quantities of darts and javelins, and 2,000 military engines. Having thus denuded the city of the means of defence, the mask of duplicity and treachery was removed, and Censorinus, *homo consularis*—"a man of consular dignity"—announced the mandate of the "conscript fathers." "It is the absolute will and pleasure," he said, "of the Roman Senate that Carthage should be destroyed, and that her citizens should remove to any other part of the country, at a distance of twelve miles from the city."

Nothing could surpass the amazement and consternation, the grief and despair, of the most noble and most venerable Carthaginians on discovering the base and cruel conduct of Rome. But their disgust soon gave way to their love of country. They employed entreaties and tears on behalf of their magnificent metropolis; but all to no avail. It was their melancholy duty to carry the news of this dreadful, and unalterable, sentence respecting the doom of Carthage, to her anxious inhabitants.

The effect these tidings produced among the citizens can easily be conceived; but their character in showing themselves equal to this emergency, merits boundless admiration and praise. The most strenuous and vigorous efforts were at once made to save their capital from her impending fate. Domestic feuds ceased, and all parties, and hostile factions, now united in harmonious plans to save their beloved city from a common and relentless foe. Even the base Asdrubal consented to employ the rebels under his command to defend the city, and took up his position without the walls; whilst to another general of the same name, a grandson of Massinissa, was assigned the command of the troops within the city, and the direction of all internal affairs. The activity and zeal displayed by all classes, and in every direction, was truly surprising. The forum, the temples, the theatres, and all public places, were converted into workshops, and the daily result of their labours was 140 shields, 300 swords, 500 javelins, besides arrows and engines to discharge them in the same proportion.

The consuls delayed a considerable time before they set their armies in motion, and of this unaccountable

delay the Carthaginians took advantage by accumulating additional weapons. At length the enemy approached. Censorinus attacked the "weak angle" from the sea-side, whilst Manlius did his utmost from the neck of land, the *tænia*, where he attempted to fill up the ditch, from whence he hoped to scale the high walls. The attack was simultaneous, and was so bravely repulsed, that the Roman generals were astonished, and now naturally regretted their dilatory proceedings. They made a second attempt, which proved likewise a failure, and no visible impression was made. Censorinus now entered the lake of Tunis with his fleet, whilst Manlius took up his position on the isthmus. The former consul's intention was to prepare large engines with which he hoped to make a breach in the wall of the neglected angle, and for this purpose he disembarked a number of his soldiers, and went in search of wood and other materials. On this expedition he was suddenly attacked by Hamilcar Phameas, commander of the Carthaginian light cavalry, who slew 500 Romans. But, notwithstanding this loss, the consul persevered, and returned with the desired materials. Having completed his arrangements, he had again the mortification to find his efforts fruitless, whilst his colleague, on the isthmus, met with no better success, and was actually so disheartened as to abandon all operations.

Censorinus, though repeatedly disappointed, was not discouraged. He retained his position on the neck of land, where he was resolved to effect a breach on the angle, and, in order to have more space for his operations, he filled up that portion of the lake which is near, and constructed two rams of such colossal size that it

required 12,000 men to work them. The power of these engines soon told upon the walls. Repeated breaches were made, which, however, the indefatigable exertions of the besieged as often repaired; and, to put a stop to this tedious labour, the Carthaginians made a bold sally by night, disabled the rams, and retired to the city in perfect order.

The exploit of the preceding night prevented them from repairing the breach, caused by the enemy's operations on the previous day, and by which the Romans now resolved to enter. But the citizens, who anticipated this, were ready to receive them. It was on this occasion that young Scipio's superior judgment first showed itself. He prevented his troops from entering the city, but stationed them near the wall, by which act he was enabled to cover the retreat of those who had thus recklessly thrown themselves into the enemy's power, and by whom they were now boldly repelled.

The position which Censorinus occupied was marshy, and the high walls, besides other lofty structures in the vicinity, prevented a free circulation of air, through which the health of his army was considerably impaired. He therefore resolved to put to sea, but of this even the foresight of the besieged took advantage. They had a number of small boats laden with sulphur and pitch, and when they observed the position of the Roman fleet favourable to their enterprise, they towed them out, ignited the combustibles, and sent them afloat. By this contrivance a number of the enemy's ships were destroyed, while others were greatly damaged.

Manlius, who was still encamped on the isthmus, remained in command of the whole army, the other

consul having returned to Rome on public business, and the appreciation the Carthaginians had of his abilities can be estimated from the fact of their having sallied forth by night to storm his camp. This attempt might have proved fatal to the Romans had it not been for the bravery, and activity, which Scipio displayed on the occasion, for by his exertions the Carthaginians were forced to retire. To guard against similar attacks in future, the consul fortified his camp by a wall, instead of a simple palisade, and likewise built a fort on the sea * to receive those ships that supplied him with provisions.

Having completed these works, he departed for the vast inland plains to gather in the harvest, and for this purpose he took with him 10,000 infantry, and 2,000 horse, besides a number of labourers. In this enterprise much of the work was performed by small detachments commanded by the tribunes; and it was during these foraging expeditions that the character of Scipio was not only so greatly raised in the estimation of his own countrymen, but even of the natives. Hamilcar Phameas, who constantly harassed all the other tribunes, carefully avoided coming in contact with Publius Æmilianus Scipio, whose troops were ever ready to repel any attack; and the natives entertained such an opinion of his honour and probity, that in all engagements, and con-

* At a place called Rowaad, this side of the Bagrada, and about eight miles N.W. from Camart, are the remains of, what appear to have been, a fort. The Arabs call it Borj Hasoos. At the time spoken of, the sea must have come up to its walls, of which there are clear indications. Since Manlius's camp was on the isthmus, it is most probable that this is the fort erected by him. Its situation on the way to Utica, and the continent generally, was well calculated to protect all supplies that were brought to the Roman army.

tracts with the army, they always desired the presence of this honourable and heroic tribune.

The Carthaginians watched all the movements of the Roman army very closely, and, in numerous skirmishes, caused great havoc among the legionaries. On Manlius's return to the camp they made a night sortie, and attacked his fort on the sea with such violence, and shouts, that they nearly carried it, for the consul appeared to have thought it most prudent to keep within his trenches. Scipio, however, had his troops mounted, and, supplying them with torches, ordered them not to engage the enemy, on account of the extreme darkness of the night, but to keep constantly on the move. By this stratagem (borrowed from Hannibal), the Carthaginians were induced to believe that the number was much greater than it really was, and therefore abandoned their enterprise.

A short time subsequent to this event, the consul marched to attack Asdrubal, who was at a place called Nucera, apparently situated beyond the river Bagrada. An engagement took place, but the position being unfavourable for the Romans, the army was forced to retreat. Hotly pursued by the Carthaginians, Manlius would have suffered a much greater loss than he actually sustained, had not Scipio confronted the enemy with 300 horse and kept them in check till the rest of the troops had passed over the river. But four cohorts had taken refuge on a hill, which Asdrubal instantly surrounded. Scipio perceived their dangerous position, and recrossing the river, at great hazard, he hastened to their relief. There was, near the Carthaginians, a piece of rising ground of which Scipio took possession, and, dashing into the midst of the enemy, he enabled the Romans to

escape with only a trifling loss. The grateful soldiers crowned their deliverer with a wreath of grass, woven on the spot whence they were rescued. But the Carthaginians continued their pursuit, joined by Phameas, and by troops from the city, so that it was with great difficulty that the Romans regained their camp.

About this time Scipio was called upon to divide the kingdom of Massinissa among his children. The aged warrior, finding his end approaching, sent for the Roman soldier—whose very name he revered, and in whose integrity he had the greatest reliance—to charge him with his last wishes. Scipio hastened to obey the summons, but before he reached the royal residence, Massinissa had expired. He, however, faithfully discharged the written instructions which the king had left for him, and, in doing this, he was enabled to return to the camp with Gulussa, Massinissa's second son, at the head of a large Numidian army, as an auxiliary to the Roman forces.

The first important service this prince rendered to the Romans was to check the bold efforts of Phameas; for he was up to the peculiar tactics of that officer, which consisted chiefly in unexpectedly charging and retreating—a mode of warfare peculiarly Numidian. But it would appear that Phameas had long before seen that the cause of Carthage was hopeless, notwithstanding the heroic deeds she performed, and the bold attempts that were made to repel the enemy. He was certainly not a coward, but he was evidently devoid of true patriotic feeling. Hence he consulted his personal interests, and not only secured his own safety, but basely made common cause with the implacable enemy of his country, and took up arms against his own countrymen,

seducing, at the same time, 2,200 cavalry under his command. We are informed that Phameas was principally induced to desert his country's cause from an extraordinary veneration he had for the noble character of Scipio. But, surely, nothing can be urged in favour of conduct so vile, and so unnatural: indeed, it is only surprising that a man possessed of such honourable principles as Scipio, should not rather have treated that deserter with contempt, than rank him among his future friends. If the character of Scipio was worthy of admiration, it was surely worthy of imitation. Phameas ought to have taken the Roman for his example, and rather devote himself to the cause of his country, than desert her in time of extreme need, and aid even in her overthrow and destruction.

But notwithstanding these additions to the Roman forces, the Carthaginians neither despaired, nor did they slacken their exertions, but assiduously continued their preparations, both for defensive and offensive warfare. Indeed, the changes which took place in the Roman army considerably augmented their zeal, and greatly increased their hopes of ultimate success. Lucius Calphurnius Piso superseded Manlius, and Scipio, accompanied by Phameas, had, previous to the arrival of the new consul, departed for Rome. The want of efficiency was apparent in Manlius; but his successor was inferior to him in all respects, and these defects were far from being supplied by his lieutenant, L. Mancinus, who was in command of the fleet.

After remaining inactive for a considerable time, and allowing the Carthaginians to make all the preparations they pleased, the consul, at length, directed his attention

to some of the other cities. It was in the spring (and consequently in the second year of this war) that he besieged Aspis, or Clypea, the modern Calebia, both by land and sea, but was forced to raise the siege. Another city (probably Nisua, now called Sidy Daoud, in the vicinity) capitulated. The commander-in-chief did not consider it beneath the dignity of a Roman consul to sack the town and plunder the inhabitants, notwithstanding a solemn compact to the contrary, and in spite of the honourable appellation *the honest*, which he had procured for himself in Sicily. He now directed his course towards Hippo Zerytus (the modern Bizerta), a city of considerable importance and of great strength. But having spent the whole summer before its walls, and having sustained some severe losses in two sallies of the inhabitants, who were aided by troops from Carthage, he, at last, saw the necessity of retiring to Utica for the winter.

The prospect of the Carthaginians appeared now to brighten. Aspis and Hippo had nobly resisted the enemy. Before Nucera the Romans were beaten. Eight hundred Numidian horse, belonging to Gulussa and commanded by Bithyas, had deserted and joined their standard. Micipsa and Mavastaval, the other two sons of Massinissa, were more disposed to favour them than the Romans. Many other African states and princes, seeing that the imbecile proceedings of the consuls had produced no material impression upon mighty Carthage, and apprehending, probably, serious consequences from their neutrality in case the great African republic should come off victorious out of this struggle, now thought it more prudent to declare themselves favourable to their

cause. The Carthaginians even sent ambassadors to Macedonia, to Philip, the pretended son of Perseus, who was then engaged in a war with the Romans, to exhort him to carry it on with vigour, promising to furnish him with money and with ships.

In this fearful conflict between two rival states, two persons attract special attention—Scipio and Asdrubal —the one cowardly, tyrannical, cruel, and base; the other brave, loyal, humane, and honourable: and their combined acts effected the overthrow of Carthage; the one a traitor, the other a noble patriot; to the one the fall of this city is an eternal disgrace, whilst to the other it is a monument of heroism and valour, throughout all ages.

Carthage, we have just seen, had some cause to anticipate a favourable issue from this struggle. But the restless despotism of Asdrubal weakened her resources, while it added strength to the enemy. The nephew of Gulussa had, as was stated above, the command of the troops within the city, and the direction of the internal affairs, which had hitherto been conducted very skilfully. But Asdrubal envied this post, and, in order to obtain it, brought a charge against the general that traitorous communications passed between him and his uncle. Upon this charge he was put to death; his accuser, who had been in a state of revolt against his country, then usurped his office.

Whilst such an infamous act was being perpetrated within the walls of Carthage, and in public senate, Rome made the discovery that, in order to terminate her African war honourably, she must consign to Scipio the command of her troops. Old usages were set aside, and the people unanimously conferred on the young tribune the

most honourable office of consul, and assigned to him Africa as his province.

Scipio at once sailed for Utica, and, immediately upon his arrival, he had to rectify a most perilous blunder committed by Mancinus. Whilst Piso was besieging some inland towns, the admiral lay with the whole fleet, before Carthage. It appeared to him that there was a certain place in the wall neglected, on account of its presumed natural strength—because it was almost inaccessible on account of rugged rocks*—of which he thought he might make himself master by a bold stroke. He took measures accordingly. A number of men were landed, and these scaled the rocks most bravely. No sooner did the Carthaginians perceive this, than they rushed out from a gate† close by, to repulse the enemy. The charge they made was desperate, but the valour of the Romans compelled them to retreat; and, before they had time to shut the gate, many of the enemy had entered the city. Overjoyed by the shouts of these, the admiral hastily landed with the remainder of the men, who had scarcely time to provide themselves with weapons, and were therefore perfectly useless when they reached the walls. Moreover, night closed in upon them, as it does in these latitudes, very suddenly; so that Mancinus and his men were left in a fearful plight, without sufficient arms, without provisions, and, from the difficulty of the locality, and the loss of their boats, unable to embark. They were, therefore, perfectly at

* This spot appears to be between the Borj, the Moorish fort, and the house of Sidy Mostafa, the Sahab Ettaba, lord keeper of the seal, a large white building on a hill, from the terrace of which we have taken a panoramic view of the Peninsula of Carthage.

† The remains of this gate are still found.

the mercy of the Carthaginians. At dawn of day the enemy commenced a fearful attack upon them. To defend himself—and this is all he was able to attempt —the admiral arranged his men in such a manner that upwards of three thousand, who, for want of weapons, were not only useless but an actual incumbrance, were encircled by those who had the means of defence. The showers of darts which were poured in upon this forlorn band did dreadful execution. Many preferred hurling themselves down the rock; and the rest would probably have followed their example, to avoid being cut down by the enemy, when suddenly the Carthaginians gave way, and those of the Romans who were still able, were permitted to retreat. It was owing to the appearance of Scipio that Mancinus and the remainder of his men were thus saved. On the previous evening, so soon as he discovered the awful blunder he had made, the admiral contrived to send off messengers to Piso, and to the magistrates of Utica, asking for immediate assistance. Scipio had only arrived a few hours before at the latter place, and, on seeing the admiral's letter, at once prepared to relieve his countrymen. His first step was to send off some Carthaginian deserters to the city to inform the inhabitants of his arrival, and the next was to make instant arrangements for his departure. No sooner were the Roman ships, with the new consul on board, seen doubling cape Carthage, than the conflict ceased.

It is no doubt true, that it is one thing to make a theoretical plan of a battle, and quite another thing to carry it into execution; it is one thing to lay down rules how a battle ought to be fought, but the battle is a very different thing when it is fought. All this is admitted.

Mancinus, no doubt, did his best in the distressing circumstances in which he found himself before the walls of Carthage; but the question is, ought a commander—all things considered—to find himself in such a situation? The experience of his predecessors ought to have taught him a different lesson. He was highly reprehensible for having planned that assault, and doubly so for the manner in which he attempted to carry it into execution. With such generalship, any foe could easily cope; but Carthage had now an enemy of sterner metal before her walls, and, unfortunately for her, she had no leader able to contend with him.

Piso returned to Rome, and Servanus took the place of Mancinus, whom Scipio appears to have sent home, but he soon after returned again to the scene of action. The intimate friends, whose counsels and bravery were much appreciated by the new consul, were Lælius, (the son of the Lælius renowned in the second Punic war, who was the associate of the elder Scipio,) and Polybius the Greek historian.

The discipline of the troops having been entirely neglected under the late commanders, Scipio's first care was to revive it. He also drove from the camp all useless persons, specified the quality of provisions he would have brought in by the sutlers, and allowed only such as were plain and fit for soldiers; and having completed these arrangements, he prepared to carry on the siege with the utmost resolution.

Scipio appears to have encamped upon the isthmus where Manlius formerly spent a considerable time, and commenced his operations upon the Megara, or that portion of the city which was situated towards the

mainland, and which was defended by strong walls across the isthmus. He resolved to make a simultaneous attack, in the dead of the night, upon two different parts of this wall, and having despatched one division of his troops to the station appointed to them, he took up his position, and was on the point of commencing operations, when a sudden shout from the Carthaginian sentinels gave the alarm to the city. The legionaries at the command of Scipio re-echoed the shout, which, being taken up by the other division in the distance, caused a general consternation among the besieged. This alarm, however, only redoubled their courage. The wall was quickly manned, and the consul was baffled in every attempt he made to scale it, owing to the courageous manner in which the Carthaginians defended themselves. But the general perceiving a kind of *château* near the wall, he detached thither a party of soldiers, who, having made themselves masters of it, contrived, by means of pontoons, to reach the wall, and from thence they got into Megara, one gate of which they broke down. The Romans entered it immediately, and the Carthaginians, thus suddenly surprised on all points, made but little resistance, and retreated towards the city proper. Their forces, which were encamped on the isthmus, and, in all likelihood, at no great distance from the Romans, likewise made their way into Megara, probably by another gate, and apprehending a general attack upon Byrsa, withdrew thither. The part of the city in which the Romans now were, contained many gardens and orchards, surrounded by hedges and walls, and intersected by small streams, all which offered great facilities to the Carthaginians to thin the ranks of the enemy by

means of ambuscades. Scipio therefore thought it more prudent to order a retreat.

It was on the following morning that Asdrubal perpetrated one of the most barbarous and brutal acts recorded in the annals of warfare. In order to be revenged upon the Romans, and, at the same time, to deprive the inhabitants of every hope of accommodation and pardon, he brought all the Roman prisoners, taken in the various engagements, upon the wall, and in sight of Scipio's army, he put them to the most exquisite tortures, and then threw them down from the battlements. The Carthaginians themselves were horrified at the sight, and those who ventured to remonstrate with him suffered in a similar manner. Many senators, and a number of the most respectable citizens, thus fell victims to his diabolical tyranny.

Finding himself now complete master of the isthmus, Scipio burnt the camp which the Carthaginians had deserted, and took the necessary measures to fortify himself. His camp was in the form of a square, inclosed by large and deep trenches, and fenced with strong palisades. Two parallel trenches extended over the whole breadth of the isthmus, a distance of twenty-five stadia, or a little more than three miles. On the side which faced Carthage, he built a wall twelve feet high and six feet broad, and, like the trenches, equal in length to the whole breadth of the isthmus. This wall was flanked, at equal distances, with towers and redoubts, and on the middle tower he erected a lofty wooden stage, from whence he was able to observe all that was going on in the city. These gigantic works, we are told, were completed in twenty-four days, notwithstanding the troops employed

at them were constantly harassed by the Carthaginians, for the wall was within bow-shot of the fortifications of the city. In all this the consul had a twofold object in view, the security of his own army, and the severing of Carthage from the continent, which forced her to depend for supplies of provisions upon ships only, and these even were constantly impeded by the Roman cruisers.

Before the consul had completed his works, Bythias managed, with his light cavalry, to break through the Roman ranks, and was now busily occupied in scouring the country for supplies of provisions for the city, all which he shipped from the various towns on the coast. The vessels were forced to wait for a strong wind, blowing direct into the harbour, and of this they took advantage, as it was the only safe way to escape the vigilance of the Roman galleys. But Asdrubal took possession of all that was sent, which he kept for his thirty thousand troops, so that the inhabitants were reduced to a most pitiful condition.

Not satisfied yet, and in order to cut off all supplies from Carthage, Scipio undertook another gigantic work, which, though it was at first regarded, both by the besieged and even by the Romans, as an extravagant and ridiculous enterprise, he nevertheless completed. He blocked up the entrance to the port by building a mole (traces of which are still visible) right across between two projecting pieces of land, one of which was near that part generally known as *the weak*, or *neglected*, angle. The thickness of this mole was no less than twenty-four feet, and its height, including the foundation, was about eighty feet. When the besieged saw this gigantic work progressing towards completion, the

terror of the fearful consequences inspired them with a resolution the execution of which produced the greatest astonishment among the Romans.

By the treaty concluded at the termination of the second Punic war, Carthage had to deliver up to Rome all her ships of war, with the exception of ten, which she was permitted to maintain. At the commencement of the present struggle she was therefore without a navy. But whilst the Roman consul was carrying on a construction which tended to produce a fearful famine within the walls, the inhabitants resolved upon a measure to frustrate that design: Every one, even women and children, worked, and with such secrecy that all Scipio's endeavours to obtain intelligence failed, and he could only learn from his spies, and prisoners, that some great work was going on in the arsenal, the nature of which they could not define. At length, early one morning, a mass of earth in the direction of the upper, or inner, harbour, which had served as a curtain to shield the work from the enemy, gave way, and the Romans discovered that a regular new channel had been made. Shortly after fifty galleys, followed by a number of other vessels, were seen proudly steering out of the port. The Romans were amazed at such prodigious perseverance, and watched the manœuvres of this fleet with the greatest possible anxiety, for their own vessels were unprepared for an engagement, and had, indeed, for some time been entirely neglected. Had the Carthaginians not been blind to their own interests, they would undoubtedly now have reaped the fruit of their labours, for they could have made themselves masters of the Roman ships with perfect ease. But they were unfortunately satisfied with a

vain exhibition of their resources, their ingenuity, and their indomitable perseverance. After sailing about for some time, the fleet actually re-entered the harbour. What an illustration we have here of the fact, that the fate of kingdoms often depends upon the decision and act of a single moment!

Nearly three days elapsed before the Carthaginian fleet came out with the determination to engage the enemy. But the interval had been advantageously employed by the Romans, who were now perfectly equipped, and fully prepared, for battle. The work of destruction speedily commenced, and for some time the chances of victory were in favour of the Carthaginians. Several of their light vessels did fearful execution against the large Roman galleys, some of which they disabled. The engagement lasted with equal success till sunset, when the Carthaginians commenced to retreat in order to repair the damage they had sustained. But in steering towards the harbour their small ships jammed up the entrance, and this accident compelled the galleys to run for refuge near a quay, built* against the sea-wall, upon which they had, during the war, erected a small rampart. Here they hoped to anchor in safety. But the Romans, observing this, steered towards them, and at once resumed the fight. In the beginning of this engagement the damage sustained was equal on both sides; for, whilst the Romans inflicted severe injuries upon the vessels at anchor, in the furious charge with which they came down upon them, the latter had an ample opportunity to retaliate when the consul's

* This quay was situated between the sea wall and the harbours, and its locality is now occupied by the two red houses.

galleys were veering round. This conflict might have terminated without advantage to either party, had not a sudden change of action altered the face of things. Carthage was doomed to suffer more from her own people than from her enemies, and, indeed, the fury of her enemies was, to a great extent, brought down upon her, either through the imprudence, or the vile conduct, of her own sons. Phameas and Asdrubal had already inflicted severe wounds upon her, and now, engaged in a deadly struggle which was to decide either her continuance, or her destruction, her own kindred facilitated the hostile decision against her.

Sidon, the sister of Tyre, from whom the North African colony traced her origin, was now in alliance with Rome, and five of her ships formed part of the Roman fleet. The commanders of these, observing the unsatisfactory results of the Roman tactics, advanced to the Carthaginian vessels, and, at a considerable distance from them, dropped their anchors from the stern. They now ran out their cables, approached with great speed by means of oars, and discharged showers of darts and other projectiles. The heavy stones they hurled against the ships disabled most of them; while the execution done amongst the men, by an incessant discharge of arrows, was terrific. The Carthaginians now had scarcely any opportunity to retaliate, for the whole fleet adopted the plan of the Sidonians, by which they avoided the difficult manœuvre of veering round and exposing their broadsides, but regularly retreated by hauling in their vessels from the stern chain. This engagement lasted till late at night, and when it ceased most of the Carthaginian ships were perfect wrecks. The few vessels

that remained entire took advantage of the dense darkness and escaped into the harbour.

Thus terminated the last naval engagement of maritime Carthage.

The following morning, Scipio attempted to make himself master of the quay, his object being to render the new opening to the port useless. He therefore planted rams and heavy batteries against the rampart, and succeeded in causing considerable damage to the masonry during the day's labour. The besieged did everything that ingenuity could devise to check the progress of the Romans; but their dauntless courage was chiefly manifested during the night. A strong force was left by the consul to guard the engines, and yet the Carthaginians resolved, either to destroy, or to render them useless. In order to effect this a resolute party started from the city in the dead of the night, and partly wading and swiming through the water, they so cautiously approached the Romans that they were unperceived by the sentinels until they lighted their torches to set fire to the engines. The alarm being now given, showers of darts were discharged at them, which told fearfully upon their unprotected bodies. But neither wounds, nor even the sight of death itself, abated their courage. Having set fire to the destructive machines they rushed furiously upon the Romans, who were so overawed that they deserted their post and fled towards the camp. Scipio, who had received intelligence of this state of things, came hastily, with some cavalry, to the rescue, and on his way met the fugitives, with whose conduct he was so exasperated that he killed several with his own hand, and ordered his soldiers, by every pos-

sible means, to force the rest back to their post. The Carthaginians having achieved their object retired to the city, while the Romans continued all night under arms.

Having freed themselves from these destructive machines, the Carthaginians set to work to repair the breaches that had been effected, and added several towers, at regular intervals, by which the quay was much strengthened, and the whole of that part of the town was placed in a better state of defence. But whilst the besieged were thus occupied, labouring day and night, their enemies were not idle. They constructed new engines, and placed them upon stages so high that they commanded the new towers of the Carthaginians. So soon as these were completed, a brisk fire was opened upon the quay and its defenders. Burning torches, brimstone, and vessels full of flaming pitch, were sent in, in such awful quantities, that some of the towers were set on fire, and the men were compelled to take refuge within the city. The Romans then took possession of the quay, built a lofty brick wall upon it towards the side of the city, and 4,000 men were constantly employed in harassing the besieged by a continual discharge of darts and arrows. This was kept up till the rainy season set in, when Scipio suspended operations at this post, and directed his attention to the Carthaginian troops and forts in the country.

The condition of Carthage during that period of the siege that Scipio had the chief direction of it, was most wretched, principally for want of an adequate supply of the common necessaries of life. This misery increased daily. Their love of freedom, attachment to their

country, and a strong antipathy to the Roman yoke, had, however, roused their courage to such a pitch, that they disregarded all sufferings, and resolutely determined neither to capitulate, nor to yield one inch, unless absolutely compelled to it by irresistible force.

The Roman army, on the contrary, had an ample supply of provisions from Europe, and had, moreover, rich foraging fields in Africa.

Scipio had often tried the strength of the city, and every advantage he had hitherto obtained only tended to convince him, more and more, that, in order to become master of Carthage, he must first reduce her valiant inhabitants to absolute starvation. The place from which the besieged still, occasionally, received some scanty supplies was Nepheris, a town and citadel of the same name. Scipio (Appian tells us) embarked and went to it by the lake, having previously ordered C. Lælius to march thither by land. On their arrival they encamped within two hundred and fifty paces of the fort, near which was a vast entrenched camp, which was then under the command of an officer named Diogenes. Having arranged the plan of attack, and planted his battering rams in an eligible position, Scipio left Gulussa in command and returned to the isthmus. He, however, frequently visited the army before Nepheris, and regularly continued giving the necessary directions regarding the siege operations. At length two towers of the fort were brought down. Scipio now sent privately a thousand choice men with instructions to attack the fort from the rear, whilst himself, with three thousand veterans, marched towards the ruined towers. The besieged rushed to repel Scipio's charge, and for that

purpose concentrated their forces in one locality, when suddenly they heard shouts of victory behind them from the thousand who had succeeded in scaling the walls, and were actually within the fort. Multitudes of peasants, and inhabitants of the neighbouring towns, who had taken refuge within this stronghold, on finding themselves in close contact with the enemy, were thrown into such a consternation, that, in their precipitate efforts to save themselves, they impeded the Carthaginian troops from making the defence they otherwise would have made. Diogenes did everything that generalship could devise under such circumstances, but it was utterly impossible to abate the confusion and to restore order. The Romans, therefore, obtained a complete and easy victory. Vast numbers were slain within the fort, and those that attempted to escape were pursued by Gulussa, with his light cavalry and elephants, and cut to pieces. Upwards of seventy thousand perished by the sword, ten thousand were made prisoners, and one thousand only escaped.

The Romans now laid siege to the city of Nepheris,* which they took in twenty-one days.

* The situation of Nepheris is a question of some difficulty. According to Appian, one would be induced to look for it in a westerly direction, and at no great distance from the capital. But Strabo (lib. xvii. c. iii. 16) says: "From Carthage there is a passage of sixty stadia to the nearest opposite coast, from whence there is an ascent of 120 stadia to Nepheris, a fortified city built upon a rock (ἐπὶ πέτρας ᾠκισμένην"). According to this writer, we are therefore to look for its site in an easterly direction, and at a distance of about thirty-three miles. All circumstances considered, it would appear that Appian is to be relied on in preference to Strabo, since his chief guide has evidently been the lost portion of Polybius, who was an eye-witness to all the transactions detailed. Besides, the object Scipio had in view in destroying Nepheris was to stop all land supplies to the metropolis;

Upon the fall of this stronghold Carthage remained perfectly isolated, for all the other garrisons now surrendered to Scipio, and the whole country submitted to the Roman sway.

Early in the spring Scipio resolved, at all hazards, to put an end to this desperate struggle. The ravages of famine had caused fearful havoc among the inhabitants of Carthage; multitudes, constrained by starvation, had contrived to abandon the scene of wretchedness, and death, by stealthy flight, and those that remained had but a scanty supply of food to enable them to recruit their spirits, and were certainly not in a condition to withstand the vigorous charge of the sturdy, and well-fed, Roman legions. The obstinacy and tyranny of Asdrubal alone prevented the majority of the citizens from adopting the more prudent course of capitulating, which was their natural desire; for they had good reasons to expect more lenient treatment at the hand of the Roman general, than they had hitherto experienced from their chief, who had usurped his authority. Dreadful, indeed, were the consequences of this prolonged siege, but they were nothing in comparison to the arbitrary, and diabolical, rule of Asdrubal.

for the Carthaginians had partially demolished the line of wall he had constructed across the isthmus, and not only harassed those who brought provisions to the Roman camp, but conducted those safely into the city who were anxious to sell them there. That Strabo may be incorrect on this point can be proved from the same section, at the commencement of which he tells us that "About the middle of the Gulf of Carthage is the island of Corsura" (generally written Cossura), the modern Pantellaria, whereas every one knows that that island is nearly sixty miles beyond Cape Bon. Indeed, Kramer is of opinion that this portion of the Amasian geographer is an interpolation; and if so, Strabo is not responsible for these mistakes.

The Romans, we have seen, had succeeded in making themselves masters of a very important position during the autumn of the previous year; and in now resuming active hostilities against the city itself, that position greatly facilitated their operations. In the present campaign Scipio made a simultaneous attack upon the citadel of the Byrsa and upon the Cothon gates, or the gates which led from the harbours into the city. The former he evidently found impracticable,* but in the latter he was more successful; and that success chiefly resulted from the advantage which his position on the quay held out to him. Scipio first assaulted the gate which led from the naval port into the city, where he was bravely repulsed by the Carthaginians, who, in order to deprive the Romans of some shelter which a portion of the gate afforded them, set fire to it. Asdrubal, anticipating that a fresh attempt would be made here, exerted himself to the utmost to fortify this post, where he also concentrated his best troops, and the most valiant of the citizens. In the meantime, however, Lælius had made himself master of the gate of the merchant harbour, and the troops under his command managed to enter the city in that part denominated by Appian *the great place*, situated very near the Cothon. This circumstance, and the shouts of the victorious soldiers, so paralyzed the

* The reader will not fail to observe that an attack upon "the citadel of the Byrsa" indicates plainly the locality where we are to look for traces of that quarter of the city. It must have been somewhere near the sea, for it was only from thence that the enemy could have approached the Byrsa. Another construction must therefore be put upon Strabo (lib. xvii. c. iii. § 14), who assigns to it a position in the middle of the city. The geographer again may either have been misinformed, or he may mean the "middle" as viewed from the sea.

exhausted and starved Carthaginians that they offered but a feeble resistance. A temporary bridge was formed with beams and planks, hastily thrown across the narrow passage which united the two ports, so that in a very short time the consul became master of the wall around the Cothon, and *the great place* was soon filled with Roman legionaries. Here the enemy halted for the night.

We are informed by Pliny that Lucius Hostilius Mancinus, who commanded the fleet under Piso, was the first to enter Carthage on this memorable day, and was so proud of his feat, that, on his return to Rome, he had a painting exhibited in the forum representing Carthage assaulted by the Romans, and himself standing near explaining to the spectators the various details of the siege. This act gave great offence to Scipio, though it secured to Mancinus the consulship at the ensuing comitia.*

Mancinus's daring may have merited reward, but we regret that the monument of his exploit has perished, and that the record of its having once existed should alone have been handed down to us. With what interest would a picture of that renowned city now have been viewed!

At daybreak, on the following morning, the consul ordered 4,000 fresh troops to join him; but these were much more intent upon plunder than upon the performance of their duties. The rich temple dedicated to Apollo, which stood in, or near, "the great place," was an irresistible temptation to their cupidity. Its portals were speedily demolished, and it was not until the gold on the statue of the divinity, as well as the golden plates with

* Pliny, lib. xxxv. 7.

which the interior of the edifice was lined—a thousand talents in weight—were divided among them, that they could be induced to listen to the commander's orders.*

On restoring discipline among the legionaries, Scipio commenced his struggle towards the citadel of Byrsa. The way to it, from the "great place," was a gradual ascent by three streets, on each side of which were lofty houses, whose upper stories jutted somewhat over. From the top of these houses showers of darts were discharged upon the Romans below, which so impeded their progress that they were compelled, before they could advance, to force the houses they first came to, and post themselves in them, in order to dislodge from thence the militant inmates of the adjoining dwelling. Every inch of ground had to be disputed. The inside of the houses, the temples, the streets, were all filled with dead and dying, which caused fresh obstructions, and, to clear these, additional labour to the troops. Citizens and Roman soldiers were so thickly intermingled, that multitudes often perished by the hand of their own party. The fight was continued in the houses, in the streets, and above the streets, on planks and beams thrown across from one line of houses to the other. To the horrible scene of carnage was now added a terrible conflagration. Many of the lofty edifices were in a perfect blaze, and, in their fall, killed and buried hosts beneath their ruins. Grim Death was seen in all his

* I here follow Appian. Plutarch states that the statue of Apollo was brought from Carthage to Rome. Speaking of the statue of Flaminius, he says, that "it stood near the great Apollo which was brought from Carthage," *παρὰ τὸν μέγαν Ἀπόλλωνα τὸν ἐκ Καρχηδόνος ἀντικρὺ τοῦ Ἱπποδρόμου.* (Vita Flaminii, c. i.)

hideous forms in every direction, and on all sides the vilest, and most savage, passions of man were manifested.

Six days and nights had now been spent in this work of slaughter and destruction, and there was every reason to fear that it would last much longer. The troops had to be repeatedly relieved, but Scipio alone continued to direct the various movements of the soldiers without allowing himself time either for rest or refreshment; and when at length perfectly exhausted, he took up his position on an *eminent place*, whence he could view all that transpired below.

On the seventh day, when Scipio least expected it, a number of Carthaginians appeared before him, in the posture and habit of suppliants, entreating him to spare the lives of all those who were willing to leave the citadel. The general readily granted this request, making however the deserters an exception. Fifty thousand persons, men and women, now issued forth in a most deplorable condition, and were conducted by a guard to a place of safety; whilst the deserters, amounting to about nine hundred, together with Asdrubal, his wife and children, fortified themselves within the temple of Æsculapius, the strongest position within the citadel. Here they might have held out a considerable time had not constant watching, hunger, and fatigue reduced them to a state of despair. From the Romans they could expect no mercy, and their own supplies daily decreasing, they resolved to put an end to their wretched condition by converting the magnificent temple into a colossal funeral pile. Thus determined, the whole party retreated to the upper story with the firm decision not to quit it but with their lives.

But Asdrubal, who had, by his inveterate obstinacy and base tyranny, involved his countrymen in extreme wretchedness and misery, now secretly deserted this forlorn band, and, with an olive branch in his hand, presented himself before Scipio. The consul commanded him to prostrate himself at his feet, and in this humiliated condition he exhibited him to the deserters. Transported with rage, they reviled him for his treachery, infamy, and cowardice, and in that very instant resolved to carry their desperate resolution into execution. The temple was fired at several points at the same time, and the whole edifice was soon in a blaze. Whilst the devouring flames were ascending, Appian informs us, the wife of Asdrubal presented herself in a conspicuous place, and, in sight of Scipio, thus addressed the general: "To thee, O Roman! I wish nothing but prosperity, for thine acts are all conformable to the laws of war. But I beseech thee, as well as the gods of Carthage, to punish that Asdrubal as he deserves for having betrayed his country, his gods, his wife and children." Then addressing herself to her husband, she said, "Perfidious wretch, thou most wicked of all mankind! This fire is about to devour me and my children: but thou, great captain of Carthage, for what triumph art not thou reserved, or what punishment will not he make thee suffer at whose feet I now see thee!" No sooner had she finished these words, than, seizing her children she cut their throats, threw them into the flames and then rushed into them herself. In a similar manner perished all the deserters.

Thus fell Carthage, the metropolis of a mighty republic and a prosperous people, the foundress of vast colonies,

the mistress of the sea, the monopolizer of the commerce of the world, the store-house of the wealth of nations, the birth-place of illustrious men, like Hamilcar, Hanno, and Hannibal; the rival, and once the terror, of Rome. What an illustration of the transitory duration of nations, which rise, grow, and fall! The reflection upon the vicissitudes of cities, nations, and empires, which are liable to the same revolutions as those of private individuals, induced the victorious Roman general to exclaim in the words of Homer—

> "Priam's and Troy's time come, they fates obey,
> And must to fire and sword be made a prey."

Scipio was so impressed with the fate of Carthage that he could not help calling to mind the fall of Troy, once so powerful; the fate of the Assyrians, Medes, and Persians, whose dominion was of such enormous extent; as well as the reverses which had only recently befallen the Macedonians, whose empire had been so vast and so flourishing. These lessons of the past, and of the present, induced him to look to the future of his own country—of Rome herself.

The city was given over for some days to the pillage of the troops—a privilege from which those soldiers were exempted who had broken into the temple of Apollo. The gold and silver, statues and other offerings found in the temples—estimated at a sum equal to £1,500,000—Scipio reserved to grace his triumph.

The inhabitants of Sicily were invited to come and take possession of the paintings and statues which the Carthaginians had taken from them in former wars; and on restoring to the people of Agrigentum the famous

bull of Phalaris, Scipio told them that this was a monument of the cruelty of their former kings, and that the lenity of their present rulers ought to make them sensible which would be more advantageous for them, to live under the yoke of the Sicilians, or under the government of the Romans.

The general now distributed military honours among the troops, from which those legions which had disgraced themselves by plundering the temple of Apollo were again precluded. Much of the spoil was exposed to public sale, and Scipio strictly enjoined his own relations not to purchase any article, so that he might not be suspected of favouritism.

The universal joy the news of the taking of Carthage produced among all classes at Rome was boundless. The people could scarcely realize the fact. Public thanksgivings were celebrated in all the temples, and the more devout manifested their gratitude to the gods, for the successful issue of this desperate struggle, by a variety of offerings.

Ten commissioners were sent by the senate to Africa, to regulate the affairs of the country in conjunction with Scipio, and to destroy what remained of Carthage. Orders were given, in the name of the senate, that the city should never be inhabited again, and dreadful imprecations were denounced against those, who, contrary to this prohibition, should attempt to rebuild any part of it, particularly the fort of Byrsa. Utica was rewarded for her treachery by being made mistress of the whole territory between Carthage and Hippo, whereas those cities which had remained constant were ordered to be razed. The rest of the country was made tributary and

reduced to a Roman province, to be governed by a prætor who was annually to be sent thither.

Carthage, stripped of her glory, divested of her magnificence, and spoiled of her wealth, was reduced to a ponderous mass of ruins, and these were consigned to her colossal tomb.* Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ!

"Oft have I stood on Carthagena's shore—
A dreary waste, with fragments scattered o'er—
And marked its wide and desolated plain,
Washed by the briny waters of the main,
Whose murmuring waves a gentle requiem pour,
For glory faded, to return no more;
While in soft whispers, audible and clear,
The sighing winds repeat in fancy's ear,
Delenda est Carthago!

"Carthage is fallen! Though her name was rung
Through all the world on fame's inspiring tongue;
While Rome in trembling heard the unwelcome sound
Thro' all her vast dominions echoing round,
Till filled with envy and indignant ire,
Vibrating from her heart in tones of fire,
Thus from her forum sounded far and nigh
The deeply vengeful, yet prophetic cry,
Delenda est Carthago!

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* The cause assigned by Rome for bringing about this final struggle with her African rival was unjust, and hence she met with almost immediate retribution. "The same epoch, too," says Pliny, "that saw the birth of luxury, witnessed the downfall of Carthage; so that, by a fatal coincidence, the Roman people at the same moment both acquired a taste for vice, and obtained a licence for gratifying it." (Lib. xxxiii. c. 53.) Herder justly observes: "With Carthage fell a state that Rome could never replace. Commerce departed from its coast, and pirates took its place which they still [he wrote in 1800] occupy. Corn-growing Africa was no more under Rome what it had been so long under Carthage: it sunk into a granary for the Roman people, a hunting-ground for their amphitheatres, and an emporium for slaves." (*Herder's Ideen*, vol. ii. p. 157.)

"Carthage is fallen! Well did Rome fulfil
Her direful prophecy of boding ill,
And sweeping as a torrent in its course,
With persevering and resistless force,
Amid her rival's tears of grief and woe,
O'erwhelmed and laid the once proud city low;
With ruined palaces bestrewed her plain,
And wrote in blood of Carthage heroes slain—
Delenda est Carthago!

"Carthage is fallen! From her ashes rose
A phœnix city, peopled by her foes.
But ah! alas for empires! Rome no more
Exalts her haughty head on Afric's shore.
Crushed is her power; her monumental bust,
In broken fragments, moulders in the dust:
While buried in her vanquish'd rival's tomb,
The second Carthage waits her final doom.
Delenda est Carthago!

"Delenda est Carthago! Let the tear
Still drop, deserted Carthage, on thy bier;
Let mighty nations pause as they survey
The world's great empires crumbled to decay;
And hushing every rising tone of pride,
Deep in the heart this moral lesson hide,
Which speaks with hollow voice, as from the dead,
Of beauty faded, and of glory fled—
Delenda est Carthago!"

CHAPTER IX.

THE FIRST DISCOVERY.

THE great difficulties connected with excavating at Carthage will be estimated from the fact that I toiled, most assiduously, with from forty to fifty men, for nearly three months, without realizing anything worth the labour of a single day. "It is vain to continue," some of my men often said, "for, unless you are satisfied with the fragments we dig up, there is no chance of coming upon something better." A gratuitous comment upon the saying of wiser men, that *the very ruins of Carthage have disappeared.* Apparently, however, this seems true; for when we read of the greatness, the strength, and magnificence of this once famous city, and compare those descriptions with the paucity of the visible remains, we may well conclude that the very ruins of Carthage have disappeared. My own conviction, notwithstanding this, was, that patience and perseverance will succeed in bringing to light some important, and even valuable, relics of antiquity.

My plan of operations was to mark out a certain number of narrow trenches, and set my men to work. I then either walked or rode over the ruins in search of

eligible localities for future investigations. Sometimes I was accompanied, on these little excursions, by two, or three men, with whose aid I was enabled to come to an immediate decision as to the value of particular places to which my attention had been directed.

On one occasion I happened to ride alone over the site of the temple of Cœlestis, the Astarte of the Phœnicians, destroyed from antagonistic religious motives, and, since then, rent and torn into all sorts of forms and shapes by the present barbarous inhabitants, to whom its remains have proved a rich quarry. A piece of a wall attracted my attention, and I dismounted to examine it. The poverty of its materials had evidently saved it from the ravages of the *khajara* (stone-searchers), by whom it was permitted to stand, like an obliterated tomb-stone, simply marking the wreck of a once magnificent structure.

I lingered about this spot some considerable time, following up trenches which had been caused by the removal of the stones, endeavouring, at the same time, to trace in my own mind something like a ground plan of the edifice. But the fearful scene of havoc and devastation by which I was surrounded made the accomplishment of such a conception utterly impossible. A deep pit close by, some 300 feet in diameter, and numerous others of different dimensions, amply demonstrated that the locality had been diligently searched, and that a work of spoliation had been here carried on for centuries. The only chance of discovering anything, it was evident, was in the vicinity of the undisturbed fragment of wall.

But my movements were always closely watched; for

the universal belief amongst the Arabs was, that the prime object of my search was treasure, and that my "talk" of antiquities was a mere pretext. Several localities examined by me were therefore speedily taken up by the *khajara*, and excavations abandoned, or even suspended, were readily appropriated. In the latter they were generally more successful, for the numerous walls we laid bare proved a profitable source of gain to them. In the course of time their quarrels as to which party had a prior claim to the abandoned diggings resulted in my being recognized as a kind of judge, of which I was glad, for I was able, by the exercise of my functions, to retain such excavations uninjured which were only temporarily suspended. I could easily have checked them before, by an application to the local authorities; but, in such a case, hostility would certainly have ensued, and I preferred being respected to being dreaded. My decision was considered final, and, generally speaking, all parties were invariably satisfied.

In the present instance my movements were also observed, but not by the Arabs. The *custodo* of the French chapel erected on the site of Carthage, in memory of the death of St. Louis, noticed my prolonged rambles among, what was justly considered, the paltry and superficial remains of the temple of Astarte. He knew there was nothing attractive in them, and concluded, from my lengthened examination of them, that I had made some discovery of importance.

The following morning, as I was again riding past the same place, I found to my great surprise the *custodo*, together with two other individuals, busily engaged in

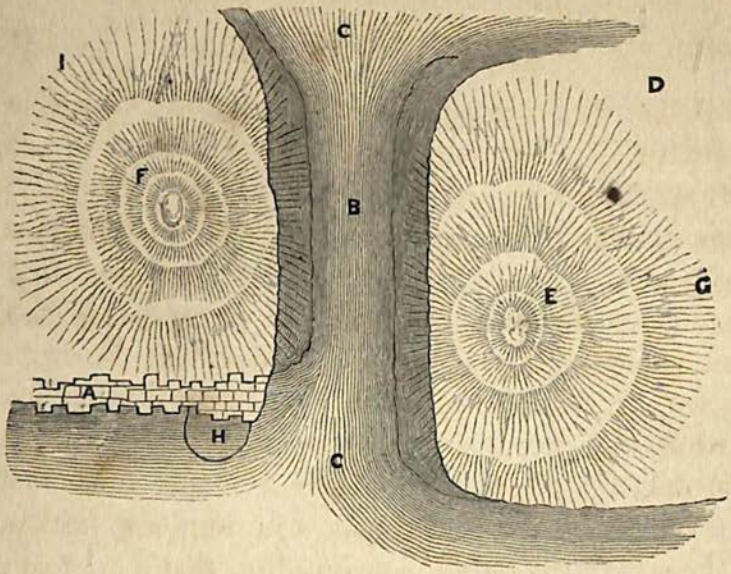
digging at the foot of the very piece of wall which had attracted my attention only the day before. And if ever, in the course of my life, I was actuated by a feeling of jealousy, it was when I beheld the result of their morning's labour. It was the most magnificent piece of mosaic I had ever seen, and measured about four feet by two-and-a-half. Three months of incessant anxiety and toil, without anything to show for it, was my painful experience, while a few hours' labour rewarded him with such a gem of ancient art. My feelings were wrought up to such a pitch that I could scarcely bear to look at it; and the Frenchman, as if he could read the secret of my heart, not only continued loud in praise of his discovery, but officiously cleaned away the earth still upon it, and pouring over it a jar of water, which he had ready at hand, disclosed to my view a richness of colour and an exquisiteness of design which perfectly amazed me. To this day am I unable to say, with certainty, whether the *custodo* was actuated by a spirit of triumph (for he was well aware of my want of success), or by a kindliness of disposition, in taking such pains to exhibit to me this specimen of ancient art. I am inclined to think that the former was his motive.

"Does this mosaic extend any further?" I asked him.

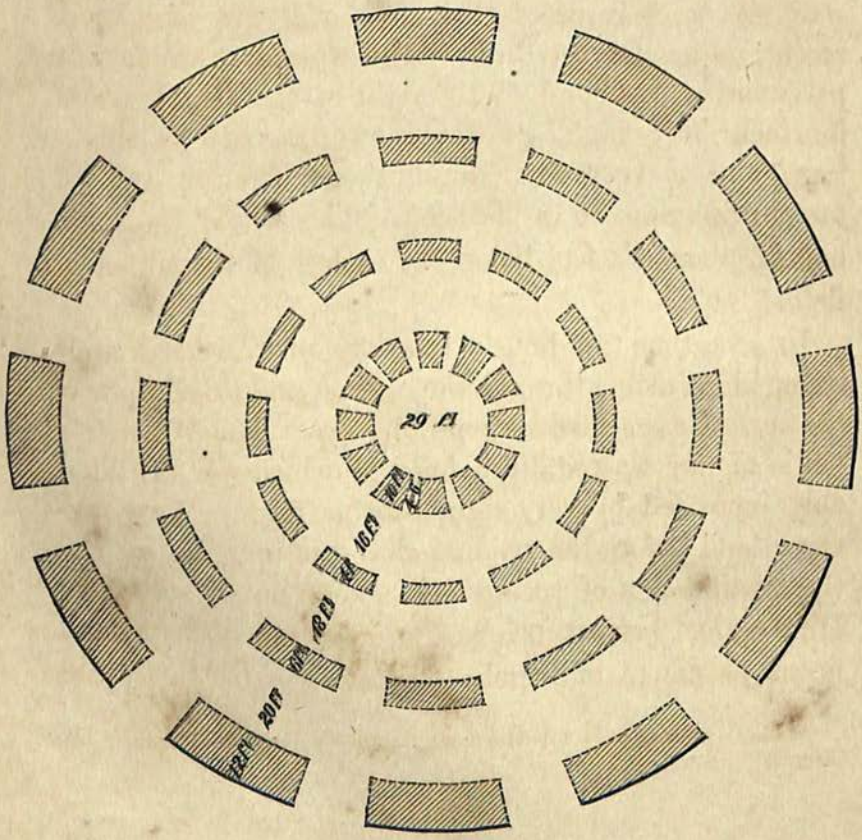
"No, Sir," he replied, laughing; "you see here is the wall, and how can it possibly extend beyond it? To the right is a deep trench, and before it, you see, is this pit."

Apparently he was right.

"Would you dispose of it for a reasonable sum of money?" I again asked.



GROUND PLAN OF THE FIRST DISCOVERY.



GROUND PLAN OF TEMPLE OF BAAL.

"Oh no, Sir!" he answered. "I must first have the Consul's permission, for I am a servant of the government, and what I find goes to him."

This answer I can say from experience was far from being true.*

Finding there was no chance of my securing this mosaic (which, I may as well add, in removing, he broke to pieces), I commenced again examining the locality, and whilst thus occupied, the *custodo* repeatedly pointed to the wall, the pit, and the trench, as ample proofs that it was impossible for the mosaic to extend any further. But the size of the design convinced me that it originally covered a large area, and its terminating abruptly at the wall was a clear proof that the latter was of a more recent date, and was built right through the ancient pavement. A mound to the right of the trench, about fourteen feet high, particularly attracted my attention, and a very few minutes' deliberation sufficed for my coming to a decision. The whole was in a hollow, about six feet below the surface of the adjoining fields.

In less than an hour's time my men were actively engaged in cutting through the mound, and this in spite of the *custodo's* repeated admonitions of *sono denari perdute*, "it is money wasted," the force of which was considerably increased by very significant gestures. We persevered, and before the evening closed in upon us, we had the gratification of seeing our labours amply rewarded. Here we had before our eyes a large portion of the magnificent pavement of which the *custodo* of St. Louis had

* He afterwards sold me the best fragment, viz. the one with the sistrum.

only a fragment. It measured about fifteen feet by nine, and contained, besides the elegant and chaste designs, a colossal female bust and two priestesses, full length and robed. The heads of the latter were rather damaged; but there can be but one opinion as to the artistic talent displayed in the execution of this mosaic, whether as regards grace, attitude, or colouring. It is an exquisite specimen of ancient art, to recover which, and before we came upon it, we had to break through two distinct pavements. This, undoubtedly, proves that those who built upon it, during different periods, were entirely ignorant of its existence.

We were actually shrouded in perfect darkness before I could tear myself from this important discovery. I placed a guard over it, and reluctantly departed for my lonely abode.

My cottage on the ruins of Carthage was, at this period, free from everything in the shape of comfort. It was a solitary wilderness upon a very small scale, and, like all deserted houses, it had the reputation of being haunted, so that even Kareema declined sleeping in it. Miserable, however, as it was, it answered the purpose of a shelter to travellers, who are able, and willing, to rough it, as the Hon. Mr. Powys, and others, who about this time visited Carthage, can testify. But this particular evening it was more than usually devoid of the few comforts which even the most robust can but ill spare. Since early in the morning I had taken no refreshments, and my servant, having been busily occupied, at the excavations, during the whole day, was unable to prepare my dinner; I was therefore now compelled to dispense with that meal, usually considered

so requisite to recruit one's drooping spirits. At any other time I would have felt such a privation, but on the present occasion, buoyed up with the success of the day, I scarcely perceived its loss.

Ali Kareema was in the habit of staying with me till nine, or ten, in the evening, to receive working orders for the following day. He then retired to his own hut, locking me up in my cottage. He had performed his duties for this particular evening, and I was left to myself, busily occupied with my few books. The ominous hour of midnight was fast approaching when I heard a gentle tapping at my door, and in a few seconds my factotum, *alias*, a highwayman, and something much worse—Ali Kareema—stood before me, pale, and almost motionless.

"What has happened, Ali?" I exclaimed. "I trust, no evil?"

"No, O master!" he responded. "May we be kept from the evil one and his wicked associates."

"But what brings you here in so mysterious a manner, at so late an hour?"

"I will tell you, master, but you must promise not to be angry."

"Let me hear."

"By the head of the Prophet," Ali Kareema responded, "what I am about to tell you is verily true. It is some weeks now that I heard, from various persons, that you have been seen, in different places, at one and the same time. This report has been often repeated, but I never believed it. To-night, whilst some parties in the coffee-house were talking of the manner in which you found the beautiful *tasweraat*" [properly images, or

pictures], "one person present remarked that he did not wonder at it, since you had been seen flying in the air, for hours, several nights in succession. I denied this statement, and as I know you are never guilty of a falsehood, I entreat you to tell me whether you actually do fly in the air."

It was with extreme difficulty that I refrained from laughing during Ali's recital of so strange a report. But when he had finished, I gave full vent to my suppressed feelings, at which he appeared perfectly astonished. His mind was apparently quite relieved, for he evidently anticipated a volley of abuse for naming the subject to me. Having at last composed myself sufficiently to enable me to give utterance, I assured Ali that I did not possess the powers his informants had stated; and that I was perfectly astonished that Mohammedans, who profess to believe in God, should ascribe to a mere mortal an attribute which belonged exclusively to the Deity. "The Deity alone," I told him, "can be present in several places at one and the same time; your friends are therefore *koffaar* (heterodox) by ascribing this power to me."

Ali was satisfied, and on leaving me he indignantly exclaimed, *Naal Bo jidhom, kadzaba!* ("Cursed be the father of their grandfather, liars as they are.")

My first impression on seeing the doleful countenance of my nocturnal visitor was that a similar fate had befallen my discovery as had happened to a mosaic, found in 1824 by M. Falbe. This gentleman states that a certain European antiquarian, jealous of his success, instigated the minister of marine to break it up, assuring him that he would find beneath it a leaden box filled

with gold and silver coin. This barbarous act was actually accomplished during the night,* and that by a minister of this enlightened government!

Early on the following morning, whilst some of the men were busily engaged in washing the cleared portion of pavement, it suddenly struck me that there must be more of it under the opposite mound (F), to the left of the trench. The reason which led me to this conclusion was a very natural one. The female colossal bust was in the angle (D); it therefore did not require much ingenuity to find out that there must have been similar ones in the other three corners. From the size of the design, the position of the priestesses, and particularly from the fragment (H) found by the *custodo*, it was clear that the mosaic extended in that direction.

The expression upon Kareema's face when I requested him to arrange the men to dig for the remainder of the pavement was quite ludicrous. "We have uncovered it all, master," he replied, "even to the very border;" and then he enumerated the trench and the pits as "plain proofs" that nothing more of it could possibly be discovered.

The work was, however, commenced, and ere many hours elapsed, one of the men came running up to me with the welcome intelligence that they had found what

* M. Falbe, in relating this circumstance, says:—"On se figurera aisément que le trésor ne fut point découvert; mais le dénunciateur n'atteignit pas moins son but, qui était de nuire à quiconque tenterait d'explorer le territoire de Carthage; il voulait se réserver à lui seul le droit d'en entretenir le monde. Mais jusqu'à ce jour il a gardé le silence, et nous attendons encore la publication de ses travaux, quoiqu'il n'ait point manqué d'appui de la part de son gouvernement."—*Recherches sur l' Empl. de Carthage*, p. 43.

I was in search after. But they had only reached the mosaic by a narrow trench, cut through the mound, and it required another day's hard toil to clear it from the accumulation of earth, as well as from the pavements of mortar mixed with small stones, which lay over it, at one and two feet from its surface.

When this magnificent portion of the mosaic was exposed to view, it is impossible to describe the expressions of astonishment and wonderment to which the Arabs gave vent. And, next to their admiration of the work of art, my wisdom and my ingenuity were the object of their unbounded praise. "How wonderful is that *book* which reveals things hidden underground, and what a marvellous knowledge *árfi* (master) possesses of it!" Incense for the vain!

I happened, at the time, to stand on the top of the piece of wall, watching the progress of the men, when such adulation reached my ears. I might have been a statue upon a pedestal placed there for their adoration; but I knew what value to set on the praise of my votaries, and hence it failed to answer the intended end. Cicero has said—"*Laudari a laudato viro:*" That praise must emanate from a person who himself deserves it; or, *to be praised by a man who himself deserves praise is worthy of our acceptation.* Who, however, were my present flatterers? What is their ability? From what I am about to relate an estimate will be formed of their merit.

On a lovely afternoon I was reclining on the sand, and whilst resting myself, and inhaling a balmy atmosphere, I was admiring the charming scenery before me. Within a few feet of me sat Kareema and

another of my men, and though mute, they too were alive to the objects of nature by which they were surrounded. Silence was at last broken by one of them observing:

"Verily God has given us a fine country; would that He had also blessed us with a good government!"

"A better time is coming," remarked Kareema.

"Yes, it is true," said the other; "and it is this hope alone which keeps us from despair, else these heavy burdens of taxation and exaction would be intolerable. The learned tell us that at the coming of *Saidna Aisa* (our Lord Jesus), the *Hafasa*, the ancient kings of this country, are again to have the rule over us. In their day, we are told, the soil will yield corn and wheat spontaneously, and the earth will open her vast treasures for the use of the faithful. Oppression and injustice will not be even heard of. Would that that happy time drew near, even in our day!"

"*Madabea!* would that it did," rejoined lazy little Ali, quite delighted at such a prospect of obtaining everything without labour. "But do they not say," Ali continued, "that the *Hafasa* are in existence, that they live underground and often mingle with the people?"

"Most assuredly," his friend answered, "and they are repeatedly seen. Only very lately a porter was desired to carry a measure of wheat, by a very respectable-looking man, which he did. He followed his employer a long way out of town, and coming to a kind of cave, the man took the wheat from the porter and presenting him a handful of gold suddenly vanished: and what is more remarkable is, that the very cave too disappeared,

not a trace of it was left. When the porter—who is from Gabes, and is still alive to recount this remarkable circumstance—came to change his gold, it was found to belong to the reign of the *Hafasa*."

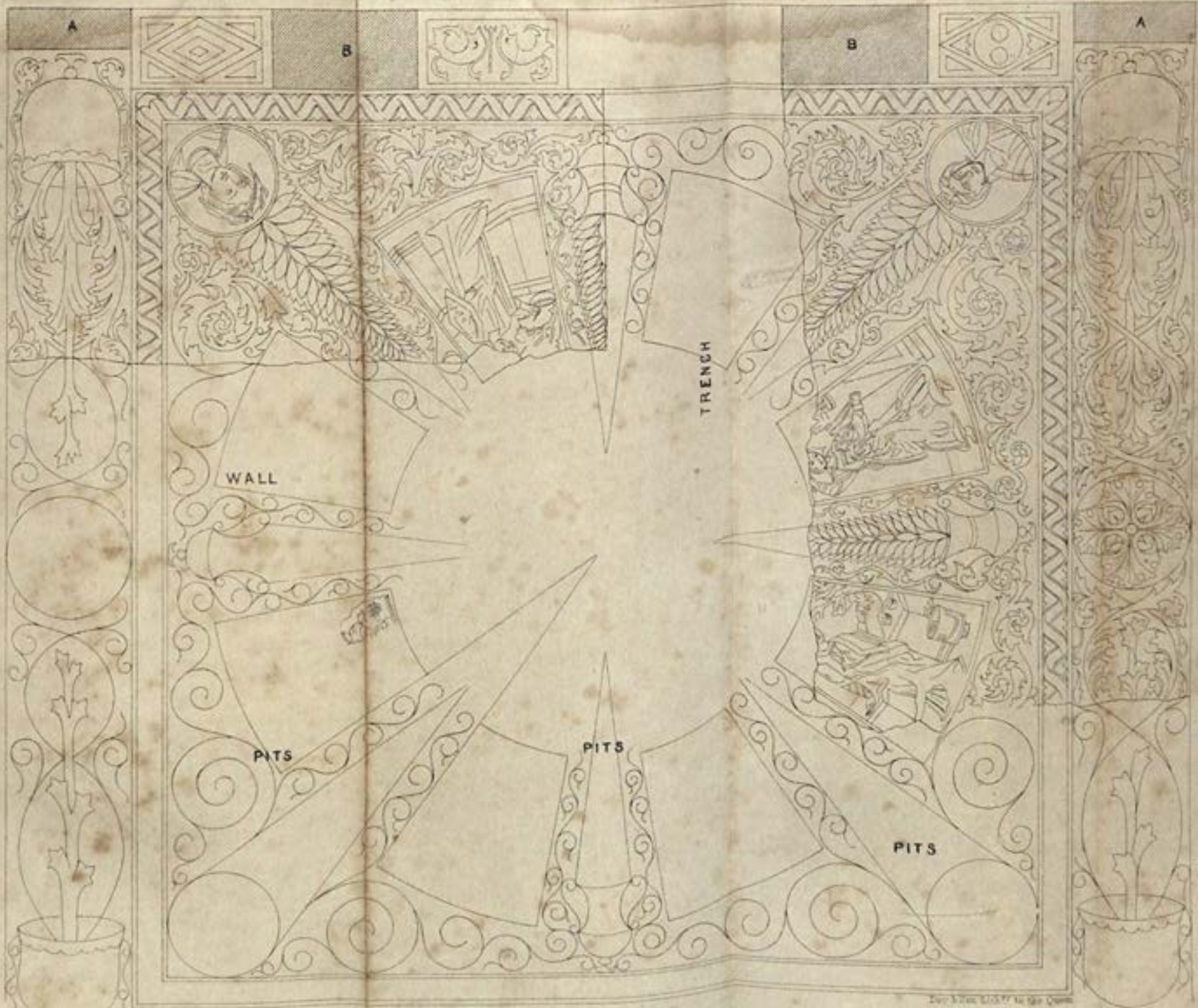
Ali gave vent to his astonishment at this narration by a succession of *ba-ba-ba-ba*, and repeated exclamations of *Ajaib* and *Gharaib!*—"strange wonders!"

The conversation now changed: the harvest was the subject. They began to count how many months there were still to that period, and did it on this wise:—"This is December; then comes April, then January, &c." I stopped Ali, and told him that we were then in January, and not in December, and added the order of the months up to harvest-time.

On hearing this exhibition of my erudition, Ali could scarcely contain himself. "There are men," he said, "who know every day in the week, every day and week in the month, and every month in the year; and by the head of the prophet, *árfi*, you are one of them. *Ba-ba-ba-ba!*" Then, turning to his friend, he added, "How vast his knowledge is—what a fund of learning he possesses! *Tabarek Allah*, may *Allah* be blessed! Verily he, and his kind, are MEN; what are we? *Behaim*, asses."

"*W'hadza hoa elhack*—and this is surely true. Have I not always told you," the man continued, "that he is a learned man? He knows all that I related about the *Hafasa*; only he, and the learned generally, refrain from talking on this subject, and their reason is, not to cause us grief and make us dissatisfied with our present condition."

Such is the understanding, such the capacity and



GROUND PLAN OF A PUNIC MOSAIC PAVEMENT

Discovered at Carthage

merit of the individuals by whom I was surrounded, and who were so lavish in their praises of me and of the mysterious book. There was, therefore, but little danger that their adulations would minister to my vanity.

When the earth was cleared away, my Arabs were particularly amazed that my conjecture, that another colossal bust would be found under the very spot (I) I had indicated, was actually realized. It was the head of Ceres, and is, I feel sure, the most magnificent of the kind in existence. Besides this, we also found another priestess and the corresponding designs.

When the remains of this gorgeous pavement were washed, the colours stood out as fresh, and bright, as if the artist's hand had only just been removed. Then the skill which is so strikingly manifested in the exquisite designs, as well as the perfection of art exhibited in the light and shade of the figures, called forth the unbounded admiration of every one who had the advantage of visiting them on the spot.

The fame of my discovery was quickly spread abroad, and reached even the ears of his highness himself, through some officious European, who, I afterwards learnt, told the Bey that one of the colossal heads represented Dido, and was worth, at least, one million of Tunis piastres, equivalent to 25,000*l.*! I happened to be absent on business when the Bey, his ministers and suite, drove up to the excavation. Ali Kareema, at his highness's request, readily removed the boards which covered the mosaic. The illustrious visitors, my factotum afterwards told me, "appeared quite bewildered with astonishment when they fixed their eyes upon the *tasweraat*." Turning to one of his ministers, my in-

formant stated, the Bey remarked, that it surpassed in beauty the description he had received, which he had regarded as greatly exaggerated. Kareema appeared highly pleased at all this, for though Mohammed Bey was not over-generous, he was remarkably kind, and the little fellow fully expected a gratuity. But the Bey was otherwise minded. In a peremptory manner he ordered Ali to have the boards replaced, to see that nothing be touched; and then, turning to the men, threatened them with the bastinado and imprisonment if they dared to continue the work.

"*Smāā watāā!*" ("Hearing is obeying, my lord!") was the unanimous exclamation.

The timid Arabs instantly dispersed, and the Bey and his party drove off.

On my return, which was about an hour after the Bey's departure, the particulars were communicated to me.

There were two courses of procedure open for me: one to go to Tunis, inform the consul of what had occurred, and leave the affair in his hands; the other, to manage the business in my own peculiar way. I preferred the latter course on various grounds.

My horse was instantly brought, and I rode off to the palace. I happened to enter an audience-room just as the prime minister entered it from another door. He immediately came to meet me, and, in his peculiarly affable manner, asked, what had brought me there at that hour?

"Your excellency is aware that his highness has given me permission to excavate the ruins of Carthage."

"Of course I am," he replied.

"Was that permission given in the hope that my

researches should prove successful, or the very reverse?"

"It was certainly given," he rejoined, "in good faith, anticipating success."

"Then, how is it that his highness has appropriated what I have discovered, and disbanded my men?"

"I was not present, and am, therefore, unable to answer this question. Besides," he added, "it is too late now; I cannot, therefore, return to his highness's apartment to ascertain the particulars."

"Your excellency," I rejoined, "is aware of the Bey's friendship for me; and yourself have also frequently given me similar assurances. I must, therefore, conclude, that his highness's act of the morning was the result of the instigation of some malicious party. A prince ought to listen to advice; but, when that advice is in direct opposition to good faith, to which he is bound, it is his duty to reject it, even if it is to his cost. As the Bey's friend, therefore, and that it may not be said of him that he has broken faith with me, I beg to tell your excellency, that I shall not leave this palace until two officers are sent with me to proclaim, in the different villages, in the vicinity of my works, that any one who is willing to work for me is perfectly at liberty to do so."

At this moment another minister, *Sahab Ettába*, the keeper of the seal, Mohammed Bey's brother-in-law, approached, and, on hearing my resolution, offered to communicate it to his highness. In ten minutes he returned with an unmeaning explanation, granting my request in full.

The report of my excavations having been stopped by

the Bey himself had spread like wildfire, and the effect of the proclamation revoking it, within a few hours after, can easily be conceived. I regretted that the good-natured Mohammed Bey—who will long be remembered by a grateful people for the numerous benefits he has conferred on them—had suffered himself to be placed in a false position. The malice of his counsellor was amply punished by the result, and by the character it procured me (where it was of the utmost importance) for extraordinary influence with the reigning prince.

The position of reigning princes in a country like this is a very difficult one. Their education is limited; their knowledge of foreign governments is very circumscribed; while to the usages and customs of Christian countries they are perfect strangers. They must, therefore, in nearly all measures, depend upon their advisers, and in the choice of these more judgment is required than they can be expected to possess. Mohammed Bey had two Europeans in his service who were designated ministers—Baron Bogo, an Austrian of an ancient Tyrolese noble family, and a Conte Giuseppino Raffo, a Genoese, whose existence in Tunis dates from the period of Christian slavery. The former is of a quiet, amiable disposition, universally liked and respected, but too modest, gives his advice only when asked, and then, I feel sure, it is sound. The latter had what is called the portfolio of foreign affairs.

Mohammed Sadek, the brother and successor to Mohammed Bey, retained both in office; but the foreign policy was, till recently, in the hands of Conte Raffo, and he was, therefore, from the nature of his office, responsible for all the blunders and inconsistencies of this govern-

ment's foreign relations. He, too, was responsible for the invidious distinctions made between the consuls of different powers, which is only calculated to lower this government in the estimation of civilised nations. England and France, because they are great naval powers, were respected; and even in the intercourse with them it was not honour and consistency which prompted the minister; nor was it a knowledge of right and wrong which enabled him to come to a decision; nor was a particular clause in international law his guide: nor even historical precedent, or national usage. He was either coaxed, bullied, or coerced, as the case required, by the consuls of the respective nations. The game was, therefore, entirely in the consuls' hands. The minister stood upon a pivot, and was moved by extraneous force.*

Hence the "grand schemes" of one consul are so frequently subverted by another;-for one who is not up to the peculiar tactics of the country, is sure to be foiled and betrayed in everything he undertakes by the very party who pretends to assist him. Whether such a course of petty intrigue is consistent with the dignity and honour of great European nations, is the question. Whether the victor does not diminish the moral influence of his country, is more than doubtful; and whether his government would not rather censure, than approve, his proceedings, if cognizant of all the particulars, is more than certain. A nation's honour ought to be the primary consideration of government servants, particularly in countries like these; and whether the diplomacy in

* M. Raffo has been succeeded by Sidy Hasseen, a very intelligent and talented young Moslem.

vogue here has the requisite tendency—whether it furthers the joint mission which France and England have to perform on the North African coast, will be our consideration in another publication,* more adapted to the discussion of such topics. We have, on the present occasion, been led to make these few remarks, as the reader will bear in mind, by an incident connected with our excavations.

* The author expects shortly to publish a work under the title, "Chronicles of Piratic Days on the Barbary Coast."

CHAPTER X.

ITS ANTIQUITY.

HORACE has said,—

"Quicquid sub terris est, in apricum proferet ætas."
"Whatever is under ground, time will bring to light."

Time has brought to light the splendid work of art we have just discovered; but how great was the chance of its continuing for ages longer under ground! Indeed had the *custodo* of St. Louis agreed to my overture, there is a great probability at least of my not coming in contact with it. It is true, I had determined to examine the spot he interfered with; and, had I possessed my present experience in removing mosaics, I should undoubtedly have pulled down the piece of wall to enable me to do it successfully, in which case I would have come in contact with the remains of pavement beneath mound F, and this would have led me to the other portion. To speak frankly, I doubt very much whether such would have been my course, and whether it is not more likely that my efforts to remove the fragment would not have been as unsuccessful as that of the *custodo*. But, *fata volentem ducunt*, or, as Lord Bacon says, "If a man look sharply and attentively, he shall see fortune; for though she be blind, yet is she not invisible." *

* "Essays, Civil and Moral."

The remains of this gorgeous pavement were now before me, and offered ample scope for conjecture and speculation. From the commencement of the excavations it has been my aim to work in such a manner as not to attract public attention, and particularly the attention of Europeans. From the Arabs I had nothing to apprehend; besides, I could manage them with perfect ease. But it was quite impossible to prevent the report of the recent discovery from being circulated. It found its way into newspapers, and was, in some instances, considerably misrepresented. The least exaggerated report is one which appears to have been communicated to the *Estafette*, the writer of which says: "Recent news from Tunis announces very interesting discoveries that have been made among the ruins of ancient Carthage. It appears that an Englishman, M. Davis, has during the past year obtained permission from the Bey to explore the plain on which that city formerly stood, and has these last two months made excavations under the auspices of the English Government and the British Museum.

"An Arab having found a fragment of very beautiful mosaic, M. Davis continued the works in that direction with great energy, and soon came upon the remains of an ancient temple. Then prosecuting his successful discovery he found a magnificent mosaic, ten or twelve feet square, representing two majestic colossal heads, supposed to be those of Dido and Juno, besides many other oriental figures, remarkable for their elegance, and a quantity of ornaments and emblems equalling them in beauty. It is said they are the finest specimens of art which has been discovered. M. Davis has taken the

HEAD OF CERES FROM THE TEMPLE OF ASTARTE

SPECIMEN OF THE BORDER

greatest precaution to preserve them from being injured by the weather. It is believed that the British Government will send a vessel to convey them, together with other relics that have been found, to England." *

Of all the reports relative to this relic of antiquity which have reached the press this one contains the fewest mistakes. That it was not an Arab who found the fragment of mosaic, but the *custodo* of St. Louis, has already been explained. The dimensions are also wrongly stated; and as to the colossal busts, one of them may indeed represent either Dido, or perhaps Astarte, or Juno; but no doubt can exist as to the other, since the garlands of ears of corn with which the head is adorned plainly show that it is Ceres.

Carthage was destroyed by the Romans, and the temple of Astarte followed the fate of the other public edifices; but the Romans themselves rebuilt the city, and the temple of Astarte was again restored. Changes were,

* "Des nouvelles récentes de Tunis annoncent des découvertes très intéressantes au milieu des ruines de l'ancienne Carthage. Il paraît qu'un Anglais, M. Davis, avait obtenu du Bey, l'année dernière, la permission d'explorer la plaine occupée autrefois par cette cité, et que, dans les deux derniers mois, il a fait des fouilles sous les auspices du Gouvernement Britannique et du Musée Royal. Un Arabe ayant trouvé un fragment de très belle mosaïque, M. Davis poussa avec ardeur les travaux dans cet endroit, et bientôt on découvrit les restes d'un ancien temple; puis, en creusant davantage, une magnifique mosaïque de dix à douze pieds carrés, et où étaient représentées deux têtes de grandeur colossale, qu'on suppose être celles de Didon et de Junon, outre plusieurs figures orientales d'une élégance remarquable, et quantité d'emblêmes et ornements qui égalent, dit-on, les plus beaux échantillons d'art qui aient été découverts. M. Davis a pris les plus grandes précautions pour préserver cette mosaïque des injures du temps. On pense que le Gouvernement Britannique enverra un navire pour la transporter en Angleterre, ainsi que d'autres objets qui ont été recueillis."

no doubt, introduced, somewhat in conformity with the Roman ritual; but as the principal inhabitants were Phœnicians, accustomed to their national religion, it is not likely that the victors would have been so far regardless of the prejudices of the Carthaginians as entirely to abrogate the old form of worship. Indeed, we know that the Romans have invariably been very considerate on such points, and rather accommodated themselves to the superstitions of a conquered country than violate established usages. We see this plainly in the diabolic rites connected with Saturn, which were undoubtedly retained, or re-established, from a consideration for the Phœnician portion of the population, and from a pure regard for the national creed.

The temple of Astarte, and the various chapels dedicated to the other female deities, the groves, the buildings which appertained to these edifices, and the sacerdotal residences, occupied a distinct district within the city proper. Prosper Aquitanicus, or some other author who wrote under this name, at the commencement of the fifth century, tells us, *apud Africam Carthagini Cœlestis inesse ferebant templum nimis amplum*, —that "Cœlestis has at Carthage in Africa a temple of immense size," which, he says, *omnium deorum suorum ædibus vallorum*, "was surrounded by temples of all the gods," and adds, that "it occupied nearly two miles in extent,"—*prope in duobus fere millibus passum protendebatur.**

But this vast extent, it must not be concluded was exclusively occupied by sacred edifices. There were

* "Incerti auctoris de prædictionibus et promissionibus divinis."—P. iii. c. 38.

numerous secular buildings within it from which the temple, or temples, derived a revenue. It was one of the three grand divisions of Carthage—somewhat like our parishes, and bore the name of Astarte or Cœlestis. Prosper Aquitanicus certainly writes from actual observation, for he was afterwards present when this pagan temple was consecrated, by Bishop Aurelius, as a Christian church; but then, it must be borne in mind, he says nothing contrary to the opinion that secular dwellings were within the precincts assigned to this divinity: and had he even done so, we should have felt constrained to reject his testimony, for how could a city, of the dimensions of Roman Carthage, have spared one third of its size for a sacred edifice to Juno, and a similar portion, as we learn from another source (which we shall notice in its proper place), for the temple of Æsculapius?

Within the precincts of the ground belonging to the temple of Astarte there stood undoubtedly a chapel consecrated to Dido. We are expressly told by Justin: *quandiu Carthago invicta fuit, pro dea culta est,* "as long as Carthage was unconquered, she was worshipped as a goddess"*—and surely no divinity of Paganism merited more the veneration of the people of Carthage than did the illustrious princess of Tyre.

The sister of this princess was likewise deified. After the death of Dido, we are informed, Carthage was besieged by Iarbus, during which calamity Anna fled to Italy, where she found Æneas; who gave her a very honourable reception. The jealousy of Lavinia, the Trojan hero's wife, might have proved fatal to the

* Lib. xviii. c. vi.

African fugitive had not Dido, in a dream, advised her to make her escape. She fled to the river Numicus,* near Lavinium, in Latium, of which she became a deity, and ordered the inhabitants of the country to call her *Anna perenna*, because she determined to remain for ever under water. She was afterwards introduced as a goddess into Rome and other countries, among which Carthage was, no doubt, included.

One of the colossal busts probably represents one of the sisters. Whether it is Dido or Anna, we are unable to decide; but whichever it is we are justified in concluding that the opposite corner was embellished by the portrait of the other, which is now irretrievably lost.

The other bust so exquisitely executed is unmistakeably the goddess of corn, and her companion to her left, likewise destroyed, was, undoubtedly, her daughter Proserpine.

Ceres and Proserpine were favourite Sicilian deities, and according to Diodorus, they made their first appearance to mankind in that island. It is therefore not surprising that Gelon, after his decisive victory over the Carthaginians, should have expressly stipulated that the vanquished should build for these deities two temples, wherein the treaty of peace should be deposited, and at all times exposed to public view. But though the force of circumstances compelled the Carthaginians to agree to the treaty of peace, it would appear that they acquiesced in this article with a mental reservation. They intro-

* On the banks of this small river the body of the "pious Æneas" is said to have been found, he having been killed in battle against the Etrurians. Thus, a nation of Phœnician origin avenged the wrongs he inflicted on a Phœnician princess.

duced the two divinities without building for them special temples, and in exposing them in one of the chapels near the temple of Astarte, they associated with them Dido and Anna. M. Dureau de la Malle complains of Diodorus, and charges him with negligence, because he speaks of the priests, the rites, the statues, &c. of the two Sicilian goddesses "mais sans nous dire où fut placé leur temple" ("without telling us where their temple was situated"). The learned French Academician then adds, that he has searched in vain for its position, and consoles himself that Munter was not more fortunate than himself.*

The national pride of the Sicilian historian was plainly the reason why he remained silent on a subject, which, if recorded, only tended to exhibit Carthaginian contempt towards his own country. Carthage was not long in recovering her position in Sicily, and having ample military resources at her command, she considered her honour redeemed and justified, in having so far complied with the Gelon treaty as to admit Ceres and Proserpine among the minor deities of the African metropolis. But with temples they were not honoured. Indeed it is more than probable that these deities themselves were afterwards either expelled, or only retained to gratify, or, perhaps, to pacify the Greeks and Sicilians resident in Carthage.

From what has already been stated it is clear that I ascribe to these mosaics a remote, or Punic, antiquity, and in doing this I am well aware that contrary opinions have

* "J'en ai jusqu'ici cherché en vain la position dans Carthage, et Munter n'a pas été plus heureux que moi."—*Recherch. sur la Topog. de Carthage*, p. 96.

already been advanced. A Frenchman, M. Beulé, who has spent seventy days in digging among the ruins of Carthage (and whose labours I shall have occasion to notice more particularly in another chapter), forwarded a communication to the *Academie des Inscriptions et Belles Letters*, which was published in the *Moniteur*. The writer states that the British Museum is indebted to my zeal for a certain number of Roman and Byzantine mosaics and inscriptions ; * and, having been on the spot, and professing, moreover, to be an archæologist, it will naturally be concluded that he speaks from actual observation, and that his opinion ought therefore to carry some degree of weight. The fact, however, is that M. Beulé never saw the mosaics he thus characterizes; and the *inscriptions* he mentions in connexion with "Roman and Byzantine mosaics," convey, of course, the idea that they were either Latin or Greek, whereas they were all Phœnician. This is a specimen of the correctness of the intelligence which M. Beulé has furnished as the result of his labours. His aim evidently is to depreciate the researches of others, and to establish his fame upon the authority of a dumb wall. Works of art and inscriptions proclaim their own origin, but not having been fortunate enough to discover any of these, he took advantage of the wall of the hill of St. Louis, which served as a support to secure an even surface on the summit. This wall becomes, by his magic touch, a triple wall of the *Byrsa*, and, as a matter of course, of Punic construction! Here he has a stupendous pedestal

* "Il est vrai que le Musée britannique doit un certain nombre de mosaiques romaines et byzantines, de stiles et d'inscriptions, au zèle de M. N. Davis."—*Moniteur*, 14th May, 1859.

for his fame, which Falbe, Dusgate, Dureau de la Malle, Sir Grenville Temple, and others who have paid attention to the subject, may well envy! Poets have their licence, of which M. Beulé has taken extravagant advantage, but upon what authority he has assumed the *privilege* (?) is hard to tell, since no rational being can see any connexion between poetry and archæology.

Had not the *Academie* been made the vehicle for giving publicity to such misrepresentations, I should not have noticed M. Beulé's statement, further than to say that he was unable to form an estimate of the mosaics, since he had not even seen them. But that learned body has endorsed his statement by publishing it under its authority.

We have next to notice the publication of W. H. Gregory, Esq. M.P. for Galway. Speaking of his visit to Carthage, he notices the excavations, and says, "Mr. Davis has already sent to the British Museum a series of Phœnician inscriptions, chiefly sepulchral dedications, and also some noble mosaics, the finest by far in that collection, if not the finest in the world. There are two heads in mosaic, of large size, which cannot be surpassed in spirit and execution."*

Mr. Gregory then assigns his reason for believing them to be of Roman origin. His arguments appear to us inconclusive, but we respect his individual opinion, and feel sure that a little more attention to the subject will not fail to convince him that they belong to the period prior to the Roman dominion in Africa.

But the one who has apparently paid more attention to this mosaic is Augustus W. Franks, Esq. of the British Museum. He communicated a paper to the Society of

* "Egypt and Tunis," p. 161, vol. ii. Printed for private circulation.

Antiquaries on my excavations and discoveries, in which he also appears inclined to assign to these mosaics a Roman origin, and assumes that the figures in the several panels are not priestesses, but that they were intended to represent the Roman months, and attempts to corroborate his opinion from Montfaucon's work, "Les Antiquités Expliqués." In the supplement to that work, tom. i. pl. iv.—xvi, are engravings of the illuminations of an ancient calendar, each of which represents a month as a human figure, accompanied by various emblems. "March," Mr. Franks tells us, "is represented as a man with long hair, clothed in skins," &c. This he identifies with the elegant female pointing with her left hand to a bird in the tree, simply because the man with the long hair, clothed in skins, points with "his right hand to a swallow perched on a rod!"

Here is another specimen of similarity. In the MS. Mr. Franks says July is "represented by a naked male figure, holding in his right hand a purse, in his left a shallow basket with fruit; at his feet is a broken object, from which coins are falling, and two covered cups." This he identifies with the chaste, graceful, and charming priestess offering up mulberries beneath the sacred tree.

I doubt very much whether the ladies of Britain will feel flattered at these odious comparisons. I certainly gave Mr. Franks credit for more gallantry; this, however, is a point he must settle with the fair sex.

But to be serious. Though I consider Mr. Franks wrong in his conclusion as to the nature of this mosaic, I give him every credit for diligent research, uncommon ingenuity, and great learning. Indeed, his paper

bears the stamp of the production of a man of no ordinary mind.

In what follows I fully agree with him. He says:

"Representations of the seasons are not rare; they are usually in the form of children carrying appropriate emblems. Such is their appearance on the imperial coins inscribed TEMPORVM FELICITAS, where four boys are dancing. On a silver *acerra* belonging to Mr. John Webb they appear as boys with appropriate symbols.* On the Arch of Severus they are represented as genii with baskets of flowers, fruit,† &c. They are figured on a sarcophagus in the Barberini Collection as winged genii, the occupations of each season being indicated below by small groups of figures.‡ On a silver *situla*, found at Tourdan, near Vienne, and now in the British Museum, we find them represented as females seated on various animals.§ The nearest approach, however, to the medallions in the mosaic from Carthage is to be found in a pavement discovered in 1849 at Cirencester, the site of the ancient Corinium.‖ At each corner of this pavement was a medallion; three still remain: Spring is represented by the head of a female crowned with flowers, and has a swallow perched on her shoulder; Summer is crowned with corn, and has a sickle; Autumn is crowned with fruit, and has an axe; Winter is lost, but a fragment of a pavement found at Bignor

* "Proceedings Soc. Ant." vol. iv. p. 295.

† "Montfaucon, Ant. Expl. Sup." tom. i. c. iv.

‡ "Montfaucon, Ant. Expl. Sup." tom. i. pl. ii.

§ "Proceedings Soc. Ant." vol. iv. p. 294.

‖ "Illustrations of the Site of Ancient Corinium," by Prof. Buckman and C. H. Newmarch, Lond. 1850. "Arch. Journ." vi. p. 328. "Gentleman's Magazine," January, 1850.

supplies us with a head of this season, muffled up, and with a leafless bough." *

All this is undoubtedly true; but none of these instances furnish him with materials to justify his conclusion respecting our mosaic. He does not even derive any help from M. Beulé, who says he noticed at the south-west corner of the hill of St. Louis "the remains of a mosaic, which he describes as representing the twelve months by figures of rather less than life-size, in Byzantine costumes, with their names inscribed in Latin. It would be interesting," Mr. Frank adds, "to compare the subjects of this pavement with those in the mosaic above described."

Only one figure of the mosaic, of which M. Beulé says he saw remains, was in existence at the time he was at Carthage. It was the month of May, and it was represented by a turgid boy with a brick-red face, dressed in a short tunic, and bearing a basket of flowers. The execution was miserable. A little girl, of equal dimensions in deformity, and bearing a basket of fruit, personated June. In this intelligible, simple, and unmistakeable manner, were the five months represented; and, to make assurance doubly sure, the name of each month was written in Roman letters over the head of each figure.

The individual who discovered this mosaic attempted to imitate my process of removal, but it turned out a complete failure. He succeeded in turning over the month of May, which, together with the rest, has since crumbled to pieces. I volunteered my services to raise it, on condition that it would be offered to some public

* Lysons' "Reliquiæ Britannico-Romanæ," vol. iii. pl. xv. xxii.

museum; but as the party thought he had a right to dispose of his own property agreeably to his own pleasure, and, moreover, believed that what others could do he was also able to do, my offer was not accepted.

The loss of this mosaic need not be felt by Mr. Franks, for it would in no wise have furthered his theory.

From our plan of the pavement it will be observed that it contained only eight priestesses; but Mr. Franks, who converts these into representatives of the months, has, in order to complete his twelve months, invented four inner panels. But the very form of the pavement does not admit of this, for if a straight line is drawn from the sides of either panel towards the middle, it will be found that the design admitted of no further central ornaments at all; and, moreover, it is not probable that the elegant tapering foliage which proceeds from above the medallions would have been abruptly truncated, which must have been the case if inner panels had existed.

With all deference, then, for Mr. Franks' ingenuity and antiquarian talents, we maintain our original opinion.

We may be considered heterodox for repudiating the Roman character which has been assigned to this mosaic. But there are others who have paid attention to antiquity, and are, from the nature of their studies, able to form an opinion, who fully agree with us, and assign to these gems of art a Punic origin. Among these we have one who has written on Egypt, and after careful examination of these mosaics, has communicated the result to one of the leading papers in his native country, the *New York Tribune*. After describing the two colossal heads, Mr. Ditson says:

"To what epoch to refer these ancient and interesting relics, is now a question. As regards the one bearing the Roman inscription,* there is hardly room for conjecture; but respecting the others? I will give you a description of them, their position, &c., and let you judge for yourself. I, however, have just heard a would-be *savant* declare that he does not believe any of them to be Punic; but I differ with him, in all humility.

"In the first place, and very fortunately for the establishing of a basis for the solution of the difficulty, three mosaic floors have been discovered, just so nearly one above the other as to allow a portion of each to be uncovered without removing either of them. I have seen them twice, and can therefore substantiate the fact. The lowest one was found in cutting away a hillside, at the depth of about five feet; on its right, as you stand facing the north, and about three inches above it, there is another flooring of mosaic; three or four feet above the latter, and on its eastern side, there is still another, and at about the same elevation on the other hand is *the* 'Figure of Victory.' Now, if the latter is Roman—and there can be no doubt of it—is it not more probable that the others, *several feet below*, and under earth that has the appearance of being the accumulation of ages, are Phœnician? There is another thing worthy of particular note: the mosaics of the upper ones are imbedded in a cement about an inch thick that is excessively hard, and has to be taken up with the figures one is desirous of removing in a perfect state; whereas the lower ones (after having had a piece of cotton cloth glued down

* Reference is here made to a mosaic which we have not yet noticed, but which was discovered at the time Mr. Ditson visited Carthage.

PRIESTESS DANCING BEFORE AN IDOL

upon their surfaces) can be obtained without the cement, as it is easily cut away by any sharp instrument. Mr. Davis also says that the cement which unites the stones of the latter is much firmer than that which is used on the former. Furthermore, the costume of the two priestesses is unlike anything I remember to have seen from the hands of Greek or Roman artists. It is, indeed, more in keeping with that of the Hebrews of the present day than those worn by the immediate descendants of Romulus and Remus, or of the fair Helen. It consists of an inner gown that has long, tight sleeves, fastens up closely around the neck, and falls down over the feet. It has no sash, or belt, or plaits, but is cut so as to fit well the body without encumbering it in its movements; is made to yield to the most graceful 'lines of beauty' a human form could develop in the most studied of artistic attitudes. Over this there is an open robe that has the same contour as the other, but its sleeves (bishop) are large, like those worn a few years since, and are shown to good advantage, as the arm is raised to place, as before stated, an offering upon the altar. Around the neck of this robe and down its front, an inch or so from its edges, around the sleeve, a little distance also from the edge of its broadest part, it is ornamented with a dark band or ribbon, exactly like scores of garments one may meet with on Broadway, Chestnut Street, or the Boulevards of Paris. The whole is extremely modest, chaste, and simple; but the artist was master of his materials, and made the most of them. He had no silken girdles, or tassels, or folds of drapery to dispose of, and his figures, if upright and actionless, would have been stiff and unattractive; he therefore had

resort to a 'pose.' His subject, in one instance, has partially crossed her feet, and is leaning against some object that gives her entire support and confidence; Nature then aids him with her beautiful curves—the arm is put into use so as not to hide them; the delicate hand is placing the offering upon the altar; and indeed so perfect is it all, one fancies he can almost see the wavings of the sacred tree that throws its mysterious shadows around her.

"We are more or less accustomed to, or acquainted with, Grecian taste; we remember the rounded, naked limbs of Grecian goddesses, and have fancied that he who chiselled them felt that it would be a profanation of his art to envelope them in senseless robes that had no warmth, no pulse, no life, no breathing lines all instinct with divinity. We remember, too, the long and ample tunics of the Roman matrons, but their arms were bare, and they were more like heroines of the tribune or the camp than the daughters of a mild, pure, and unadulterated faith, as these now before me impress me that they are: the modesty, the calmness, the saintly repose, in fact, of these gentle worshippers evoke in the heart such humble, hallowed, halcyon aspirations, that one is prepared to invest them with a magnetic and living principle.

* * * * *

"There are to be seen here, it is true, a great number of immense cisterns, indestructible masses of a gigantic aqueduct, a few columns in an area that was once probably the forum, some portion of the buildings of the Byrsa, and the jetties of the Cothon; but what are these shattered, desecrated *débris*, compared with whole floors

of mosaic, and those rapturous figures which seem now springing fresh from the hand of the artist, though they may possibly have been entombed here for two thousand five hundred years! Great works are around me, prostrated by the hand of time, tottering, decayed, and beyond regeneration; and though they cause one to linger among them, from the fascinations of their marvellous history, they weigh upon the spirits like a foreboding of evil. But when I behold those priestesses starting from their long silent sepulchres, and standing in their chaste and spotless garments at the altars to offer up the first-fruits of the season to the gods, a beam of joy and gladsome light breaks through the night of ages and illumines the pathway to antiquity. I know the exact corner of the city where Scipio made the famous attack which rendered him master of the port and the fortifications surrounding it, and enabled him to penetrate to the public square, where his soldiers encamped for the night; but in this there is all that is painful and appalling, for thence commenced those street-fights which lasted for six days, when the proud and imperious Carthage 'sank into a heap of ashes.' When, however, I look on these costly pavements, which bear no stains of blood, no trace of a warrior's footstep, but seem rather fragrant with the tread of some gorgeous beauty, some Sophonisbe, or to have been just swept by a Dido's queenly train, glowing with Tyrian dye, my spirits go bounding through another historic field, that is flooded with sunshine and flowers. From these gentle acclivities, I overlook those sparkling waters which have borne many a hostile and tumultuous fleet, then buried it, burdened with the dying and the dead; but when I turn to these firesides, these hearth-

stones, as it were, I am reminded only of the hospitable shore that gave its peaceful welcome to the Phœnician wife flying from the cruelty of a royal brother, the murderer of her husband. If, however, these new-born treasures, these boudoirs of an ante-Christian era, occasionally awake a sentiment of sadness, it is in recalling the day when they may have been bathed with tears and heard the sighs of a doomed and despairing people—the day when the Carthaginians, having delivered up their arms and three hundred hostages, and discovered the perfidy of the Romans, both maids and matrons turned their fair hands to fashioning arms for the defence of the town, and wove their long silken tresses into bow-strings for the soldiery; or when Carthage was given to the flames, and women and children, like the fair partner of Asdrubal, perished in the common wreck."

But the question may be asked, why argue for its remoter antiquity at all, since every one concurs in opinion as to the skill, the execution, and artistic spirit displayed in this gorgeous pavement? The answer is, because we have no right to deprive one nation of a merit and ascribe it to another. It is unjustly assumed that remains which indicate artistic skill appertain to Roman Carthage, and it is too much the fashion to look for rude, clumsy, and uncouth remains as the traces of the Punic city. But what ground is there to justify such a state of things? None whatever. On the contrary it is to Punic Carthage we are to look for relics of the highest state of arts; for her maritime character enabled her to collect the best productions found among the most civilized nations, and her power and wealth was ample attraction for artists of all parts of the world.

What was the condition of Rome at the time when Melas, of the isle of Chios, Dipœnus and Scyllis, of Crete, and Phidias, by their marvellous genius gave animation to the dead marble, which, by their skill, assumed the "human form divine?" What was the state of that city at the time Apollodorus, of Athens, and Zeuxis, of Heraclea, astonished the world by their genius in transferring nature to their canvas, and inspiring it with life, by means of their glowing tints? She was then just struggling into existence—she was only emerging from her obscurity—whereas Carthage had already attained to a state of affluence and great power. Greeks, and emigrants from other nations, were in her employ, and her flag floated triumphantly in the ports of every country, civilized and barbarian. National and foreign artists contributed towards the embellishment of the African metropolis, and to the works of art, with which her public edifices were adorned, Virgil bears ample testimony: whilst the spoils which Scipio sent to Rome, after the city had been pillaged by his rude soldiery, and after the conflagration, in which vast treasures of precious objects must have perished, prove with what assiduity the productions of art were collected, and to what extent artistic skill was patronized by the Carthaginians.

But was there any necessity for a colony of Phœnicians, whose numbers had been swelled by princes, nobles, and men of the highest rank, from the parent country, to depend upon Greece to be initiated in the *artes liberales?* Was there any need for Phœnicians to be instructed by those whom they themselves had taught the art of writing and other sciences? Herodotus in-

forms us that the result of his inquiries as to the origin of the Gephyreans, enabled him "to say that they were Phœnicians, and of those who accompanied Cadmus into the region now called Bœotia, where they settled, having the district of Tanagria assigned them by lot. The Cadmians were expelled by the Argives; the Bœotians afterwards drove out the Gephyreans, who took refuge at Athens. The Athenians enrolled them among their citizens, under certain restrictions of trifling importance.

"The Phœnicians who came with Cadmus, and of whom the Gephyreans were a part, introduced, during their residence in Greece, the knowledge of various articles of science, and, among other things, letters, with which, as I conceive, the Greeks were before unacquainted." *

Lucan, long after Herodotus, alludes to this fact:

"Phœnices primi, famæ si creditur, ausi
Mansuram rudibus vocem signare figuris.
Nondum flumineas Memphis contenere biblos
Noverat, et saxis tantum volucresque feraque
Sculptaque servabant magicas animalia linguas." †

Which passage Rowe has rendered:

"Phœnicians first, if ancient fame be true,
The sacred mystery of letters knew;
They first by sound, in various lines designed,
Express the meaning of the thinking mind,
The power of words by figures rude convoyed,
And useful science everlasting made.
Then Memphis, ere the reedy leaf was known,
Engraved her precepts and her arts in stone;
While animals in various order plac'd
The learned hieroglyphic column grac'd."

* Terpsichore, c. lviii. † Luc. Pharsal. iii. 220 seq.

Homer, too, bears testimony to Phœnician skill:

"'This silver bowl, whose costly margins shine,
Enchased with gold, this valued gift be thine;
To me this present, of Vulcanian frame,
From Sidon's hospitable monarch came;
To thee we now consign the precious load,
The pride of kings, and labour of a god.'
Then gave the cup, while Megapenthe brought
The silver vase with living sculpture wrought." *

And again in the Iliad:

"And now succeed the gifts ordained to grace
The youths contending in the rapid race.
A silver urn that full six measures held,
By none in weight or workmanship excelled
Sidonian artists taught the frame to shine,
Elaborate, with artifice divine." †

Homer, Herodotus, Virgil, Lucan, and others, combine in bearing testimony to the artistic genius of the Phœnicians at a period when Greece was only beginning to learn, and when Rome had not even entered school. The inhabitants of Sidon are called by Homer ‡ *πολυδαίδαλοι*, when the future rival of the great Phœnician empire in Africa had, as yet, no idea of the rudiments of arts.

Phœnicians were the instructors of the Greeks, and Horace, a Roman, confesses—

"Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
Intulit agresti Latio"....

"Greece, subdued, allured her rude conqueror, and introduced her arts into unpolished Latium."

Greece having been instructed by the Phœnicians, was in her turn the teacher of Rome. It was then no hu-

* Odyssey, xv. 112, 117.

† Book xxiii. l. 863.

‡ Iliad, xxiii. 743.

miliation to the Romans to learn likewise from the Phœnicians themselves, when the opportunity offered itself. From the Phœnicians they learnt the art of constructing ships; from them they borrowed the sledge used in threshing out the corn, and actually called by Varro *Pœnicum plostellum;* a Punic or Carthaginian cart: from the Carthaginians, too, they learnt how to pave their roads. If then the Romans were in the habit of borrowing from the Carthaginians, why should it be considered anything so very extraordinary if we say that they learnt from them likewise the art of making mosaic pavements? Indeed the fact that they were only introduced into Rome (as Pliny informs us) by Sylla, who visited the ruins of her fallen rival, sufficiently indicates their origin; and the resemblance there exists between the Pompeian mosaics and some of those we dug up at Carthage (which unquestionably appertain to the Roman era), tends greatly to corroborate this opinion.

The houses of Carthage, we are told, were generally several stories in height, but the lower story alone appears to have been built of massive materials. The stones were not very evenly and regularly disposed. The architect evidently depended more upon the cement for the solidity of his structure, as well as for its durability, than upon the stones. The stories superposed had, what Pliny calls, *formacean* walls. These, he says, "are moulded, rather than built, by enclosing earth within a frame of boards, constructed on either side. These walls will last for centuries, are proof against rain, wind, and fire, and are superior in solidity to any cement. Even at this day Spain still beholds watch-towers that were erected by Hannibal, and turrets of earth placed

on the very summits of her mountains." * To this day walls are often constructed in this country in a similar manner, and although they possess great durability, yet are they not able to resist what solid stone work can do. A building having *formacean* walls, when it is pulled down, or when it falls into decay, is nothing but a heap of rubbish, and, in the course of years, it assumes the appearance of a natural mound. Drifting soil accumulating upon this prepares gradual layers for vegetation, so that, with time, not a vestige of a building is left above ground.

Carthaginian houses, partially destroyed by Roman troops, thus readily formed their own graves. The lower structure, which alone was able to retain its shape, was buried by the *formacean* walls. The pavement escaped the malice of the enemy, as well as the fierceness of the conflagration. The depth of earth upon the pavements depends, of course, upon the loftiness of the original edifice, and upon the causes which facilitated the accumulation of drifting soil. Generally speaking, the variation averages from ten to twenty feet.

With the exception of some of her public edifices, which were built of more resistible materials, Carthage, upon her destruction, soon assumed the appearance of a vast tomb. The poet's words,

> "Great Carthage low in ashes cold doth lie,
> Her ruins poor, the herbs in height can pass,"

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* "Quid? non in Africa Hispaniaque ex terra parietes, quos appellant formaceos, quoniam in forma circumdatis utrinque duabus tabulis infercluntur verius, quem instruuntur ævis durant, incorrupti imbribus, ventis, ignibus, omnique cæmento firmiores? Spectat etiam nunc speculas Hannibalis Hispania, terrenasque turres jugis montium impositas."—*Hist. Nat.* lib. xxxv. c. 48.

were literally applicable to her condition within a very few years after the enaction of the ever memorable tragedy which effected her fall.

It is therefore no wonder that the Romans, on restoring the city, and digging for the foundations of their buildings, often cut right through the most splendid mosaic pavements, of whose existence they were naturally ignorant. Such was the case with the one we have just discovered, as is more clearly shown from the ground-plan.

The two layers of pavement, which we had to break up before we came upon this mosaic, plainly indicate successive reconstructions, and consequently its remoter antiquity; and a thin strata of charcoal, which lay upon it, sufficiently proves the manner in which the original structure was destroyed, *viz.* by fire. The presence of charcoal, or the action of fire in some other way, was always clearly traced upon those mosaics to which we assign a Punic origin.

The bed upon which Punic mosaics were placed we found to be much thicker than that of the Roman, but its adhesive power had entirely perished. The stones peeled off with perfect ease, whilst the cement which joins the marbles is much stronger than those which are undoubtedly of the Roman period. The latter we were obliged to remove with the cement in which it was imbedded, varying in thickness from two inches to one foot, and is generally composed of lime, pounded bricks, and a sprinkling of ashes, whereas the only apparent ingredient in the Punic is lime. The cement in the remains of walls we found in connexion with the Roman mosaics was as firm as the stone itself, whereas in those of the Punic era the stones could be severed from it with

the most perfect ease. Generally speaking, too, we found Roman pavements at a depth varying from two to five or six feet, but Punic ones never under ten feet.

But it has been objected that the high artistic talent exhibited in this relic of antiquity does not correspond with the bas-reliefs, and the tracings of figures on the votive stones, which are beyond all doubt of a Punic date. They are, it is said, "of the rudest execution, evincing neither taste nor correctness: in short, [they are] perfectly uncouth." But, we answer, neither do the representations on the votive stones correspond with the beauty and elegance with which some of the inscriptions are executed. The objector ought to know that national religions have much of the conservative element within them, and deviations from old established customs are regarded as an approximation to heterodoxy. Hence much that "evinces neither taste nor correctness," and which, in short, is "perfectly uncouth," is retained with a fervid and religious zeal. Such a state of things existed among the Carthaginians also. But it is unfair to produce these conventional figures—these clumsy attempts of the very rudiments of art, retained only for religious purposes—in defiance of progress and the development of genius—and contrast them with productions which are the result of perfect mastery and skill, unrestrained by religious precepts. The rudely executed ram and the exquisite goddesses and priestesses of our mosaic, may therefore not only be the productions of cotemporary masters, but they may also be the work of one and the same individual.*

* The head of Astarte and the Horse, upon Punic coins, form in themselves a complete refutation of the calumny that Carthage was ignorant of the arts.

The priestesses before altars, the priestess dancing before an idol, of which the lower portion alone has been preserved, and the fragment of the one with the sistrum —an instrument known to the Egyptians, and retained among the Abyssinian Christians in the celebration of their religious services, as we learn from Bruce—as well as the presence of the representation of two deities, can leave no room for doubt regarding the character of the edifice where this pavement was found. It was a chapel dedicated to the four female divinities, Dido and Anna, Ceres and Proserpine.

If such were the ornaments of a chapel of minor deities, how gorgeous must have been the decorations of the temple of the supreme female deity! Unfortunately we are not in a position to produce any of its remains except votive tablets, some of which are inserted elsewhere. Virgil, who makes his hero, the "pious Æneas," admire the rising city of Carthage, thus speaks of this temple:

"Sidonian Dido here with solemn state
Did Juno's * temple build and consecrate,
Enrich'd with gifts, and with a golden shrine;
But more the goddess made the place divine.
On brazen steps the marble threshold rose,
And brazen plates the cedar beams enclose:
The rafters are with brazen cov'rings crown'd;
The lofty doors on brazen hinges sound.
What first Æneas in this place beheld
Reviv'd his courage, and his fear expell'd.
For while, expecting there the queen, he rais'd
His wand'ring eyes, and round the temple gaz'd,
Admir'd the fortune of the rising town,

* The Latins called Astarte, Juno. "Juno sine dubitatione ab illis [the Phœnicians] Astarte vocatur."—Prosper Aquit. De Providentia Lib. iii. c. 38.

The striving artists and their arts' renown—
He saw in order, painted on the wall,
Whatever did unhappy Troy befall—
The wars that fame around the world had blown,
All to the life, and every leader known.
There Agamemnon, Priam here, he spies,
And fierce Achilles who both kings defies.
* * * * *
Devouring what he saw so well design'd;
And with an empty picture fed his mind;
For there he saw the fainting Grecians yield,
And here the trembling Trojans quit the field,
Pursued by fierce Achilles through the plain,
On his high chariot driving o'er the slain.
* * * * *
The Trojan prince employs his eyes,
Fix'd on the walls with wonder and surprise." *

From this description of Virgil we can readily picture to our mind a most majestic edifice, gorgeously embellished and richly decorated. What a complete refutation is this of the opinion entertained by some, who profess to have paid attention to antiquity, but who look only for uncouth and rude relics of the Punic city as evidences of a want of taste, an absence of appreciation of, and a state of barbarous indifference to, arts and sciences, on the part of the inhabitants of Phœnician Carthage! Virgil's anachronism will undoubtedly be brought forward by those antiquarians, in opposition to the conclusion we draw from his description of the temple of Astarte, and yet they themselves do not hesitate to quote the poet of Andes to confirm certain points of topography. Virgil's anachronism was intentional, and necessary to the plan of his poem, whereas such a minute description of a public edifice, within the African

* *Æneis*, B. i. line 624, Dryden's Translation. Reference has already been made to this portion of Virgil, but for a different purpose.

metropolis, would have exposed him to censure and ridicule if it were merely an effusion of his own imagination, for in his time the people were better able to judge of the artistic taste of the Carthaginians than a *savant* of the present day can be expected to do.

But that Virgil's description of this temple must be correct will appear from the costly robes with which the goddess was decked out. Cicero informs us that Gelon had given "out of the spoils of the Carthaginians" a golden mantle, of great weight, to Jupiter Olympus. Dionysius, when he landed at Peloponnesus, went into the temple, disrobed the statue, and in jesting impiety observed that, "a golden mantle was too heavy in summer, and too cold in winter." He then threw a woollen cloak over the statue, and added, "this will serve for all seasons."* Whether it was the same cloak or shawl does not appear clear (the probability, however, is that it was another one), but we are told that the Carthaginians bought one from the same Dionysius for 120 talents, or 26,400*l.*! Having belonged to Juno Lacinia, it was only natural for the Carthaginians to present it to their Astarte. When it was exposed on Juno's feast, to which all Italy assembled, it excited general admiration,† and threw all other precious objects into the shade. It was of deep purple, in the form of a square, and was ornamented with embroidered designs and figures. Besides sacred animals there were upon it representations of Jupiter, Juno, Themis, Minerva, Apollo, and

* De Nat. Deor. c. xxxiv.

† At Carthage there appear to have been several of these robes. Athenæus cites from Polemo a separate work on the subject, entitled, *περὶ τῶν ἐν καρχεδόνι πεπλων.* Vide Creuzer's "Symbolik," ii. p. 406, sqq.

Venus, as well as the likeness of Alcimenes, and on each side Sybaris, the original donor.* Dureau de la Malle, and Mr. Franks, also think that this *peplos* was taken to Rome on the destruction of Carthage, and reconveyed to Carthage by the colony established by Gracchus, which placed itself under the special protection of the goddess. On the occasion of the extraordinary marriage celebrated by Elagabalus between his god Baal and the Cœlestis of Carthage, the *peplos*, no doubt, accompanied the statue of the goddess to Rome. It was certainly taken back to Carthage, as we learn from Trebellius Pollio that the Africans, on proclaiming Celsus emperor, invested him with it. Its ultimate fate is unknown; but the history we have of it is useful as serving to show the identity of the Dea Cœlestis with the old Punic divinity.

In the chapter on the "Religion of the Carthaginians," we have made the necessary remarks respecting the goddess herself. We shall here simply add, that her fame was so great that when Caius Gracchus brought his colony into Africa, with a view to raise Carthage from her ruins, twenty-three years after her destruction, he called his new town Junonia. This he probably did to gratify the Phœnicians, who might be induced to return to the site of their beloved Carthage, and dwell in a city especially placed under the patronage of their supreme female deity. Very likely too the restoration of the famous temple of the goddess, destroyed by Scipio, was the first care of the new colonists.

We know what the fate of this colony was, but we

* Arist. Mirab. Auscult. c. xcix. p. 200. Edit. Beckmann.

cannot help making an observation here upon the strange and mysterious dealings of Providence. The first Africanus, the victor of the battle of Zama, became the sport of the Roman populace, and the victim of malevolence. He was driven from Rome and passed his last days at Liternum, near Naples. The words still legible on his tomb are "*Ingrata patria.*" The younger Scipio, who destroyed Carthage, fared worse, for he was murdered by Caius Gracchus. Caius Gracchus attempted to restore Carthage, and was murdered by the agents of the Consul Opimius, who revoked the laws which had been enacted to re-establish that city.* Opimius was banished, and died at Derachium, in wretchedness and want.

But the temple of Astarte, we have said, was restored when Carthage became the capital of Roman Africa. It began to be less frequented when Christianity received the patronage of the Emperor Constantine; and in the year 399 A.D. an edict was issued by Manlius Theodorus and Flavius Eutropius, authorising the imperial authorities in Africa, to destroy the Pagan temples, and to break down the statues of the gods. The numerous difficulties which impeded the execution of this edict appear to have been great, for, notwithstanding imperial prohibitions, we find idolatrous worship in Carthage up to the year 407, when Honorius and Theodosius II. renewed the edict of their predecessors, and ordered the confiscation of the revenues of the various temples. But the edifice dedicated to Cœlestis seems to have escaped the hands of the iconoclasts, from some cause or other,† for, it appears,

* Plut. Vit. Caius Gracchus.

† The authorities probably thought it more prudent to begin with

that it was as late as 425 when it was consecrated as a Christian church, by Aurelius, bishop of Carthage. It was, however, finally demolished, and its site, as well as its environs, converted into a public burial-ground, and this in consequence of a belief in a prediction (which appears to have been circulated by the advocates of Paganism) that the goddess would again take possession of her temple, and restore her worship with greater pomp and magnificence than ever.

the demolition of the temples of the minor deities, since the destruction of an edifice consecrated to a deity so popular as Cœlestis, might, in all probability, have led to serious consequences—perhaps to an insurrection, and the massacre of the Christian population. Pagans in Carthage then believed in the restoration of their system, and in the speedy overthrow of the religion of the Nazarene, and such a belief might have stimulated them to acts of violence.

CHAPTER XI.

THE AFRICAN TOURIST.

DIFFICULTIES need not be sought: they will present themselves unsolicited in every profession and in every enterprise, in a variety of forms and shapes—never welcome yet always intrusive, and sure to appear when least expected. Very few, if any, are exempt from ascertaining this by experience, and yet how seldom are we prepared for difficulties, and how amazed are we when they do present themselves.

When I had cleared the mosaic, with which the reader is already acquainted, the difficulty of removing it never crossed my mind; but when I commenced making the attempt to detach a portion with its decayed bed of cement, and found the marbles above severing themselves from it, whilst the bed itself crumbled to pieces; when I perceived how every stroke of the hammer, and every effort made with the crow-bar, threatened destruction to the exquisite designs and charming figures before me, I stopped operations, and at once resolved to seek aid and advice.

At Tunis there lives a tall, cadaverous-looking Maltese, whose occupation is, and has been for many years past, to make various little ornaments, of the different kinds, of marble picked up on the site of Carthage, of which he

disposes to the travellers, who, from time to time, visit the ruins. An estimate of the man's talent and powers of judgment may be formed from the fact I am about to record. I once gave him a commission to make a small slab for a table, the centre of which was to bear the ornament of the horse and the palm-tree, with the ominous, and ever memorable, inscription—*Delenda est Carthago.* The design was carefully prepared for him. After numerous disappointments the commission was executed, in the rudest possible style, with the omission of the *h* in *Carthago.* On having his attention directed to this error he offered to rectify it, and after a lapse of some weeks he returned with the slab, and, grinning with satisfaction, he pointed to the inscription, mumbling out, "*Ecco, Signore, adesso avete la lettera h.*" The *h* was certainly this time in the word, but it was just before the *t*, and *Carthago* was distorted into *Carhtago.* Being told that the *h* was not in the right place, and that it ought to be after the letter *t*, he readily, and most good-naturedly, undertook to make the alteration. The slab was again removed, and brought back, in the course of eight, or ten, days. He evidently anticipated my approval this time; but on perceiving the contrary he exclaimed, with a degree of indignation, "Sir, you yourself told me to put the *h* after the *t*, which I have done, and yet you are dissatisfied: surely you are hard to please." The word was now spelled *Cartagho;* he was, therefore, so far right that the *h* was after the *t*, but I was unsuccessful in my efforts to convince him as to the proper position of the unfortunate letter, although he finally consented to give it its legitimate place.

Such is a specimen of the ability of the individual to whom I was compelled to have recourse for aid in my present difficulty; but he was not the first whose services I had enlisted. The most able masons the city of Tunis could command, and strongly recommended to me by an architect and engineer, under whose direction they operated, had already too palpably demonstrated their inability to execute the work they had undertaken.

The Maltese, with his two assistants, made their appearance at the excavations, supplied with the necessary tools. Having examined the mosaic, the chief expressed sanguine hopes of success, which was confirmed by his two helps. But the *h* in the word *Carthago* was too fresh in my memory, and hence I was not without misgivings, notwithstanding their repeated assurances, "*Ora lei vederà como lo faremo noi*" ("Now you will see how we shall do it").

Each side of the mosaic was ornamented by two trees (perhaps the *lotus* or *silphium*), placed in a vase, the tops of which met in a circular ornament. To the right we found the lower tree perfect, as well as the ornament; of the upper tree a portion of the top alone was left. Upon this I resolved to try the skill of the Maltese.

A piece about three feet square was marked out, through which they sawed to a depth of about two feet. They then cleared the earth beneath the cement, supporting the top with stones, to prevent it from breaking down. Two days were employed in this operation, and late in the evening of the second day I was informed that the piece was ready for removal. The requisite force of Arabs was immediately called, every step was taken in the preparatory arrangements, and all under the

complete directions of the *capo maestro,* "chief master;" I simply stood by watching every progress with extreme anxiety. The Arabs were arranged and everything else adjusted. The command to "*lift*" was given: but this was no sooner obeyed than the whole crumbled to pieces. I gave full expression to my disappointment. I was in despair. I wished, and wished sincerely, I had rather never beheld this beautiful relic of Punic art than be the cause of its barbarous destruction by piecemeal.

The *capo maestro,* seeing the effect his want of success had upon me, was prudent enough to remain silent for a few minutes. With clasped hands he gazed at the havoc he had caused, casting occasional side glances at me. The Arabs stood motionless. Ali Kareema sneaked away, either apprehensive of more serious consequences, or in disgust of Nazarene ignorance. The wind was howling its shrill notes among the solitary ruins, and the shades of evening were fast thickening around us. Everything in our immediate vicinity had the appearance as if some unheard-of crime had either been committed, or was on the very point of being perpetrated.

The *capo maestro* at last gave vent to his suppressed feelings, and said, "Sir, we have done our utmost to carry out your wishes; but I am convinced that the *santissima Madonna* herself cannot perform this work, and how can you expect us, mere mortals, to do it?"

The watchman took his post and we all dispersed.

My agitated state of mind prevented me from sleeping that night. Early the following morning I was visited by a Roman nobleman, interested in antiquities, to whom I communicated a new process by which I proposed to

remove the mosaic. A coating of gypsum above, as well as the present operation, had proved unsuccessful; I therefore now conceived the idea of securing some adhesive substance with which I contemplated to fasten canvass on the surface of the mosaic. I then hoped to be able to sever the marbles from the bed of cement by means of sharp instruments. It struck me that pitch would answer the purpose; but as pitch discolours marble, I decided upon using common carpenters' glue. My friend approved of the plan, but suggested inserting paper between the layer of mosaic and the canvas, the utility of which I certainly could not conceive. We, however, at once proceeded to the excavations to experiment upon our respective methods. He selected a piece of the rich border, about a foot in length, whilst I chose another double the size. Early the following morning I proceeded to test the effect, and found that whilst his canvas peeled off from the paper, leaving the border untouched, mine came up with the mosaic, which was so firmly attached to it, that I could carry it about with perfect impunity. "*Ba-ba-ba!*" now ejaculated Ali, "I have all along thought that *árfi* alone would ultimately discover the right way of raising the *tasweraat* (images); *t'baarck Allah* (blessed be God) for such profound wisdom!"

It was certainly evident, beyond all doubt, that I had at last hit upon a right (if not the only) method of removing these antiquities.

We now set to work to divide the mosaic into sizes convenient for embarkation, having due regard to each piece not to interfere with the designs, or in any way to damage the figures. We simply removed one or

two lines of the marbles, and then slightly deepened the division with a chisel. The canvas was then glued on, and allowed to remain about eight hours. When perfectly dry we worked our way immediately beneath the layer of marbles until it was quite free from the cement. We then placed a board (slightly larger than the piece of mosaic) upon it, and nailed the canvas, on one side only, to one of its edges. It was now ready for "reversion." A number of Arabs (varying according to the size and weight of the piece) were placed on the side where the canvas was fastened to the board, with instructions to raise it steadily at a given signal. Opposite to them another number of men were in readiness to receive it, and to let it gently down.

The piece of mosaic—now, of course, with its face downwards—was conveyed to the shed, where all the particles of ancient cement, still adhering to it, were carefully removed. The carpenter then fastened a cornice round the board, about one inch in depth, thus converting it into a flat case. We now poured the gypsum of the country into it, and screwed a lid tightly down upon it. In about twelve hours' time we reversed the case, and unscrewed the board which had hitherto served as a bottom. The canvas was well saturated with water until the glue was quite softened, which enabled us to remove it. The mosaic was now again before us in all its freshness and beauty: indeed, by this process of removal many of its imperfections were rectified. The face of Ceres, for instance, had a rather deep hollow in one of the cheeks, which was now restored to its original evenness.

Twenty days were employed in removing the whole mosaic, and upwards of three months in encasing it.

Most of the hard work fell to my own share. Some of my Arabs were digging; but those whose assistance I occasionally required had a happy time of it—a time to their own satisfaction and heart's content—a time of perfect indolence. Whilst I was on my knees glueing on the canvas, or loosening a figure from the cement, they were, for hours, basking in the sun, either perfectly mute —their *dolce far niente*—or they were amusing themselves by narrating the most extravagant and wild legends—a kind of entertainment the charms of which, according to their mode of thinking, cannot be surpassed.

My occupations prevented me from listening attentively, so that I am unable to record any *in toto*, but the following specimen will serve as a fair substitute. Let us entitle it

THE AFRICAN TOURIST.

Circumstances of a nature it is immaterial to detail, once constrained me to take refuge for shelter among a mountain-tribe of Arabs, in the vicinity of the French frontiers, but which indisputably belongs to the Regency of Tunis. The weather being boisterous, I had to keep within the miserable straw hovel, which was speedily filled by a host of visitors. The owner of the *mansion* was kind and affable, and so were almost all those who crowded round me, with the exception of one little thievish-looking scoundrel, whose villainy was distinctly depicted in his countenance. He was for ever talking; and in the course of one short hour had quarrelled with almost every one in the place. His constant theme was morality; and yet licentiousness, and a host of con-

comitant vices, were all compressed within the small compass of his heart, as his whole demeanour distinctly indicated. He belonged to a particular brotherhood of Moslems, and could see no good in any other, and therefore railed and raved against all. Like the fabulous scorpion, he sometimes appeared to strike himself; and I doubt whether any present, but one—and that one his companion—would have lamented his fate, had he, like that reptile, perished by his own venom. I bore with my unpleasant visitor as long as I could, and then desired the sheikh of the group of huts, either to have the deluded enthusiast removed, or to take me to another place. In a few minutes the hut was thinned; and as little Said, with his huge follower, were leaving, they swore that not one of those who remained with me would be admitted into the regions of bliss. And, if my informant can be credited, which I very much doubt, Said had the intention of lodging a ball in my head, on account of having been prevented remaining in the same apartment with me.

Notwithstanding the insolent little man's threat, about half-a-dozen of the more respectable mountaineers continued during the evening with me. My spare appetite led my friends to draw a comparison between me and Boo-Charoof, a famous giant of Gabes, personally known to one of the parties present, who declared that he had seen him eat a lamb and a dish *coscosó*, which would ordinarily satisfy at least twelve men; and as the proverb inculcates to plant first and then to water, the giant, accordingly, completed his repast with seven quarts of buttermilk. "But strange to say," our friend added, "his courage was far from being equal, either

to his appetite, or his enormous size. His strength was great indeed: he could lift a horse and overthrow a camel, but exhibited his timidity before any man of the most ordinary courage. On one occasion he drove before him four asses laden with grain, and, on reaching the river Miliana* of Gabes, he found the water too deep for the animals; he therefore relieved them of their burden, placing the four large bags on his broad shoulders, and, with perfect ease, carried them to the opposite bank. As he deposited the bags, he exclaimed, with a degree of self-satisfaction, 'Oh, Boo-Charoof, would that your courage were equal to your strength!' Amid the bushes, near him, were secreted a party of banditti, of the Hamama tribe, who, though anxious to possess themselves of his property, had been so astounded and intimidated by his extraordinary feats, that they had resolved to let him pass unmolested. But on hearing his own confession, they simultaneously rushed upon him, rifled his pockets, and drove off his asses with the corn, leaving him bound on the spot."

Some few minutes were spent upon desultory remarks on the moral to be drawn from the character of the giant, which may be summed up in this ethical sentence:—Neither sound your trumpet, nor be too ready to proclaim your peculiar frailty, since men are sure to be disgusted with your own praises, and are but too apt to discover your failings,—neither will be advantageous to you.

* There are several rivers in this country by this name. The Catada of the ancients is called Miliana. The word, however, means "full," and is given to flowing rivers, in opposition to those whose beds are dry in the summer.

Having exhausted this subject, one of my own party, a notary of Tunis, of the name of Ali, observed that he knew a man who was far more extraordinary than Boo-Charoof, not from any peculiarity about himself, but from his unparalleled wanderings in distant regions, and the wonders which have come under his notice. An unanimous invitation to favour the party with the particulars being readily complied with, the large wooden dish which had contained the supper was quickly removed, pipes were lit, the fire was supplied with fresh fuel, the circle drawn closer, and Sidy Ali commenced *Haj Hamed's* narrative in *the great African tourist's* own words:

"'About twenty years ago,' Haj Hamed relates, 'I left Tunis, in the company of a number of pilgrims, to visit the tomb of the Prophet (peace be upon him!) and to comply with the injunctions of our holy religion. What I have seen in Egypt and in Arabia, or in the holy cities of Mecca and Medina, is only what has often been related, and what every one has heard. Having completed the prescribed days of the pilgrimage, I informed my companions that I had determined not to return with them, but to proceed to view the wonders of God's creation. Some tried to dissuade me, but I persisted in my resolution, and took ship to a place right over against Jeddah, on the African coast. Proceeding onwards in the direction of the setting sun, I reached, after three months' hard toil, the region of the Beni Kelaab. The country appeared rich and well-cultivated, and God's goodness was manifestly exhibited in every direction. On approaching the houses, I was met by a dogheaded man, and soon after by another

and another. Terror seized hold of me; but as their signs to me had nothing of a hostile nature, I followed them into one of the houses, where I found more dogheaded men, and some of the finest women I ever beheld in my life. The women gave me a very kind and hearty reception, which at once dispelled all my suspicious fears. They informed me that the men of the whole region were the same as those before me; that they were all dumb, conversed only by signs, and were not only perfectly harmless, but extremely kind. Indeed, truth compels me to confess that the affable treatment I received in that part was boundless. They entreated me to remain among them, and to marry the finest women in the country. This I declined to do. The Beni Kelaab are Mussulmans, and have their mosques, but, of course, their prayers are not audible. The prostrations are, however, strictly according to the orthodox rites of the Malakiah. Their judicature and all public transactions are conducted by signs, and the women take no part in them.' "

"*Allah Kabeer!* God is great!" exclaimed one of the party. "We hate the dogs, and regard them as detestable creatures (though it is true the Moslems of Gabes eat them), and yet there are dogs who are true believers."

The whole party acquiesced in the remark, and Sidy Ali continued. "'On leaving the Beni Kelaab,' Haj Hamed relates, 'a number of men and women accompanied me to the frontiers of their region, supplied me with provisions and other presents, and I proceeded to the country of the Yam-Yam—the distance between which is about two weeks' journey.

"'The Yam-Yam, some of whom profess the faith of the Coran, are generally pagans. On my arrival they gave me a hearty welcome, and treated me with kindness; but I soon discovered that they had abominable practices, and was heartily disgusted with them. Their dress is partly like that of the true believers, but I found that all the children of either sex, who ran about in a perfect state of nudity, had short tails, about two or three inches in length. On my expressing my surprise at this they laughed most heartily, and seemed quite astounded when I told them that that appendage was foreign to all nations I had till then seen. "What," said they, "human beings without tails? Wonderful! what a blessing that we are not born in those parts where the people are thus defective!" From that day I was an object of ridicule to all parties, and was generally called *the tailless fellow.*

"'But my abhorrence of these people was caused by their diabolic practice of eating their fellow creatures. No sooner is one taken ill than he becomes the food of the community, and hence you never see any sick, nor is such a thing as a burial ground known among them.'"

"*Ajaib* (wonderful)!" ejaculated one of the listeners. "Surely this is strange and marvellous that there should be dogs who are true believers, gentle and kind, and men with tails, unbelievers, and devouring each other. But is Haj Hamed a man of veracity?"

Ali was on the point of defending the character of his friend, whose truthfulness had thus been questioned, when he was interrupted by another of the party, who in utter astonishment exclaimed, "*La Khaul wela kowat illa billabi* (there is neither power nor might but with the

omnipotent)! You men amaze me! You imagine that there is nothing more in the world than what you see in your immediate vicinity, and if you are told of anything the like of which is not to be found in your limited locality, you immediately question its reality. Believe me, I could tell you things which would make you stare much more than what Sidy Ali has told you. What would you say if I were to relate to you about the people who live under the great sea; or of those gigantic men who carry mountains—yes! large mountains, on their shoulders, in whose eyes lions are mere cats, and two of whom are ample to defeat the whole of the Bey's army—ay! three to destroy a fort like Sevastopool, and half-a-dozen to annihilate the whole of the Russian army?"

This homily prepared the audience for every extravagance that might follow. As soon as the speaker had paused for a moment to take breath, all ejaculated in chorus, "*Istajhfar Allah* (may God be merciful)!" and he quickly added, "Now let me tell you, in confirmation of what Sidy Ali has related, that I have seen, with my own eyes, a woman of the Yam-Yam. She was on sale at Tunis, before the abolition of slavery, and her visage I shall never forget. Her face resembled that of a monkey, and was full of savage expression. Her teeth were more numerous than ours, and were much smaller. Some negroes near her told me that she was sick, because she had been so long without human flesh, and on the way through the desert, when any of the slaves died, the drivers had the greatest difficulty to force her away from the dead body, so eager was she to feed upon it. I have, moreover, seen a woman who has made her escape from the country of the Beni Kelaab, and her

account strictly harmonizes with that of Haj Hamed, as related by Sidy Ali."

The last-named individual seemed highly delighted at the general satisfaction which this corroboration produced, and before proceeding with his narration he administered a rebuke to the sceptics in these terms:

"Oh, Moslems, cease to be so stubborn! When will you learn something? If Haj Hamed had been addicted to falsehood, he would not have performed the pilgrimage to *Bait Allah* the house of God [Mecca]; and, surely, after having performed that pilgrimage, he certainly would not be guilty of direct falsehood."

Such logic was irresistible. It had the desired effect, for the party asked *semach* (pardon). The notary then endeavoured to resume his narrative, but was again interrupted by the former speaker, who produced further evidence, equally conclusive, of the circumstances related. He informed the hearers that a certain Haj Tahar, well known in Tunis for his skill in botany and mineralogy, had been to the country of the Yam-Yam, and his report, of what he had seen, minutely harmonised with that of Haj Hamed. Tahar was an eccentric man, but made extraordinary use of plants for medicinal purposes. His knowledge of minerals was likewise remarkable. His time was spent in researches throughout this country. A few years ago he was out on such an expedition, accompanied by a man of rather doubtful character, who returned and reported that the Haj, having descended into a pit which had been dug by them in search of a vein of gold, the earth gave way, and the poor man was buried alive; that all efforts to save him had proved ineffectual. Many persons doubted the story, particu-

larly as the man has since proved very rich and quitted the country. However, nothing has since been heard of the old botanist, who, previous to his disappearance, is reported to have stated that the finest and purest specimen of gold that he had ever seen was in the Yam-Yam country.

The notary being at length permitted to continue, he proceeded, still personating the great traveller, on this wise:

"'During my residence among the Yam-Yam,' Haj Hamed relates, 'I witnessed many horrible sights. One young man who had become attached to me, and whose comparatively gentle disposition had endeared him to me, whom I had resolved to initiate in the principles of our religion, was one day slightly indisposed. I immediately administered something to him in the hopes of restoring his health. He however grew worse, and no sooner was this observed by an aged man, than grasping his immense club, he rushed upon the suffering youth, and with one fearful blow felled him to the ground, and repeating this once more, life was soon extinct.

"'O! base wretch,' I exclaimed, 'surely the devil is the author of your religion, cursed be both; is there no pity in your breast even for those of your own family?'

"'Ignorant man that you are,' replied the aged Yam-Yam, 'have you yourself not seen the evident signs that the spirit has called him? Did you not observe how he tormented the youth, because he required him? And am I, his own father, witnessing this, not to send him? Is our nation to be subject to the fury and wrath of the spirit by disobedience? I tell you I have lived long

enough, as you may see, by my grey hair, to know the requirements and principles of our religion. Is he not more happy now? Call him and see whether he will return—whether he will leave the spirit of the Yam-Yam people, and come to you? You are ignorant, because you are no Yam-Yam.'

"'The rage of the old assassin increased, and the people, attracted by his fearful vociferations, flocked round us in great numbers, which so terrified me, that I willingly confessed my ignorance in order to propitiate the unnatural parent, and to pacify the rage of the people, which appeared to be boundless. They gnashed with their teeth, uttered most hideous shrieks, and I expected every instant to fall a victim to their fury. The old man however calmed down, and, approaching me, made signs of peace. My life was then spared.

"'In the evening the dwelling of the old man was a scene of feasting and merriment; his own son, horrible to relate! forming the principal dish at the banquet.—

"'May Allah cause us to die in the true faith!'"

To this aspiration the assembly devoutly responded "Amen."

"Haj Hamed," Sidy Ali proceeded (now changing from the first to the third person), "resolved to quit the abode of these brutal savages, for he feared that his life was in danger. Indeed one night he was on the point of being massacred. The scenes he had witnessed during the day gave him restless nights. His fearful groanings attracted the attention of his host, who instantly rose and with his club in his hand, stood before him. At this moment the Haj awoke, and on asking what the savage was about, he replied,

"'I thought that the spirit had called you, and I was on the point of sending you to him!'

"At first the Haj was half stupefied and half terrified, but collecting himself he said,

"'No, the spirit has not *called me*, but he has spoken to me, and told me to carry my book (the Coran) to the Beni Eryaan, of whom you have so often spoken to me.'

"'And do you intend,' rejoined the host, 'to obey the command of the spirit?'

"'Undoubtedly,' answered the pilgrim, 'how can I do otherwise?'

"The whole neighbourhood was at once informed by this Yam-Yam that he had heard the spirit giving a commission to the stranger, who was willing to obey it.

"The joy of the most devout was great, and they resolved to accompany him part of the way.

"On the following morning a number, amounting to forty, escorted the Haj about twelve miles, and on leaving him they exhorted him not to change his mind, but punctually to execute the order of the spirit of the Yam-Yam, which he promised to do.

"Haj Hamed said, 'The deliverance from this people was the greatest I ever had, and *alhamdu lillahi ala col ehaal* (praised be God for everything), for had I been taken ill among them they would most certainly have killed and eaten me too.'"

The remainder of the details of our great African tourist my companion again gave in the traveller's own words.

"'Parting with these *johala* (pagans),' Hamed says, 'I proceeded alone, and breathed again the free and

fresh air. Though I was ignorant of what might still be before me, yet I could not conceive that it was possible for me to fall in with more degraded, and debased, infidels.

"'Ten days' journey brought me into the country of the Beni Eryaan, whose first place I found quite empty of inhabitants. Not a living soul was to be seen in any of the streets, and all was perfectly still. But there was, notwithstanding this, an air of tranquillity, and of peace, wherever I went, and the interior of the huts, which were left open, presented the same aspect. The people dwelling here, I thought, must be true believers, for the security in which they live amply proves it. This reflection confirmed my confidence. I therefore made bold and entered one of the huts. From the rafters were suspended quantities of dates, each one of which weighed, at least, half a pound. I also saw large dishes of milk and very fine loaves of bread, and, as I was hungry, I partook freely of the food, and found everything excellent. Having thus refreshed myself, I stretched my weary limbs upon a mat, and, putting my confidence in Him who has hitherto preserved me, I was soon in a sound sleep.

"'How long I was in that state I cannot tell; suffice it to say that the sweet voices of females, whose gay and merry laugh greeting my ears, awoke me, and spoke peace and tranquillity to my soul.

"'They smiled when they saw me opening my eyes, and said, "Who are you, stranger?"

"'"I am a guest of the Almighty," I replied, "a pilgrim from *Bait Allah*, who has sought shelter under your roof, and now asks your pardon for having made so bold without your permission."

"'"Welcome, welcome, pilgrim!" they unanimously exclaimed. "You have indeed deprived us of the privilege," one of them added, "of inviting you to partake of our hospitality; but this is amply repaid by the honour we have of lodging a Haj from Mecca under our roof."

"'Are you then Moslems?' I asked.

"'"Verily, we are," was the answer, "and we bear testimony that there is no God but God, and that Mohammed is the apostle of God."

"'I could scarcely contain my joy when I heard again the sweet melody of this formula of our religion from the lips of woman. I invoked happiness upon those through whose efforts the knowledge of the true religion reached these distant regions.

"'Addressing them again, I said, "Oh, true believers, join me in offering up thanks for being again among those who bear testimony to Mohammed, and for having escaped from the hands of the Yam-Yam."

"'A sudden shudder seized hold upon them on hearing this name.

"'"Yam-Yam!" they exclaimed. "Maledictions upon those wild beasts! And have you been in their grasp? Truly God is great and merciful in protecting the faithful. Sooner would we enter the den of the lion, and rather would we be at the mercy of the tiger, than be in the power of those monsters. You are more than a Haj, you are even a dervish, saint."

"'We were just devoutly repeating the *Fatha* (first chapter of the Coran) when the men returned from the fields, and readily joined us.

"'As soon as our devotions were ended, the men welcomed me as heartily as the women had done. During

the two months I lived among them I was paraded about from hut to hut, and from village to village. They then loaded me with presents, and I departed for Bornou, whence I made my way to Ghadames and Tripoly, and thence returned to Tunis.'"

When the notary had finished, the whole party thanked him for his narration, and unanimously agreed that Haj Hamed was indeed a very great traveller. Whether I shall be thanked for printing it remains to be proved. One thing I may add, and that is that the little Arab Quilp scolded me on the following morning for preferring to listen to Sidy Ali in preference to his rhapsodies.

The reader will, of course, form his own estimate of the nature of the ethnological and geographical information which Haj Hamed has secured for the benefit of the literary world. To aid him, however, in forming his decision, I must direct his attention, for a few minutes more, to some of the details given above.

The "father of historians," who had his information from a Carthaginian, speaks also of the Cynocephali, a race of men with the heads of dogs. The only discrepancy I find in Haj Hamed's account is with reference to the locality; for Herodotus places them far more north-west.

"The Ausenses," he says, "on the western part of the river Triton, border on those Lybians who cultivate the earth and have houses, and are called Moxyes: these people suffer their hair to grow on the right side of their head, but not on the left; they stain their bodies with vermilion, and pretend to be descended from the

Trojans. This region, and indeed all the more western parts of Libya, is more woody, and more infested with wild beasts, than that where the Libyan Nomades reside; for the abode of the latter, advancing eastward, is low and sandy. From hence westward, where those inhabit who till the ground, it is mountainous, full of wood, and abounding in wild beasts; here are found serpents of an enormous size, lions, elephants, bears, asps, and asses with horns. Here also are the Cynocephali, as well as the Acephali, who, if the Libyans may be credited, have their eyes in their breasts; they have, moreover, men and women who are wild and savage; and many ferocious animals, whose existence cannot be disputed." *

With reference to the more extraordinary of these two nations, I may add, that St. Augustine assures us that he had seen the Acephali of both sexes. Othello, in Shakespeare, also speaks of the

> "Cannibals that each other eat;
> The Anthropophagi; and men whose heads
> Did grow beneath their shoulders."

Whether Herodotus has been misinformed as to the locality the dog-headed men inhabited, or whether they have migrated to Central Africa, where the Haj professes to have seen them (as many other nations who formerly dwelt on the northern outskirts of the great desert, as, for instance, Twareg, have done), I will not undertake to say. I can only tell that I have traversed the region where Herodotus places them, and have neither seen nor heard of any traces of them. Their existence is, however, firmly believed by all North Africans.

* Herod. lib. iv. chap. cxci.

Some are of opinion that the Cynocephali whom Apollonius Rhodius calls ἡμὶ κύνες, half dogs, are only a species of baboons. There is, also, no doubt entertained, in this part of the world, of the existence of the nation of Yam Yam, or Niam Niam,* as they are likewise called. Several persons, whose credibility I have no reason to doubt, have positively assured me that they have met with negroes of that nation, and have examined the distinctive feature which characterizes them.

Notwithstanding all that I have said, I have a presentiment that some of my readers, after the perusal of this chapter, will call to mind the following paragraph from Horace Walpole:—"I am so put to it for something to say, that I would make a memorandum of the most improbable things that could be invented; as the old Duchess of Rutland does when she is told of some strange casualty,—'Lucy, child, step in the next room, and set that down.' 'Lor', madam,' says Lady Lucy, 'it can't be true!' 'Oh, no matter, child; it will do for news into the country next post.'"

* See Pausanias in Atticis, lib. i. chap. 23.

CHAPTER XII.

THE RELIGION OF THE CARTHAGINIANS.

NATIONAL religion has much more to do with the character, moral and physical, of a people than is often admitted and is generally supposed. In individuals moral virtues, and moral depravities, develop themselves in proportion to their adherence to the precepts of the creed they profess. Every individual is governed, in his actions, by what can be reduced to, what may be denominated, religious sentiments, and these are either the creation of others, or they are of modified forms to suit particular tastes; and since nations are made up of individuals, the same holds true of nations. But individuals and nations are often above, and superior to, the precepts of their creed, so that we repeatedly find the professors of a cruel and intolerant religion acting in a humane and liberal spirit. Such results, however, are oftener produced by other causes, and a virtuous act is then either the result of absolute necessity, or it may be performed from interested motives; and in these cases all merit for humanity and toleration vanishes. So convinced were ancient legislators and politico-religious impostors of the fact that religion—or rather superstition, as it is called by classic writers—was the spring of action by which man can be swayed, that they invariably

secured, either the prosperity of a people, if honest, or their own ambition, if dishonest, upon this great rock. That sentiment and knowledge of our relation to the Deity, and of the great consequences flowing from it, which constitutes man a religious being, has, in numerous instances, been employed to effect the most stupendous revolutions; or, under the pretence of modifying an established system, it has been distorted and prostituted for the vilest purposes. That *sentiment* is the source to which we may trace the prosperity and calamity of nations; from it have sprung sublime and heroic acts, atrocious and diabolic deeds; it has called into existence chaste and refined taste; and to it we must ascribe degrading and grovelling practices—all which form the burden of the pages of history.

Is it then to be wondered at that genuine patriotism has ever been opposed to rash interferences with the established systems of religion of a country? And that true patriots have always regarded with extreme jealousy any attempt calculated to unsettle the popular mind? Indeed that spirit has, in all ages, prevailed to such an extent that it has repeatedly operated to the exclusion of true religion and the spread of genuine moral principles; but notwithstanding this, when the opposition emanated from a pure desire to protect the country's good, the culpability is considerably lessened. Much more censurable are those who have manifested an utter regardlessness on the subject, and have looked upon the question of a country's religion as perfectly foreign to the business of the legislature. Legislation, I admit, ought not to be restricted to the exclusion of all evidence in favour of new doctrines; but when incontrovertible

proof is not produced, and in the absence of an infallible guide to discern the true from the false, the good from the bad, it was considered safer, either to incorporate foreign systems of creeds, and identify them with the deities already received; or else, to banish them and prohibit their exercise altogether.

The philosophic historian, Polybius, has a passage which strongly bears on this subject, and is well worthy of perusal. Speaking of Rome, he says:—"Among all the useful institutions that demonstrate the superior excellence of the Roman government, the most considerable, perhaps, is the opinion which the people are taught to hold concerning the gods; and that which other men regard as an object of disgrace, appears in my judgment to be the very thing by which the republic is chiefly sustained—I mean superstition, which is impressed with all its terrors, and influences both the private actions of the citizens, and the public administration of the state also, in a degree that can scarcely be exceeded. This may appear astonishing to many; to me it is evident that the contrivance was at first adopted for the sake of the multitude. For, if it were possible that a state could be composed of wise men only, there would be no need, perhaps, of any such invention. But, as the people universally are fickle and inconstant, filled with irregular desires, precipitate in their passions, and prone to violence, there is no way left to restrain them but by the dread of things unseen, and by the pageantry of terrifying fiction. The ancients therefore acted not absurdly, nor without good reason, when they inculcated the notions concerning the gods, and the belief in infernal punishments; but much more are those of the present

age to be charged with rashness and absurdity in endeavouring to extirpate these opinions. For, not to mention other effects that flow from such an institution—it among the Greeks, for example, a single talent only be entrusted to those who have the management of any of the public money, though they give ten written sureties, with as many seals, and twice as many witnesses, they are unable to discharge the trust reposed in them with integrity. But the Romans, on the other hand, who in the course of their magistracies, and in embassies, disburse the greatest sums, are urged by the single obligation of an oath to perform their duty with inviolable honesty. And as, in other states, a man is rarely to be found whose hands are pure from public robbery, so among the Romans it is no less rare to discover one that is tainted with this crime."*

Honour and honesty then were the result of superstition, or the religion, as propagated in those days; what must the effect be of a purer system upon the hearts of those who strictly adhere to the principles it inculcates? Men, therefore, expose themselves to the charge of rashness, who profess hostility to existing systems of religion, without having it in their power to

* Polyb. lib. vi. 3. In Book xvi. Ex. iv. Polybius exposes some wonderful stories and supernatural acts attributed to some of the statues of the gods: and whilst doing this he betrays his own weakness on, what we may call, *pious frauds*. "When things of this sort," he says, "tend only to preserve in vulgar minds a reverential awe of the divinity, writers may sometimes be excused if they employ their pains in recounting miracles, and in framing legendary tales. But nothing which exceeds that point should be allowed. It is not easy, perhaps, to fix in every instance the exact bounds of this indulgence; yet neither is it absolutely impossible. My opinion is, that ignorance and falsehood may be admitted in a small degree; and when they are carried farther, that they ought to be exploded."

substitute for it anything better. If people are bad with a religion, how much worse would they be without one! If vices and crimes are prevalent in a country wherein a religion dominates,—what frightful, what horrid, scenes would be perpetrated in that country if every vestige of that religion were expunged?

Gross ignorance of the ramifications of the human heart, or a malicious propensity which delights in confusion and hails discord, can alone advocate a principle the tendency of which is to leave a nation without a religion.

The mythology of the nations of antiquity, though a most interesting study, is in its origin, nature, and connexion, surrounded with numerous difficulties. Such is the case even with Greek and Roman mythology; how much greater, then, is the difficulty, when it relates to a nation like the Carthaginians, whose literature has perished, and whose very history we must, to so great an extent, collect, by fragments, from their enemies? Mythology is a "great panorama of religious ideas and conceptions,"—a floating mass of variegated error, impregnated with particles of truth, and is to true religion what astrology is believed to be to astronomy, or what the feudal system is to a constitutional government. But in searching after truth, it is only proper that we investigate the causes of error. Such an investigation, however, is foreign to our purpose, since our object is not to ascertain how, and from what motives, the Carthaginians came to adopt certain divinities, but rather to point out the various deities they worshipped, as well as to state other facts connected with their religion.

It was only natural for emigrants to carry with them, to their new settlement, the religion, the customs and

habits of the mother country. This the Carthaginians did, and thus introduced among the barbarous nations of North Africa, not only the degree of civilization, the arts and sciences, and the literature then possessed by Tyre, but, with all these, also the religious practices of Phœnicia.

The Phœnician theory of cosmogony has been handed down to us in fragments, from one of their own writers. Sanchoniathon, born either at Tyre, or at Berytus, flourished a few years before the Trojan War, and wrote, in his native language, a history, in nine books, wherein he gave an account of the theology and antiquities of his own country, and of the neighbouring states. His materials were taken from the records which were generally kept in temples, and his work was translated into Greek, in the reign of the emperor Adrian, by Philo, a native of Byblus. A few fragments only of this translation are now extant, and for these we are indebted to Eusebius of Cæsarea.

According to this Phœnician author, the first principle of the universe was "a dark and spiritual air, or a spirit of dark air, and a turbid, obscure chaos; and that these things were infinite, and for many ages had no bounds; but when the spirit was affected with love towards its own principles, and a mixture followed, that conjunction was called desire. This was the beginning of the formation of all things; but the spirit did not acknowledge its own production. From this conjunction of the spirit was begotten *Mot* [confusion, dispersion?], and of this came the seed of all creatures, and the generation of the universe. That there were certain animals which had no sense, from which proceeded intelligent animals, called *Zophasemin*—the contemplators

of heaven, being formed alike, in the shape of an egg, immediately that *Mot*, with the sun, moon, stars, and the largest constellation, burst forth. That the air, being intensely enlightened by the violent degree of heat, communicated to the sea and earth, so that winds were generated, and clouds, and great descents and defluxions of the heavenly waters; and when they were separated, and drawn from their proper place, by the heat of the sun, and then met again together in the air, the one dashed against the other, by which thunders and lightnings were engendered; and at the noise of the thunders, the beforementioned intelligent animals awoke, and were terrified with the sound: and male and female moved in the earth and in the sea."

Our Phœnician author then informs us, according to his translator, that the first pair of mortals created were called Protogonus and Æon, the latter of whom found out the food which is gathered from the trees. Their issue were called Genus and Genea, and dwelt in Phœnicia; but "when great drought came, they stretched forth their hands to heaven, towards the sun; for him they thought the only god and lord of heaven, calling him *Beelsamon*, which in Phœnician is 'lord of heaven,' and in Greek *Zeus*.*

"Afterwards from Genus, the son of Protogonus and Æon, other mortal issue was begotten, whose names were Phos, Phur, Phlox—that is, light, fire, and flame. These found out the means of generating fire by the rubbing of pieces of wood against each other, and taught men the use thereof. These begat sons of vast stature whose

* Τοῦτὸν θεὸν μόνον οὐρανοῦ κύριον Βεελσάμον καλοῦντες, ὁ ἐστὶν παρὰ φοίνιξι κύριος οὐρανοῦ, Ζεὺς δὲ παρ' Ἕλλησι.—Euseb. Præp. Evang. i. c. 10.

names were given to the mountains on which they seized; so from them were named Mount Cassius, and Libanus, Antilibanus, and Brathys.

"Of these last were begotten Memrumus and Hypsuranius. The latter inhabited Tyre, and invented the making of huts of reeds, and meshes and the papyrus. He also fell into enmity with his brother, Usous, who first invented a covering for his body out of the skins of the wild beasts which he managed to catch. And, when violent tempests of wind and rain came, the boughs in Tyre, being rubbed against each other, took fire and burnt the wood there. And Usous, having taken a tree, and broken off its boughs, was so bold as to venture upon it into the sea. He also consecrated two rude stones, or pillars, to fire and wind, and he worshipped them, and poured out to them the blood of such wild beasts as had been caught in hunting. But when Memrumus and Hypsuranius were dead, those that remained consecrated to them stumps of wood and pillars, worshipping them, and kept anniversary feasts unto them.

"Many years after this generation came Agreus and Halieus, the inventors of the art of hunting and fishing, from whom huntsmen and fishermen are named.

"Of these were begotten two brothers, the discoverers of iron and its use; one of these, called Chrysor, the same with Hephæstus, or Vulcan, exercised himself in words, charms, and divinations; and he found out the hook and means of taking fish, and boats slightly built: he also was the first of all men that sailed. Wherefore he was worshipped after his death as a god, and they called him Zeus Michius, or Jupiter the engineer; and some say his brother invented the way of making walls of brick.

"Afterwards from this generation came two brothers, one of whom was called Technites, or the *artist;* the other Geinus Autochthan, *the homeborn man of the earth.* These found out to mingle stubble, or small twigs, with the clay, and to dry it in the sun, and so made bricks.

"To these succeeded others, one of whom was called Argus (field), and the other Agronerus, or Agrotes (husbandman), who had a statue much worshipped, and a temple in Phœnicia, carried about by one, or more, yoke of oxen; among those of Byblus he is eminently called *greatest of the gods.* These discovered how to make courts about men's houses, and fences, and caves or cellars. Husbandmen and such as use dogs in hunting, derive from these; and they are also called Aletæ and Titans.

"Of these were descended Amynus and Magus, who instituted villages and flocks.

"In that period there was one *Elion,** which imports in Greek Hypsistus (the highest); and his wife was called Beruth, who dwelt about Byblus; and by him was begotten one Epigeus, or Autochthon, whom they afterwards called Uranus (heaven), so that from him that element which is over us, by reason of its excellent beauty, is called heaven; and he had a sister by the same parents, called Ge (earth), and by reason of her beauty the earth had her name given to it.

"Hypsistus, the father of these, dying in a fight with wild beasts, was consecrated, and his children offered sacrifices and libations to him. But Uranus, taking the kingdom of his father, married his sister Ge, and had by her four sons—*Ilus* who is called Chronos (Saturn),

* Ἐλιοῦν, *i.e.* ὕψιστος, the Most High. In the Pœnulus of Plautus, Hanno invokes *Alonim valonuth*, the most high gods of both genders.

Betylus, Dagon, who is Siton, or the God of Corn, and Atlas: but by other wives Uranus had much issue.

* * * * *

"But when Cronus came to man's age, using Hermes Trismegistus as his counsellor and assistant, he opposed his father Uranus, avenging his mother [Uranus had separated from his *soror et conjuæ* Ge]. Cronus had children, Persephone (Proserpine) and Athena (Minerva). The former died a virgin; but, by the counsel of Athena, and of Hermes, speaking to the assistants of Cronus with enchanting words, wrought in them a keen desire to fight against Uranus in behalf of Ge; and thus Cronus, warring against Uranus, drove him out of his kingdom, and succeeded in the imperial power or office.

"In the fight was taken a much-loved concubine of Uranus, whom Cronus gave in marriage to Dagon, in whose house she gave birth to Demaroon.

"After these things Cronus builds a wall round about his house and founds Byblus, the first city in Phœnicia. Afterwards Cronus, suspecting his own brother Atlas, by the advice of Hermes, throws him into a deep hole of the earth, and there buries him.

"At that time the descendants of the Dioscuri, having built some warlike and other stronger ships, went to sea; and being cast on shore near Mount Cassius, consecrated there a temple.

"The auxiliaries of Ilus (god), or Cronus, were called Eloim (gods), which is as much as to say Cronii; for so were they named who were under Cronus. But Cronus having a son called Sadid, slew him with his own sword: having a suspicion of him, and deprives his son of life with his own hand; he also cut off the head of his own

daughter, so that all the gods were amazed at the mind of Cronus.

"In process of time Uranus, being in flight, or banishment, sends his virgin daughter, Astarte, with two others of her sisters, Rhea and Dione, to cut off Cronus by deceit, whom Cronus persuaded to become his wives. Uranus understanding this, sent Eimarmene and Hora, with other auxiliaries, to war against him; but Cronus having gained the affections of these also, kept them with him. Moreover the god Uranus devised Baetylia [house of god?], contriving stones that moved* as having life.

"Cronus had by Astarte seven daughters, called Titanides, or Atremides, and by Rhea he had seven sons, the youngest of whom, as soon as he was born, was consecrated a god; by Dione he had daughters, and by Astarte also two sons, Pothos and Eros.

"Dagon, after he had found out bread, corn, and the plough, was called Zeus Arotrius.

"To Sydyc, or the just, one of the Titanides bore Asclepius. Cronus had also in Peræa three sons, one named Cronus after the father, next Zeus Belus and Apollo.

"Contemporary with these were Pontus and Typhon, and Nereus, the father of Pontus. From Pontus came Sidon (who by the exceeding sweetness of her voice, or singing, found out first the hymns or odes of praises) and Posydon (Neptune); but to Demaroon was born Melicarthus, who is called Hercules.

"Then again Uranus makes war against Pontus, and being separated from him, joins with Demaroon. Demaroon invades Pontus, but Pontus puts him to flight, and Demaroon vows a sacrifice for his escape.

* A moveable temple?

"But in the thirty-second year of his power and reign, Ilus, who is Cronus, having laid an ambuscade for his father Uranus, in a certain inland place, maltreated him near some fountains and rivers. There Uranus was consecrated, and his spirit, or breath, was separated.

* * * * *

"Astarte, called the greatest, and Demaroon, surnamed Zeus, and Adodus, the king of the gods, reigned over the country, by the consent and authority of Cronus; and Astarte wore on her head, as the mark of her sovereignty, a bull's head. But, travelling about the world, she found a star, fallen from the air or sky, which she taking up consecrated in the holy island of Tyre; and the Phœnicians say that Astarte is she who is among the Greeks called Aphrodite (Venus).

"Cronus also going about the world gave to his own daughter Athena the kingdom of Attica; but when there was a plague and mortality, Cronus made his only son a whole burnt-offering to his father Uranus."

Sanchoniathon relates this last circumstance more particularly in another place, saying that it was established as a custom among the ancients, that, in all extraordinary calamities of the public, the rulers of a city, or nation, should give up their most favourite child to be slain, as an expiation to appease the avenging demons; and the victims in these cases were immolated with much mysterious ceremony. "Cronus who reigned there, and was after his death consecrated into the planet Cronus (Saturn), having an only son, by a certain nymph of the country named Anobret, called him Jeud (Ἰεοὺδ), which in Phœnician signifies 'only begotten.' The country being involved in a dangerous war, he adorned this his

only son with royal attire and sacrificed him on an altar which he had prepared for that purpose. . . . Not long after he consecrated another son, whom he had by Rhea, called Muth: so the Phœnicians call Death, or Pluto.

"After these things Cronus gave the city Byblus to the goddess Boaltis, which is Dione; and Berytus he gave to Posidon, and to the Cabiri, and to husbandmen and to fishermen, who consecrated the remains of Pontus unto Berytus.

"But before these things the god Taautus, having formerly imitated, or represented Uranus, made images of the countenances of the gods Cronus and Dagon, and formed the sacred characters of the other elements. He contrived also for Cronus the ensign of his royal power—four eyes, partly before and partly behind, two of them winking as in sleep, and upon his shoulders four wings, two as flying and two as let down to rest. The emblem was *that Cronus when he slept yet was watching, and waking yet slept.* And so for his wings, *that even resting he flew about, and flying about yet rested.* But the other gods had two wings each on their shoulders, to intimate that they flew about with, or under, Cronus. He also had two wings on his head, one for the most governing part of the mind, the other for the senses.

"But Cronus coming into the south country, gave all Egypt to the god Taautus, that it should be his kingdom. These things the Cabiri, the seven sons of Sydyc, and their eighth brother Asclepius, first set down in memories, as the god Taautus [error?] commanded them.

"All these things the son of Thabion, who was the first hierophant (director of sacred rites) that ever was

among the Phœnicians, allegorised, and mixing the facts with physical and mundane phenomena, he delivered them down to those that celebrated orgia, and to those prophets who presided over the mysteries, who always contrived to improve their fables, and so delivered them down to their successors, and to those that were afterwards introduced among them, one of whom was Isiris, the inventor of three letters, the brother of Chna (Canaan ?), the first Phœnician, as he was afterwards called."*

This account of Phœnician cosmogony and theogony is certainly open to much conjecture and criticism, since it is assailable on numerous points. Is all this an allegorical exposition of a nation's glimmerings of ancient transactions, grossly corrupted in the course of ages? Are these fables the invention of crafty priests? Or have these only collected floating traditions, founded on historical facts, and given them a shape more adapted to the character of the people, as well as to their own personal interests? Or are these particulars of a later date, and have they their origin from the Divine source, but been wilfully, or ignorantly, so distorted and misrepresented as scarcely to be identified? Some such hypothesis may be advanced with more or less truth, but a discussion of this description is foreign to our scope; it belongs to a polemic field, and requires much more space than we are able to devote to it. It is sufficient for our purpose to know that Sanchoniathon has furnished us with the basis upon which the religion of the Phœnicians was founded. What traces there are left of it among the ruins of Carthage we shall now proceed to describe.

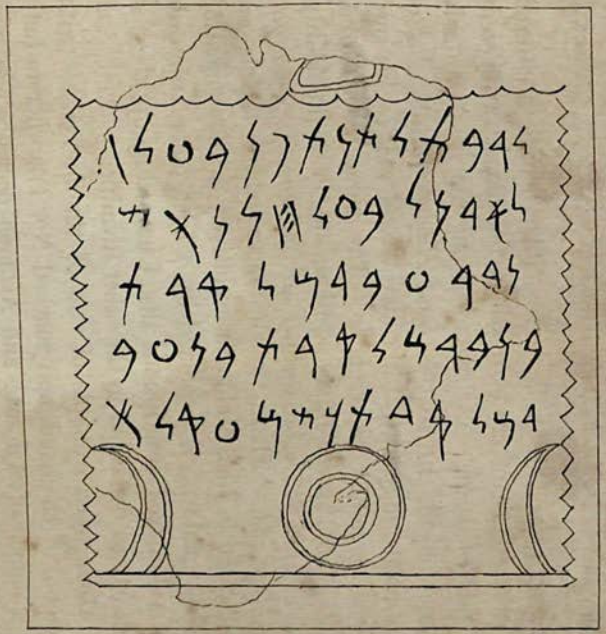
* Euseb. Præp. Evang. i. c. 10.

On the various Punic votive tablets I have discovered in the course of my excavations, the names of different divinities occur. The name of one deity is invariably found on all, and that is *Baal Hammon*, whilst that of the protecting deity of the devotee, as well as his own name, generally comes after. The names of the gods thus placed in secondary position, and, in all probability, as a kind of intercessors, are *Melcareth*, *Ashtaroth*, *Ashmon*, &c. There are instances where tablets are dedicated to Baal Hammon exclusively, without mention being made of any other deity, whilst, out of upwards of a hundred inscriptions that I have dug up, there is not one so dedicated to the other divinities.

Here is an example of one of the first class (with symbol of the hand, and marked No. 1)), wherein both the names of Ashtarte and Ashmon occur, which may be thus rendered:—

"TO THE GODDESS TO TANATH THE COUNTENANCE OF BAAL [FEM.];
TO THE LORD TO BAAL HAMMON, A MAN VOWED,
EVEN ARSHAMBAN, A VOTARY OF ASHTARTE AND A FILIAL
DEVOTEE OF ASHMON: AS THOU HEAREST THE SUPPLICATION, DO
THOU BLESS!"

In this inscription four deities are named, the first is Tanah, Tanat, Tanith, or Tanas. By this appellation Sanchoniathon mentions no divinity, and yet this name flourishes upon every inscription in the same pompous terms it does upon this. *Quid vero est Tanas?* is a question for the solution of which we shall look in vain to the other monuments discovered at Carthage. With a slight variation in orthography we find this to be a deity among the Persians and Armenians, who patronised slaves. Tanais (so the name of the Persian divinity



PUNIC VOTIVE INSCRIPTIONS

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is written) is supposed to be the same as Venus. Artaxerxes, the son of Darius, was the first who raised statues to her. The same licentiousness prevailed in the celebration of her festivals as did at those of the goddess of love.

Mr. Franks, of the British Museum, in his paper on my discoveries at Carthage, which I believe he read before the Society of Antiquaries, and which has been printed in the *Archæologia*, vol. xxxviii, has collected the following particulars respecting this deity :—

"The name of Tanith occurs on a bilingual inscription found at Athens shortly before the year 1797, and preserved in the United Service Museum.* It is on the tombstone of a Sidonian named in the Greek inscription Artemidorus (the gift of Artemis). In the Phœnician inscription his name is Abdtanith (the servant of Tanith). This shows that when the tombstone was executed, which was probably about three centuries before Christ, Tanith was looked upon as the Greek Artemis; not, however, the goddess of the chase, the Diana of the Romans, but the oriental Artemis, the Great Goddess of Eastern nations.

"She was, no doubt, the Ἄρτεμις Ἀναΐτις whom, according to Pausanias,† the Lydians worshipped; and she was possibly the Ἄρτεμις Περσίκη before whose temple the same people erected a statue of Adrastus.‡ Plutarch, in the life of Artaxerxes II.§ tells us of that monarch having made Aspasia priestess of Artemis Aneitis at Ecbatana (τῆς Ἀρτέμιδος τῆς ἐν Ἐκβατάνοις ἣν Ἀνείτιν καλοῦσιν). This agrees with the account given by Clement of Alexandria,‖ on the authority of Berosus.

* Genesius, tab. 9, No. V.
† Pausanias, iii. c. xvi. 6.
‡ Pausan, vii. c. vi. 4.
§ cap. xxvii.
‖ Clem. Alex. Protrept. v.

that Artaxerxes II. introduced into his dominions the adoration of images instead of fire-worship; and, after setting up the image of Aphrodite Tanaïs, at Babylon, Susa, and Ecbatana, caused her to be worshipped by the Persians and Bactrians, as well as by the people of Damascus and Sardes. This passage serves to identify Tanith with Aphrodite as well as with Artemis. Strabo tells us that the Medes and Armenians practised the sacred rites of the Persians, especially the Armenians, who worshipped Tanaïs.* We learn from the same author how extensively the *cultus* of the goddess prevailed in the east, from there being a temple of Anea,† near Arbela; and he tells us that the Persians, to commemorate their victory over the Sacæ at Zela, in Cappadocia, raised a mound by heaping up earth round a natural rock, so as to give it the appearance of a hill, and erected upon it a temple to Anaitis and the gods worshipped with her (*συμβώμων θεῶν*), Omanes and Anadatus, Persian divinities." ‡

The question which, however, naturally suggests itself is, how does a Persian divinity come to obtain so high a renown at Carthage? Sallust supplies us with the answer.

He informs us (and his authority was a Carthaginian work of King Hiempsal's) that the Gætulians and Libyans were the first who possessed Africa. "These," he says, "were governed neither by customs, law, or rule of any kind, roaming about for a resting place

* Strabo, xi. 14, 16. Most editions of Strabo read here 'Αναΐτιδος, but, as the greater part of the MSS. read Ταναΐδος, the latter reading seems preferable, and it agrees better with the Phœnician form, Tanith.

† *τῆς 'Ανέας ἱερόν.* Strabo, xvi. 1, 4. ‡ Strabo, xi. 8, 4.

wherever night overtook them. But after Hercules died in Africa, his army, composed of various nations, soon fell to pieces after the loss of their leader. The Medes, *Persians and Armenians* seized those parts which are nearest to our sea. The Persians extended as far as the ocean, and used for dwellings the hulls of the ships which brought them to Africa, turned bottom upwards, instead of cottages, for want of materials or opportunity of buying, or bartering, any from Spain; and, moreover, a wide sea and a language unknown to them prevented any commerce. These men by degrees mingled with the Gætulians by means of marriages, and, having wandered about to test the soil, they called themselves Numidæ. To this day * the rustic Numidians have their cottages oblong and covered over, with curved sides, and are just like the keels of ships. But the Libyans joined the Medes and Armenians, for these lived nearer the African sea, whereas the Gætulians lived more towards the sun. † . . . . . The Libyans by degrees altered their names, calling them Mauri, instead of Medi. But the affairs of the Persians increased in a short time, and afterwards the Numo-Numidæ, on account of their great numbers, having separated from their parents, possessed that region, which, being close to Carthage, is called Numidia." ‡

The Persians and Armenians, thus early brought into this part of Africa, undoubtedly introduced their religion also, and propagated it among the natives, with whom

* If Sallust had lived in our time, he might have employed the same expression, so conservative are these people in the preservation of customs and habits.

† The range of the Date country—the Jereed.

‡ Bell. Jugurth. § 18.

they themselves were, in the course of time, amalgamated. In this manner the goddess Tanaïs was found here on the arrival of the first Phœnician settlers; and, indeed, the worship of that deity was at that time already so fully established, and her authority acknowledged, that her name was even given to one of the towns, and perhaps the largest town then built on this portion of the African coast. Tunis in Punic is written precisely in the same manner as the name of the Persian Venus. It would be unreasonable to suppose that this was accidental, particularly as it was customary to call towns after the gods,* as is evident from *Venerea*, the modern Kef, only a few days distant from Tunis.

If the goddess Tanaïs was not already familiar to the Phœnician colonists before their landing in Africa, it required no great stretch of conscience, on their part, to embrace her peculiar worship (if any peculiarity existed), since she only differed in name from the chief female deity of their native country. In all other respects she appears to have been the same. The Phœnicians, moreover, had an object in view: they were strangers, and their aim was to accumulate wealth, and to make themselves ultimately masters of the country. It would therefore have been extremely impolitic on their part to have manifested any scruples on a subject on which, in those days, no scruples existed. It was sufficient patriotism in them not to have abandoned their national religion altogether; and if it

* We are told by Cicero that the Tyrian Hercules, who, according to him, was the son of Jupiter and Asteria, was the father of Carthage. This the Roman states as the belief of the Tyrians. Carthage, then, being the offspring of supernatural parents, must have become a deity, and given his name to the famous African metropolis. (De Nat. Deor. lib. iii. 16.)

was then considered meritorious to propagate a creed, then they certainly adopted the most judicious policy in accommodating themselves to the peculiar religious views they found in the country. In this manner they were enabled to adore their principal female deity under the name of Tanaïs, or Tanis, without abandoning Astarte, "the queen of heaven;" and having thus satisfied the local creed, they had, most assuredly, a right to expect some concession from the natives. By such a mode of procedure the Phœnician settlers were, in the course of time, permitted to introduce into their adopted countries their national mythology.

But the prominence Tanas thus received was, by habit and custom, so confirmed that she apparently retained her dignity during the whole period that the Phœnicians wielded the sceptre in Africa. Her origin was, in all probability, in the course of time quite forgotten; and her very ambiguity, no doubt, tended only considerably to enhance her popularity and increase her importance.

The next deity we find on this inscription is Baal Hammon, who is styled "the lord Baal Hammon." Respecting the character of this divinity, as defined by this appellation, there can be no doubt. It is the Sun Baal—the same to whom, according to our Phœnician author, men in distress first "stretched forth their hands, for they thought him the only god and lord of heaven, calling him Baalsaman *κύριος οὐρανοῦ*, the lord of heaven." The Israelites were seduced to the worship of this deity, as is evident from various passages in the Sacred writings, and they went even so far as to offer human sacrifices to him, notwithstanding Moses had strictly prohibited their

doing so. The Divine legislator says, "Thou shalt not let any of thy seed pass through the fire to Molech" (Lev. xviii. 21), and denounces severe judgments against them in case of transgression; but yet they violated this law, and were repeatedly guilty of this unnatural practice.

The Baal Hammon, or Baal Sāmon, undoubtedly, had at first his distinctive character; but when *Ilus** the son of Uranus usurped the authority of his father, he appears likewise to have assumed the titles belonging to all the supreme gods that preceded him, and thus became ὕψιστος, "the most high." In him is comprised the Jupiter, Saturn, Apollo (or Sol), and Mars of other nations; he was *Molech*, the "*King*" of gods and men.

The Romans, as well as other nations, seem to have borrowed from, and adopted a great portion of, Phœnician divinity, which they altered according to their peculiar tastes and fancy. Their Jupiter was the son of Saturn and Rhea, the goddess of the earth, and he is supposed to have dethroned his father and divided the kingdom with his brothers. The exiled deity, who, we are told, was the son of Cœlus, then roamed all over the world till he reached Italy, and gave the name to Latium, so called from *latendo*, his lurking about in that country. All this savours considerably of Sanchoniathon theology.

After Baal Hammon the name of Ashtarte occurs on this tablet. She was a daughter of Uranus and the wife of Saturn; and at the death of her father, she,

* φοίνικες καὶ Σύροι τὸν Κρόνον Ἦλ καὶ Βῆλ, καὶ Βολάθην ἐπονομάζουσι. Damasius in Vita Isidori ap. Photius, cod. 242, p. 1050. But that Ilus is the same as Chronus, is evident enough from Sanchoniathon.

Demaroon, and Adodus reigned jointly by the consent of her husband. We are also distinctly informed that this goddess is the same as Aphrodite, or Venus among the Greeks.* Like Baal Hammon, she was also an object of worship among the idolatrous Hebrews. "They forsook the Lord," the sacred historian says, "and served Baal and Ashtaroth;"† and it was only in extreme distress that "they cried unto the Lord, and said, We have sinned, because we have forsaken the Lord, and served Baalim and Ashtaroth."‡

Astarte also represented other divinities in her own person. She was not only, as Venus, the goddess of beauty, the mother of love, and the queen of joy; but, as Juno, she was the protectress of chastity, the avenger of immorality and licentiousness; as Minerva, she presided over war and arms; whilst, as Ceres, she was the goddess of corn and husbandry.

The learned Müntner quotes Herodian,§ who states, that the Carthaginians first received this divinity as Urania, from the Phœnician Dido, and that they regarded her as Ἀστροάρχη, and, hence, her being denominated by Jeremiah *the queen of heaven.*‖

Our excavations have brought nothing to light which can tend either to establish, or to confirm, a charge, that the Carthaginians were guilty of any of those obscene and indecent practices which were sanctioned by the Greeks and Romans in connexion with the celebration of their religious rites. Our inscriptions indicate nothing of the kind, and the bas-reliefs only represent the deities as the

* τὴν δὲ Ἀστάρτην φοίνικος τὴν Ἀφροδίτην εἶναι λέγουσι (Phil. Bybl. ap. Euseb. Præp. Evang. l. c. 10).

† Jud. ii. 13. ‡ 1 Sam. xii. 10. § Hist. v. 13. ‖ Jer. vii. 18.

source of every earthly blessing. The charges, therefore, which the Christian fathers bring against the worshippers of this goddess as Juno Cœlestis, or Cœlestis Virgo, Vesta, Mater Deorum, &c. have no reference to Phœnician, but to Roman Carthage. The religion of the country assumed a demoralizing tendency when the people (including Phœnicians) became Romanised; so that when St. Augustin* speaks of *turpidissimis ludis, qui virgini Cœlesti exhibebantur*, we must bear in mind that he speaks of the time when Roman emperors legislated for Carthage. Rome, therefore, and not Phœnician Carthage is responsible for the iniquitous practices which are justly abhorred, and condemned, by the Christian apologists. The culpability rests with the priests of Latin Paganism, who, having adopted Punic divinities, engrafted upon their worship the most horrible vices.

But, in taking this stand for Phœnician Carthage, I do not, for a moment, wish to ignore that its theology, in its origin, primitive state, and in its native soil was free from just censure on the very score exposed by St. Augustin. Indeed, a simple reference to the Old Testament Scriptures offers materials quite sufficient to condemn it likewise. But what I mean to maintain is, that Tyrian divinity transplanted to the North African coast appears to have been, to a certain degree, purged of its loathsome rites and practices. Probably a change, or a reformation, may have taken place in

* De Civit. Dei, ii. c. 3. opp. Tom. vii. p. 28. Speaking of Vesta, the same father says, in another place, "Cui etiam Phœnices donum dabunt de prostitutione filiarum, antequam jungerent eas viris." But this and the other foul practices to which Augustin refers, appertain to the Proconsular period, when Phœnician theology was amalgamated with the religion of Latium.

Tyre itself from the period of the intimacy between Hiram and Solomon. In that reformed condition the religion of Carthage was probably organized by Dido and her associates; and, whilst on the Syrian coast the Phœnicians fell back into their old sink of iniquity, their countrymen on the shores of North Africa consistently adhered to the regulations laid down by their great benefactress, the widow of the priest of Melcareth.

But a simple reflection upon the respective characters of the Carthaginians, Greeks, and Romans, tends to convince us that among the former gross immoralities could not flourish, with the same ease and acceptability, as they could in the other countries. The Carthaginians, in the days of their greatness, were an industrious, abstemious,* highly agricultural, commercial, sea-faring, and enterprising people. They had but little time for leisure and idleness; and it is a fact, too well known, that in proportion as man is occupied, in the same proportion the taste for voluptuousness disappears.

> "Otia si tollas, periêre Cupidinis arcus,
> Contemptæque jacent et sine luce faces."†

Neither Greece nor Rome (with all due deference for these great nations in other respects), ever came up to the standard of Carthage in those particulars just specified; and, indeed, I do not know whether, comparatively speaking, I am doing them any injustice when I say that a love of ease, of comfort and of pleasure, was a prominent and distinctive characteristic of those nations.

* Among the Carthaginians, freemen even, when on service, had to abstain from wine. (Arist. Econ. lib. i. c. 5.)

† "If you remove the temptations of idleness, Cupid's bow is ineffectual; his torches remain neglected and without their light."—*Ovid.*

Hence they were easier victims to vices: and hence, too, vicious practices were incorporated even with their religious rites. The priests of Paganism invariably adapted their religion to the tastes and habits of the people; otherwise, their temples would soon have been neglected, if not deserted; their revenues would have been diminished, and, in the course of time, their whole system would have fallen into decay and ruin: the craft by which they maintained their authority would not only have been at stake, but it would have been silenced for ever, and room would speedily have been made for another, more congruous to the spirit of the people.

A creed which is not based upon Divine authority, and has not the Great Eternal for its support, must either be propagated and maintained by force, or it must be in accordance with the peculiar tastes of the people. There appears to me to be no middle course—no alternative. Whilst the indomitable energies of Carthage were vigorously directed towards the aggrandizement and opulence of the commonwealth, a stern and severe creed, and austere divinities, appeared peculiarly conformable to the spirit of the nation. But when, after the fall of Carthage, her people were left in a decrepid condition—when her resources were limited, her energies blunted, the reins of government committed into other hands—when she was domineered instead of dominating, the Phœnicians abandoned themselves to their fate, and fell into that pernicious element of *dolce far niente*, the cankerous source of all vice and immorality. Then the rites, which the African Christian fathers denounce, became attractive to them, and the divinity they worshipped was only Astarte in name, whilst in

reality and practice her creed was the creed of Latium. The Syrian goddess was transformed into *Cœlestis*, and the particulars respecting the scandalous practices, connected with her worship, which have been handed down to us, too fully justify the assertion of the eminent Bishop of Hippo, when he says—"quis non fuit Cœlestis, sed terrestris."

Our inscription lastly mentions *Ashmon*, a grandson of Cronus and Astarte, and son of Sydyc, or "the just," by one of the seven daughters of Astarte, called Titanides. We learn who this divinity is from the extract from Sanchoniathon, where we are told, "These things the Cabiri, the seven sons of Sydyc, and their eighth brother [the word Ashmon means eight] Asclepius first of all set down in memories, as the God Taautus commanded them."

Æsculapius was then called Ashmon,* from the circumstance of his having been *the eighth* child, and being the offspring of such parents it is no wonder that he was deified. But why, and at what period, the Carthaginians received him among their gods, we are not informed; it is, however, not at all improbable, that the calamities under which they laboured from plague and the sword, during the invasion of their African territories, by Agathocles, introduced this divinity into the metropolis. His temple became the chief defence, as well as the stronghold, of the city, while the virtues and powers particularly ascribed to him as the god of medicine were, undoubtedly, considered the best preservative against a similar scourge. At Rome, too, an Æscula-

* Like the Heb. שמונה, and the Arab. ثمانية, which have the same signification.

pius (the son of Apollo by Coronis, or according to others by Larissa), was received as a divinity, after a raging pestilence, which carried off vast numbers of people. He was introduced into that city from Epidaurus, where he was worshipped under the form of a serpent, and there his fame was so great that hosts of patients resorted thither from all parts of Greece, for the cure of every kind of disease. Ovid* gives a full account, in his own peculiar way, of the ceremonies connected with the entry of the deity into Rome, in the shape of a monstrous snake, which certainly does no great credit to the good sense of his countrymen, considering this event occurred as late as about thirty years before the first Punic war.†

More particulars respecting the temple dedicated to Æsculapius must be reserved for another chapter; ‡ we shall here simply conclude our notice by observing that it would appear that the peculiar expression, "A filial devotee of Ashmon," implies that Arshamban was a medical man, or that he had made medicine his chief study.

The additional remarks we have to make upon this inscription are equally applicable to the others; we shall therefore reserve those observations, and for the present introduce another tablet, which tends to corroborate the statement I have made regarding the supremacy which Baal Hammon enjoyed among the Carthaginians. Its contents are:

* Met. lib. xv.

† The "mother of the Gods," a sacred stone, known under the name of Cybele, was brought to Rome from Pessinus, in Phrygia, in the time of the second Punic war.

‡ Entitled *The Temple of Æsculapius.*

"TO THE GODDESS, TO TANATH, THE COUNTENANCE TO BAAL,
TO THE LORD, TO BAAL HAMMON, AN INDIVIDUAL VOWED,
EVEN AABRARATH THE DAUGHTER OF YAHWA, SON OF BEDAM.

The heading of this inscription, or rather the first line of it, relating to Tanath, we have already amply explained; and with reference to Baal Hammon we have simply to observe that here is an instance of a votive tablet being offered to him exclusively. Another, dedicated to the same deity, is interesting chiefly on account of the name of the votary.

The inscription itself is worded precisely in the same terms as the preceding one; but the individual who in this instance dedicates the tablet is

"HANNO, THE SON OF AKBAR."

It is with a degree of hesitation that I venture an opinion respecting this personage, particularly so as we possess no materials to enable us to produce anything like proof to give it a semblance of character. The non-existence of materials to controvert an assertion is certainly not a sufficient justification to hazard one. The mere absence of counter-proof is no evidence in favour of a bare statement. But let what I say be regarded as a simple conjecture.

Carthaginian history supplies us with two prominent individuals of the name of Hanno. The first belonged to the reigning family of Mago, and was, in all probability, the author of the famous "Periplus." The second, who flourished about 340 B.C., is the one who made an unsuccessful attempt at a revolution, which cost him his life, and involved his whole family in utter ruin, except his son Gisco, whose absence from Carthage, on public service, saved him from the fearful massacre of this

opulent house. Of Hanno's parentage we know nothing. The authors who mention his revolt, and give the particulars of his efforts to seize the reins of government, are silent on this subject. Is it, then, improbable that a man of so ambitious a character—one who had conceived a plot, the object of which was nothing less than to subvert the existing government, and to establish a reigning dynasty at Carthage, should have had previously recourse to religious rites, and implored the aid of the most powerful deity acknowledged in the commonwealth, to crown his efforts with success? He might have thought (and he, no doubt, did think) that a vow to Baal Hammon to increase the revenue of his priests, or to embellish his temple, might be an inducement to that deity to countenance such an enterprise, and even to aid in its realization. It is therefore not unlikely that the present inscription may relate to that event, and if such be the case we learn from it that the author of that great conspiracy was "Hanno, the son of Akbar."

From the inscriptions already given, the prominence of Baal Hammon is sufficiently demonstrated; but his supremacy among the deities of Carthage appears more clearly still from those votive tablets evidently dedicated to the gods of the first order, for even in them he is not omitted. Who in the whole of Phœnician Africa would have doubted the power of "the Queen of Heaven"? and yet it appears that no devotee ever had recourse to her without, at the same time, addressing himself to him whom they considered supreme.

The first line of the following, which, however, is only the usual heading, is mutilated. The remainder may be thus rendered:

"TO THE LORD, TO BAAL HAMMON,
A MAN VOWED BY ASTARTE, [EVEN]
THE SON OF HANNIBAL."

Few are the words of this inscription, but there is one word in it which, to the student of history, is replete with interest: that word is Hannibal. There can be no doubt that that celebrated Carthaginian general is here alluded to. The question is only whether this tablet was put up in the temple of Astarte by an actual son of Hannibal, or whether Hannibal was deified by his countrymen, and one of the worshippers of that hero, "a religious son," dedicated it to him. Of the latter we have no evidence. Historians, who speak largely upon his exploits, do not mention this circumstance; and, besides, the manner in which the tablet itself is worded fully justifies our concluding that an actual son of the ancient veteran is intended here. We certainly know that the Phœnicians conferred divine honours upon Aletes for having discovered the silver mines near New Carthage, in Spain.* We have some grounds, too, for believing that a Hanno (and very probably the one who made the celebrated voyage of discovery with a view to form new colonies) was likewise deified, for on one tablet we find him styled Baal Hanno. If, then, apotheosis was practised among the Carthaginians, or if they were in the habit of manifesting their gratitude to national benefactors, by raising them above the grade of mortals, by rendering to them the adoration due to the deity exclusively—in other words, if the practice of hero-worship prevailed among them, then they, certainly, could not have fixed upon one who merited those honours more

* Polyb. lib. x. Ex. 2.

fully than the illustrious warrior, whose ardent love of country was only surpassed by his inveterate hatred of her most relentless enemy. But Carthage, after the fatal battle of Zama, ceased to be the mistress of her liberty, and could no more give scope to her inclinations, neither could she give full expression to her desires. To honour Hannibal would have been to offend Rome, and to run such a risk, at that time, would have been impolitic in the extreme. Hence we must conclude that the individual who dedicated this tablet was a real and actual son of Hannibal. He could well afford to withhold his own name, since all his greatness was derived from his noble sire; and it is only a child of so celebrated, and renowned, a personage who required no other, and no additional, designation.

But what might have been the cause which induced the son of Hannibal to place this votive tablet in the temple of Astarte? Here is a wide range for speculation. Was it when the father commenced his career as general in Spain, and undertook the struggle against the Olcades, Vanæans, and Carpesians, whom he finally defeated and subdued? Was it when he had thrown down the gauntlet to Rome, laid siege to Saguntum, and, by his valour, made himself master of that famous city? Was filial affection concerned for the safety of a patriotic parent when the news reached the capital that that parent was preparing for the Italian war; that he had actually crossed the Iberus, reduced all the nations that were between it and the Pyrenean mountains; that he had forded the Rhone and defeated a vast army of barbarians, who came to dispute the passage of that river? Was that son uneasy about the fate of his father

on hearing the intelligence of his struggles with the rude and wild inhabitants of the Alps, to whose treachery he was constantly exposed; or was it when he had already crossed those rugged and perilous heights, lost nearly two-thirds of his troops in that memorable march, and was again engaged in fighting the Taurinians with his enfeebled and shattered army? Does this intercessory tablet relate to the period when after this most illustrious soldier had defeated the consul Publius, passed the Po in pursuit of the Roman army, and vanquished the legionaries in the battle of Trebia, he found himself surrounded, and beset, by the perfidious and treacherous Gauls, amidst whom his life was in constant peril? Or, has it reference to the time when the great warrior having conducted his army by a most perilous march, through the marshes, into Tyrrhenia, defeated the Romans in the battle of Thrasymene, he traversed Umbria and Picenum and advanced into Apulia to offer battle to the Roman dictator Fabius? Are we to ascribe it to the time when, having defeated Fabius, he entered Campania, wasted the country without being able to draw the enemy to a battle, and, having made himself master of Gerunium, he was suddenly attacked in his camp by Minucius and suffered a severe loss? Or to the period when after the Carthaginian chief had defeated Minucius, taken possession of the citadel of Cannæ, gained a complete victory over the Romans in the famous battle of Cannæ and rendered himself master of Tarentum, his efforts to force the enemy to raise the siege of Capua were baffled and proved unsuccessful? Has this inscription reference to the time when, having neglected to take advantage of the terror which his victorious arms had spread, to

storm and make himself master of the city of Rome, the distressed condition of his own country forced him back to his native land, to fight her battles on his native soil? Or was filial love and affection concerned about a parent whose desperate struggle at Zama was to decide the fate of Carthage? And, lastly, we may ask, had this son recourse to Astarte for support and protection to a parent whom posterity recognizes as a great warrior, an eminent patriot, and able statesman—whose exploits and heroic deeds made him obnoxious to a victorious enemy, who, impelled by hatred, mixed with fear, doomed him to expatriation—a doom which enfeebled Carthage was forced to seal and sanction? When we call to mind the spirit of vindictive vengeance with which Rome pursued the veteran fugitive in his exile (to which he finally fell a victim), we shall, most likely, conclude that this votive inscription to Astarte has special reference to that period. At any rate, some one, or more, of these conjectures are undoubtedly the cause of this inscription to a supreme deity of Carthage by "the son of Hannibal."

What we have said respecting the greatest general Carthage (and perhaps the world) has ever produced, will scarcely be regarded in the light of a digression. However, we now resume our more immediate subject by producing the following translation of another inscription:—

"TO THE GODDESS, TO TANATH, THE COUNTENANCE OF BAAL,
TO THE LORD, TO BAAL HAMMON,
A MAN EXPIATED, AND HE DEVOTEE OF ASHMON [ÆSCULAPIUS].
THAT HE MAY BE PROSPEROUS, AND THE SUPPLICATION ACCEPTABLE."

That Æsculapius (not the one who was son of Apollo, but son of Sydyc), was held in very high estimation at

Carthage is an undeniable fact; that his temple occupied a most prominent position in the metropolis is particularly mentioned by every historian; and yet, it is evident, that in point of dignity—as regards his deity—he held a secondary rank according to Punic theology. Notwithstanding his being greatly revered for the virtues peculiarly ascribed to him, his rank was of a secondary grade; he belonged to the *Dii minorum gentium*, and not like Tanath, Astarte, and Baal Hammon, who were the *Dii majorum gentium*. Though votive tablets were inscribed to the god of medicine, these tablets invariably also bear the name of the supreme deity. But this is not merely the case with those dedicated to him, but it is even the case with those tablets relating to the tutelary deity of Carthage—Melcareth.

In the fragments of Sanconiathon, preserved by Eusebius, which we have quoted at length at the commencement of this chapter, the notice we have respecting Melcareth is very brief. Τῷ δὲ Δημαρούντι, he says, γίνεται Μελίκαρθος ὁ καὶ Ἡρακλῆς εἶτα—"But to Demaroon was born Melicarthus, who is called Hercules."* Melcareth then was the son of Demaroon, who again was the son of Dagon by a concubine of Uranus, whom Cronus took prisoner in a fight with his father. Dagon himself was a son of Uranus and brother to Cronus. Such is the descent of Melcareth, and if he only holds a secondary rank on these votive inscriptions, his nephew Ashmon—Æsculapius—could certainly not aspire to a higher honour. Our second Punic inscription (see p. 256) bears the name of this deity, and may thus be rendered:—

* Euseb. Præp. Evang. l. c. x. p. 38.

"TO THE DEITY, TO TANATH, THE COUNTENANCE OF BAAL,
TO THE LORD, TO BAAL HAMMON, A MAN
VOWED, EVEN A DEVOTEE OF MELCARETH,
A SON OF BARMELCARETH, SON OF
A DEVOTEE OF MELCARETH, THAT HIS SUPPLICATION MAY BE
ACCEPTABLE."

Melcareth, or Hercules, was a deity of great renown among the Phœnicians, and his worship appears to have been the link by which the colonies were kept united to the mother country. He was the protecting deity of Tyre, and, hence, Bochart derives his name from מלך קרתא, *Melech Cartha*, "King of the City." This etymology Sir Isaac Newton rejects, and derives it from *Melech Carteia*, "*King of Carteia*," the Phœnician colony in Spain, of which he believes him to have been the founder, or prince. But it is very doubtful whether any individual, ever so eminent in a small colony, could have so far influenced the mother country, and all the Phœnician settlements, as to be deified and universally acknowledged. He is said to have been a great navigator and the first who brought lead from the Cassiterides. According to others he invented the shell purple, by accidentally remarking that a dog's mouth was stained by it. In remote antiquity he had no temple; and there is no evidence that any sacred edifice was ever erected to his honour in Carthage during Phœnician rule. He, no doubt, had altars on which sacrifices were offered to him, but these were probably erected on special occasions, in the public places of the city. Being the protecting deity of Tyre, where he had his chief seat, the metropolis of the African Commonwealth considered it more courteous to make him welcome to the whole city, instead of confining him to any special locality. It is nowhere

stated what the form was in which he was represented; indeed, it is much more probable that this deity assumed no form at all. Pliny is evidently mistaken as to what he says about the statue of this god. His words are: "Without glory, and excluded from every temple, is the statue of Hercules, in honour of whom the Carthaginians were accustomed to sacrifice human victims every year (ad quem Pœni omnibus annis humana sacrificaverunt victima); it stands upon the ground before the entrance of the portico of the nations." * There can be no doubt that Pliny here means Saturn and not Hercules, for to him, and to him only did the Carthaginians immolate human victims.

The learned Münter thinks that this divinity was probably represented at Tyre in a sitting posture, and bases his conjecture upon the following passage from Pliny:—*Eusebes ex eo lapide est, ex quo traditur Tyri in Herculis templo facta sedes, ex qua Dii facile surgebant.* "Eusebes is the stone, it is said, of which *the seat* was made in the temple of Hercules at Tyre, from which the pious could raise themselves without difficulty." How so eminent a scholar, as Bishop Münter, could have seen even a shadow of proof corroborative of his theory, from this passage, it is impossible to conceive. At the same time it is only fair that we add his own words as to the value of the quotation. He confesses that it is *eine dunkle Stelle*, "an obscure place."

Had there been any visible representation of Hercules at Tyre, Herodotus would, undoubtedly, have told us so. He states plainly that the desire to obtain information respecting this deity induced him to make a voyage to Tyre, "where," he says, "is a temple of Hercules, held

* Hist. Nat. lib. xxxvi. c. 4.

in great veneration. Among the various offerings which enriched and adorned it, I saw two pillars—the one was of the purest gold, the other of emerald, which in the night diffused an extraordinary splendour. I inquired of the priests how long the temple had been erected, but I found that they also differed in their relation from the Greeks. This temple, as they affirmed, had been standing ever since the first building of the city—a period of 2,300 years. I saw also at Tyre another temple consecrated to the Thasian Hercules. At Thasus, which I visited, I found a temple erected to this deity by the Phœnicians, who built Thasus." * But nowhere does the historian speak of the statue of this deity.

At Gades, even where Melcareth had a magnificent temple dedicated to him, and where it was pretended the bones of the hero were kept, it is certain that no representation of him was exhibited.†

There is no evidence extant from which it can be shown that the Phœnicians, in remote antiquity, ever had any visible forms of the deity. In more recent times they had ideal representations; and later still they even conformed to the practices of other nations, such as the Greeks, and hence statues of Greek Herculi have been found in some of the Phœnician colonies.

* Euterpe, c. xliv.

† Münter, speaking of this temple, says: "Obgleich manche Statuen zu verschiedenen Zeiten in ihm aufgestellt waren, doch kein Götterbild sich dort befand, wenigstens kein Idol des Herkules." He then corroborates his statement of the absence of idols in the temple by these quotations: "Sed nulla effigies, simulacraque] nota Deorum Majestate locum et sacro implevere terrore."—Silius Ital. lib. iii. v. 30. Philostratus confirms: Ἐν τῷ ἱερῷ . . . ἀγάλματα αὐτοῖν (both gods) οὐκ εἶναι, βωμοὺς δὲ . . . . καλκοῦς καὶ ἀσήμους. (Vita Apoll. l. c. p. 211.) See Münter, p. 46.

PUNIC INSCRIPTION FOUND AT CARTHAGE.

However great the idolatry of the Phœnicians may have been, and however degraded the practices connected with the worship of their deities, one idea appears to have pervaded their minds, and that is, that it was impossible for man to make any adequate and comprehensive representation of the Godhead. The knowledge we possess of their idols does not tend to raise the Phœnician art of sculpture very high, if we compare these with those of Greece and Rome; but then the rude and uncouth specimens which have survived the demolition of their hostile successors, and the devastating effect of time, are merely specimens which corroborate that there was a design and an intention to give them those forms and those shapes. They are far from betraying their ignorance of sculpture, and this is amply proved by kindred arts, in which they have not only equalled, but surpassed contemporary civilised nations. The divine legislator's prohibition, "Thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image," &c., had evidently reached them, and an evasive compliance appears to have been the result. Melcareth was "*the king of the earth,*" (מלך ארתא), and, as such, he might have been expected to mingle with men; but the inseparable attribute of invisibility, which appertains to the deity, prevented Phœnician theologians from giving him a visible representation: and, hence, his temple in Tyre, though highly revered, was without his statue, and his priests, who were to be found in every colony, in reality taught the people to worship, and to sacrifice, to an invisible god.

Justin furnishes us with an incident in Carthaginian history which throws some light on the estimation in

which Melcareth, or Hercules, was held by the Carthaginians.

He tells us that the Carthaginian general, Malchus, who had vanquished the Africans, and through whose efforts and exertions a large tract of Sicily was conquered, met with serious reverses in his Sardinian * campaign, by which he lost a great portion of his army. For this misfortune both the general and the remaining troops were condemned to banishment. The exiles sent a deputation to the capital, and prayed for a restitution of their rights, and, at the same time, informed the senate that unless their request should be complied with, they would endeavour to secure justice by force of arms. Their petition being disregarded, they embarked for Africa, and besieged Carthage. During this siege, in which the city was reduced to the utmost despair, Cartala, the son of Malchus, returned from Tyre whither he had been sent, "to carry the tithes of the Sicilian plunder to Hercules, which his father had taken:" *quo decimus Herculis ferre ex præda Siciliensi, quam pater ejus ceperat.* Passing by the general's camp, the father sent for him, but he replied, "that he would perform the duties of the religion of his country before those of private obligation:" *prius publicæ se religionis officia executurum, quam privatæ pietatis.* The rage of Malchus was beyond all bounds on hearing this answer; but the respect for his religion prevented him from having recourse to extremes, and the priest of Melcareth was suffered to pass unmolested. A few days after,

* This event must have occurred about 560 B.C., since Malchus was succeeded by the great Mago, whose generalship dates from about 550 B.C.

however, Cartala made again his appearance in the camp, "dressed in scarlet and the garlands of the priestly office:" *ornatusque purpura et infulis sacerdotii.* The father then addressed him: "Hadst thou the assurance, thou abominable villain, to present thyself before so many of thy miserable countrymen, *dressed in scarlet and golden ornaments* (ista purpura et auro ornatus), and enter, as it were, in triumph this sad and mournful camp with all the badges of peaceable prosperity about thee? Couldst thou not elsewhere exhibit thyself? Was there no occasion so opportune as that of the present condition of thy father, and the distress of his banishment? What shall I say—when sent for, thou didst proudly despise, I will not say thy father, but the general of thy countrymen? Besides, what else dost thou wear *in that scarlet and those crowns* (in purpura ista coronisque) than the titles of my victories? Since then thou recognisest nothing in thy parent but the name of an exile, I shall consider myself more in the light of a general than in that of a father, and make an example of thee, so that hereafter no one may venture to mock at the adversity of a parent."

Having said this, Cartala was ordered to be crucified within sight of the city.*

* Justin, lib. xviii. c. 7. Malchus' struggle with his countrymen was brought to a close a few days after the incident above recorded. He made himself master of Carthage and punished the authors of his exile. Ten senators were put to death, and the city was restored to its laws. But, shortly after, the general was accused of aspiring to the sovereignty, for which he was executed. That the banishment of Malchus was unjust will be readily admitted; that he was driven to extremes through the injustice of his countrymen is evident. But whether the last charge brought against him (and for which he suffered) was true, we lack materials to decide. He may have fallen a victim to revenge, but the cruelty to his son is inexcusable.

Josephus informs us that the Carthaginians sent assistance to the Tyrians when besieged by the King of Babylon about 600 B.C.; and afterwards when Tyre was taken by Alexander the Great, 332 B.C. they afforded a refuge to, and entertained hospitably, many of their fellow-countrymen. From Justin we learn that the Carthaginians were in the habit of sending to the protecting deity of Tyre a tithe of the spoil of nations, and such contributions, no doubt, tended strongly to cement the harmony between the parent state and the colony. We likewise learn from the same author, that though Carthage had neither special temple, nor visible representation of Melcareth, she had a priest, or priests, of that deity, whose character and office were highly respected. His robes and insignia of office appear also to have been highly imposing. Golden crowns and other ornaments of the same precious metal, garlands, and scarlet robes, are calculated to inspire awe and respect in the present day, and they evidently did so during the flourishing days of Carthage. The office of pontiff of Hercules appears to have been esteemed so highly, and considered so sacred, that an enemy, acknowledging the same faith, though he had defied the laws of his country, and was in a condition of revolt against the state, could not venture to impede the priest whilst engaged in the discharge of his duties.

From the priest of the Tyrian Melcareth the strictest chastity was exacted. During the celebration of the rites of his office, his feet were bare, and he wore an embroidered stole. His head was shaven. It was his duty to provide for the perpetual fire on the altar. Women were excluded from the temple.

In connexion with this deity we have to notice a circumstance recorded by Herodotus. It appears that the feuds of the petty kings of Sicily reached to that pitch at the time that the African republic was using her utmost endeavours to establish her power throughout the island, that one of them, Terillus, who had been expelled from Himera by Theron, invited the aid of Amilcar, the son of Hanno,* the Carthaginian general, whose army was then composed of Phœnicians, Africans, Iberians, Ligurians, Helisycians, Sardinians, and Cyrenians, to the number of 300,000 men. This immense army was defeated by Gelon, and after being vanquished, "he disappeared, and was never seen afterwards, dead or alive, though Gelon with the most diligent care endeavoured to discover him."

Herodotus continues: "The Carthaginians assert, and with some probability, that during the contest of the Greeks and barbarians in Sicily, which, as is reported, continued from morning until the approach of night, Amilcar remained in his camp; here he offered sacrifices to the gods, consuming upon one large pile the entire bodies of his numerous victims. As soon as he perceived the retreat of his party, whilst he was in the act of pouring a libation, he threw himself into the flames, and for ever disappeared. Whether according to the Phœnicians he vanished in this, or, as the Carthaginians allege, in some other manner, this last people, in all their colonies, and particularly in Carthage, erected monuments in his honour, and sacrifice to him as a divinity."†

* This Hamilcar was the son of Mago, who might, perhaps, also have borne the name of Anno, or more properly Hanno.

† Polymnia, c. clxvii.

Amilcar, or rather Amilcareth, and Melcareth, appear to have been used indiscriminately, and indeed the only difference perceptible is that the former has the article prefixed. From the similarity of names it is probable that foreigners, ignorant of the Phœnician language, and aware of the former military merits of Amilcar, mistook the veneration paid to the deity for that of the general. Such a mistake, too, was very natural, particularly with nations among whom the practice of deifying heroes was not uncommon. Carthage may also, as has already been intimated, have raised her great men to the rank of the gods; but this dignity (judging from her proverbial severity towards unsuccessful commanders) she would only confer for extraordinary services to the state. Amilcar was an unsuccessful general, and if he threw himself into the flames, in the manner described, he, by a voluntary death, only prevented the extreme sentence which, he well knew, the senate would have passed on him on his return to the capital. He therefore had no claim for deification.

RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF BAAL HAMMON (MOLECH, OR SATURN).

CHAPTER XIII.

SATURN AND HIS VICTIMS.

It was towards the middle of the month of November that I transferred my workmen to dig among the remains of the temple of the dreaded Saturn—the Molech and Baal Hammon of the Carthaginians. Open-air employment during this month in England is not very congenial, but here we had neither fog nor cold to affect us. The atmosphere was serene, and the thermometer ranged from 75 to 80 degrees of Fahrenheit. The pickaxe and the spade were therefore soon at play, and though fresh hopes of success were again raised, these were not without misgivings, for I was well aware that diligent search had been made in this quarter, in the year 1837, by Sir Grenville Temple and M. Falbe. It was only after very careful examination, which convinced me that these gentlemen had not dug deep enough, that I resolved upon excavating in this locality.

But not only had these gentlemen not gone deep enough, but they utterly mistook the nature of the building, which, in their report they designate a simple "maison."* Had they, however, prosecuted their

* Speaking of the sketch of the ground-plan, of as much as they laid bare, they say: "L'esquisse ne représente pas la maison tout entière, qui

labours, I feel pretty sure, judging from the talents they have displayed in their respective publications,* that they would have come to a different conclusion.

The remains of this structure, which are now gradually diminishing (being carted away as materials for modern buildings), enable us to form a moderately correct ground-plan (see p. 175), and from it alone we are in a position to form a conclusion as to its character.

With the exception of the outer portion, or casement, which is more shapeless and less distinct, its construction is unmistakeably circular. The diameter of the inner circle, inside of the masonry, is twenty-nine feet. This is surrounded by twelve pilasters: the thickness of each is ten feet, and the distance they stand from each other four feet six inches. A gallery, sixteen feet wide, surrounds these. We have then two more series of circularly placed pilasters divided by galleries, all widening and increasing in size in proportion to the enlarged space. The exterior, or, as I call it, the casement, is not so complete, but it is clear that it also has been circular, and was likewise arranged into twelve distinct pilasters, of course, much wider than the inner ones and considerably more massive. The extreme diameter from the exterior of the masonry is two hundred feet. It is evident that the building was vaulted, and it is more than

s'étende bien certainement au-delá du carré, mais seulement la partie de cette maison mise à nu par la fouille. On n'a creusé que la moitié du cercle intérieur, et l'on est arrivé à une profondeur de 20 pieds sans trouver les portes qui devaient y aboutir. La galerie circulaire était couverte d'une voûte; des voûtes réunissaient aussi l'un à l' autre les pilastres intérieurs."—("Excursions dans l'Afrique Septentrionale," p. 107.)

* M. Falbe has published "Recherches sur l'emplacement de Carthage;" and Sir Grenville Temple, "Excursions in the Mediterranean."

probable that it was surmounted by a triple dome,* supported by the pilasters.

An edifice of such dimensions, and of such peculiar construction, cannot possibly be denominated a *maison*. That it was a temple there can be no doubt, and that it was the temple of Saturn, the Baal Hammon of the Carthaginians, or *Cronus*, Κρόνος, the God of Time, is amply indicated by the building itself.

We have here four divisions of pilasters, which may be considered symbolical of the four weeks in the month, and of the four seasons of the year. The twelve pilasters represent the twelve months, and the four times twelve the forty-eight weeks of the ancient year. Its circular form is likewise symbolic of the period of time occupied by one revolution of the earth round the sun. A circle was emblematic of a year, and, hence, we have the Latin word for year, *annus*, which properly means a circle, and the Greek Ἐνιαυτὸς means the same. We might add that looking through the whole edifice, from any of the twelve gates, its construction is such that seven courts naturally present themselves to the eye, and these courts were very probably intended to represent the seven days in the week. And the very ground-plan of the edifice itself, it will be observed, so clearly resembles the majestic orb in the centre of the solar system, and his brilliant rays, that there can be no doubt that it served as a temple of Cronos, or Baal Hammon—the sun Baal of the Carthaginians.

We sank a shaft in the centre, at least fifteen feet deeper than those who excavated here before, and came

* Probably symbolical of their triple deity, of which more anon.

first upon a great deal of loose masonry from the fallen vaulted roof. Having cleared this away, a thick layer of burnt earth, mixed with bones, presented itself to our view, through which we dug in the hope of reaching the pavement. But our labours were fruitless, for instead of coming in contact with artificial constructions we came upon the natural rock.

Having given the middle portion a fair trial, I opened several trenches in the galleries, particularly in the first and second. As for the centre, I am satisfied in my own mind that here stood the brazen image of the terrible Baal, whom Diodorus of Sicily* describes as having had outstretched arms, inclined to the earth, so that the child that was placed on them rolled down and fell into a pit below, filled with fire. The layer of burnt earth, or rather ashes and bones which we found, were therefore the remains of the victims immolated to this divinity.

A few days' labour served fully to convince me that it was vain to hope for success in this place; but the locality was painfully interesting, so that I lingered about it longer than I otherwise would have done. My object, however, was not to lay bare the remains of the architecture of Carthage for the inspection of lovers of antiquity, nor was I justified in gratifying my own curiosity. Satisfied that the results would not be adequate to the expenditure, I limited the period of the experiment, and went in search of a more profitable field.

All we recovered from this temple is a specimen of its mosaic pavement, upon which we came in the first gallery. Amidst these ruins we discovered traces

* Lib. xx. c. 14.

of a more ancient building, belonging, undoubtedly, to the proud period of Punic Carthage. It would appear that the temple was originally decorated with fluted columns. The portion of the one found must have been three and a half feet in diameter, and was perfect up to five feet above the level of the mosaic pavement. It was imbedded in the masonry of a damaged pilaster, and, I have no doubt, that near the base within all the pilasters, the remains of the original columns are contained. The manner in which these columns were disposed, and how many stood in the place of each pilaster, it is difficult to say; the probability, however, is, as the temple was restored for the worship of Baal Hammon, that the primitive symbolical architecture was retained.

Masses of columns, gracefully disposed, have undoubtedly an exquisite effect. But we are scarcely in a position to say, with certainty, that the edifice, of which we have now the ruins, was less elegant. The quantities of fragments of precious marbles we found in digging here, prove that it was richly, and even gorgeously, decorated. The pilasters must have been coated with various kinds of marble up to a certain height, the remainder was probably embellished by fresco paintings, and the top crowned with elegant capitals. The domes may also have been ornamented by legendary paintings; and the pavement, of which we only found a design, may have been intersected by representations, either of deities, or of some scenes connected with Phœnician mythology. The exterior was, no doubt, in keeping with the interior; and if the twelve openings in our ground-plan justify our belief that there were as many entrances to the temple, then we may reasonably con-

clude that the edifice was surrounded by a circular flight of stairs. An able architect might, with ease, produce a sketch of this edifice, without any extraordinary tax upon imagination, but by simply adhering to the materials before him, which would be pronounced, even in the present day, a beautiful structure.

The street which led to this temple was called *Vicus Senis*, or *Vicus Saturni*, and its situation, we are informed,* was between the two streets respectively called *Salutaria* and *Venerea*. Such were their names in Roman Carthage, and they are, undoubtedly, mere translations from the Punic. *Salutaria* was *Ashmon* or Æsculapius street; and *Venerea* was *Astarte*, or *Ashtarte* street.

On our topographical map these streets are pointed out, since traces of them still distinctly remain; and our sketch is a faithful representation of the present remains of the temple itself. The northern extremity of the Cothon, or artificial harbour, is here distinctly seen, the remainder being hid by a hill which very likely belonged to the precincts of Saturn, and the ruins on it may be those of sacerdotal dwellings. In the distance we have the line of mountains, and the most prominent among them is the one mentioned by Virgil, who speaks of its double peaks, *gemini scopuli*.

In abandoning this scene of our labours, we have to notice more particularly the horrible rite connected with this temple, and with the Phœnician religion.

The religion of the Carthaginians was, strictly speaking, an astronomical religion; and, topographically, we find the principal portion of the metropolis, the city proper, divided into astronomico-religious districts.

* Acta Martyrum Ruinarti, p. 217.

The strip of land from the Cothon towards Sidy-Bo-Said belonged to Æsculapius, and comprised also the temples of other minor deities. Parallel with it we have the Baal Hammon, Molech or Cronus division, and next to it we have the Ashtarte, or Juno district, in which were also situated the temples, or chapels, dedicated to the other female deities. Baal Hammon, the supreme deity, represented the sun, and he had his temple in the middle district. Ashtarte represented the moon, and the temples of the various gods, situated on the line nearest the sea, represented the stars.

That the city proper was divided into such large districts will appear evident from the fact that the whole circumference of this portion of Carthage was only five miles, and yet, we are told, that the temples of Æsculapius and Astarte, situated within its precincts, occupied more than four Roman miles. The dimensions of the Saturn, or Cronus district, we have nowhere stated. As chief luminary, and supreme deity, his temple stood isolated and alone, and must have occupied less space. It was regarded with more awe, and with greater reverence, and hence, important documents, and the most valuable archives, were deposited within its walls. This is partly confirmed by the famous Periplus, the title of which runs, "The voyage of Hanno, commander of the Carthaginians, round parts of Libya beyond the pillars of Hercules," ὃν καὶ ἀνέθηκεν ἐν τῷ τοῦ Κρόνου τέμενει, "which he deposited in the temple of Saturn."

But the fame of the temple of Saturn did not consist in its use as a repository of valuable documents, for which it was employed, but it is memorable for the cruel and inhuman practices which, under the guise of religion,

were perpetrated within its precincts, conformably to the example and institution of the god himself, as his deluded priests taught, and the blinded votaries believed.

Sanchoniathon informs us that Saturn killed his father Uranus, murdered several of his own children, and immolated an only son, as a burnt offering, to check a dreadful plague which raged throughout the country. Whether there is any symbolical meaning attached to this narration, and what the precise nature of it is, is difficult to say. The Phœnicians were in sufficient proximity to the Israelites to have learned some faint foreshadowings of truths, which were to be, in after ages, more clearly revealed. Thus, for instance, we find that Phœnician theology divided the Godhead into three parts—the sun, the moon, and the stars, and then it makes Melcareth pervading and uniting them all. But this unity of their threefold deity is more comprehensively pointed out on the bas-reliefs,* where we have the sun, moon, and stars represented, and a triangle, either above, or beneath, unmistakably to show that they regarded these three to be only one. The other sculptured symbols, on the same stone, indicate clearly enough that the birds of the air and every living thing upon this earth, are sustained by the deity. Such views, perverted as they are, it appears to me, savour of the teaching revealed in the Hebrew scriptures, and are not the result of accident, nor are they the invention of Pagan priests. They represent symbolically what afterwards became one of the primary articles of the Christian Faith.

With reference to the practice of immolating human

* These will be published in "Carthaginian Relics Illustrated."

victims, I would observe that it is probable that some unknown teacher may have wished to convey to his countrymen the mysteries of the grand scheme which was to be developed in due time. The plague, then, fitly represents sin, to remove which Ἰεοὺδ, *Yeoud*, (יחיוד which we are told, signifies in Phœnician the same as Μονογονὴς, "the only begotten") was adorned in royal attire, and offered up, as a sacrifice, by his own father. This was done that the people might be saved from the fearful contagion, and restored to the favour of Baal-Samon, "the lord of heaven." If such a figurative meaning was intended to be conveyed, it not only completely failed to answer the end, but, unfortunately, became the cause of the perpetration of the most diabolical practices with which the pages of history are stained. Sanchoniathon tells us that "it was established as a custom among the ancients that in all extraordinary calamities of the public, the rulers of a city, or nation, should give up their most favourite child, to be slain as an expiation to appease the avenging demons;* and the victims in these cases were immolated with such mysterious ceremony."

In process of time this flagrant rite was not confined to the children of their kings and princes. Substitutes were found among the chief families, and afterwards they had even recourse to strangers and slaves. But when Africa was invaded by Agathocles, and Carthage threatened with a prolonged siege, and all other evils resulting from a hostile army near her walls, the population regarded this calamity as a chastisement inflicted on them for

* Ἔθος ην τοῖς παλαιοῖς ἐν ταῖς μεγάλαις συμφοραῖς τῶν κινδύνων, ἀντὶ τῆς πάντων φθορᾶς, τὸ ἠγαπημένον τῶν τέκνων, τοὺς κρατοῦντας ἢ πόλεως ἢ ἔθνους, εἰς σφαγὴν ἐπιδιδόναι λύτρον τοῖς τιμωροῖς δαίμοσι.—Ap. Euseb. Præp Evang. l. c, 10.

their laxity in religion. To expiate the guilt of this impiety, a sacrifice was made of two hundred children of the first rank, and upwards of three hundred persons offered themselves as victims to pacify the wrath of Saturn. During the time of plague, we are informed by Justin, "they used as a remedy a bloody piece of religion and a horrid abomination. For they sacrificed men as victims, and brought to the altars children (whose tender years moves the pity even of enemies), begging the favour of the gods by shedding the blood of those for the life of whom the gods are usually chiefly entreated."*

This cruel and inhuman rite made the Carthaginians, to a great extent, obnoxious to foreign nations; and some used their utmost endeavours to put a stop to the horrible practice. Darius Hystaspes sent ambassadors to Carthage, with an edict, *quo Pœni humanas hostias immolare, et canina vesci prohibebantur; mortuorumque corpora cremare potius quam terra obruere*—"by which the Carthaginians were to cease to offer human sacrifices, to leave off eating dogs' flesh, and to burn the bodies of the dead, rather than bury them in the ground."† It is difficult to understand this passage, for we can scarcely conceive how Darius could have thus dictated to a powerful and independent state, particularly when he was, at the same time, soliciting aid from the Carthaginians, for our author adds, *petentes simul auxilia adversus Greciam, cui illaturus bellum Darius erat*—"that the ambassadors were begging, at the same time, aid against Greece, upon which Darius was about to make war." The only way of reconciling this difficulty

* Lib. xviii. c. vi. † Justin, lib. xix. c. i.

appears to be, that the Persian king might have endeavoured to work upon the Carthaginians by holding out some threats of hostility against Tyre, with which Justin has not acquainted us. Carthage herself had nothing to apprehend from Darius. The aid solicited was not granted, but the Carthaginians promised to comply with the other requests.

This promise, however, was not made in good faith, for we find Gelon of Syracuse, some thirty or forty years after, insisting upon the abolition of human sacrifices, in one of the articles of the treaty of peace which he concluded with the African republic, after the death of Amilcar.

The practice had such a hold upon them, and was so intimately connected with the national religion, that every effort made to abolish it proved unsuccessful. Treaties and other pledges, which a pressure of circumstances extorted from them, were considered as worthless in comparison with the plain injunctions of their creed, of which the Carthaginians were far more tenacious than most other nations of antiquity appear to have been. Promises, which obviously had a tendency to infringe fundamental rules of their religion, were therefore disregarded so soon as they felt themselves in a position to do so with impunity, and, especially, when they had no cause of apprehending any dangerous consequences to the state.

In relation to their religion, the Carthaginians were not guided by vague and floating tradition, as some have asserted. They had positive regulations on the subject, which appear ever to have been kept before the eyes of the people, by being affixed, either at the entrance of the

temples, or on other public edifices. Our excavations have brought to light one inscription of this kind, discovered in the vicinity of the temple of Saturn. Its incompleteness is greatly to be regretted; but the minuteness, and precision, with which the letters have been cut cannot be too much admired. Of the numerous specimens of Punic inscriptions which have come under my notice, this surpasses them all for the proportion and exquisiteness of the characters, as well as for the perfection of their preservation. I regard it as the gem of Punic epigraphy hitherto discovered.

Willingly would I leave this inscription to speak for itself, or suffer the learned reader to put his own construction upon it. It presents difficulties which the Punic scholar will readily perceive, but, I fear, he will not so readily make the requisite allowances in case of a difference of opinion respecting the import of some words, or the recognition of some letters. But notwithstanding my reluctance on the subject, I must venture the following translation:*

1. "In the time of Hamshathath, [Pentarchy?] of supreme eminence

2. "Decreed for the guidance of the priest a rule relative to matters appertaining to death and covenantal offerings to Baal

3. "A rule for the priest relative to matters appertaining to death and covenantal offerings to Baal.† The immolation of man

4. "Is ordered by precepts, and there exists likewise

* The inscription contains twelve lines, every one of which is separately rendered.

† This repetition is either the engraver's mistake, or it is intentional to add to the importance of what follows.

a rule respecting annual victims. To the priest is to be presented the man

5. "To be immolated to God [אל *i.e.* Baal Hammon, or Saturn], completely fortified, and in an opportune time

6. "And there is likewise prepared for the priest a direction

7. "The abolition of the place for mourners. Provision is made for the priest's portion

8. "Bazaz of colonial silver, 11. One

9. "Who transgresses against the daughter of the gods [Astarte?] shall forfeit to the priest his harvest

10. "Carthaginian and Tyrian sacrifices, whether of oil,

11. "Or of milk, or offerings of a free-will nature, or

12. "Offerings relating to mourning is recorded in the said directory, and let it be complied with."

Here is ample scope for criticism, the particulars of which it is unnecessary to point out.

The practice of sacrificing human victims continued even during the period when Paganism was struggling with Christianity, first for its hereditary supremacy, and finally for mere existence. Indeed, so tenacious were the priests of Saturn in perpetuating this horrible kind of sacrifice, and that even during the Roman sway, that notwithstanding imperial edicts abolishing the same, they persisted in continuing it, in spite of fines and numerous other threats. The proconsul Tiberius, in his attempts to abolish it, went so far as to order his soldiers to hang the priests* on the trees of the grove attached

* "Infantes penes Africam Saturno immolabantur palam, usque ad Proconsulatum Tiberii, qui ipsos sacerdotes in eisdem arboribus templi sui obumbratricibus scelerum votivis crucibus exposuit, teste militis patriæ nostræ quæ id m munii illi proconsuli functa est."—Tertull. Apol. c.

to the temple of Saturn. But this severity did not even put an end to the monstrous practice, which was continued, Tertullian tells us in the place cited below, *in occulto*, in secret.

But our inscription does not belong to these later periods, as the very formation of the characters clearly proves that it pertains to the time when Carthage was free from a foreign yoke, and at liberty to exercise her national religion at her own discretion.

Its merely being a Punic inscription would not establish its remote antiquity, since St. Augustin expressly informs us that the peasants of his diocese spoke the Canaanitish, or Phœnician language, in the time of his episcopate. And from the bilingual inscriptions (Roman and Punic) which have been discovered, it is evident that the Phœnician language continued to be a written language even in the time of the Romans. But the formation of the characters is a clear guide to fix the epoch of an inscription. Ours undoubtedly belongs to a remote period.

Here it may not be amiss to say a few words on the history of the discovery of the key to the Phœnician language.

Tyre and Sidon, Carthage and Carteia perished, and their numerous colonies, and possessions, fell into the hands of other nations. Their literature vanished from the face of the earth, and Phœnician monuments remained, for ages, the mute witnesses of a people that once existed. No attempt was made to decipher records, on monuments, which had survived the general wreck, so that they were suffered to follow the fate of those who once raised them—they disappeared. Phœnician in-

scriptions and traces of Phœnician language continued to remain unintelligible till the famous scholar, Joseph Scaliger, directed the attention of the learned to the subject in connexion with the *Pœnulus* of Plautus.

Pœnulus, or "The Little Carthaginian," as the word is understood to signify, is the title of one of the plays of Plautus, the subject of which is as follows: There were two cousins, citizens of Carthage; one of them, named Hanno, had two daughters who were stolen in their childhood, and being carried off to Calydon, a city of Ætolia, were there purchased by a disreputable man named Lycus. In the same place there lived Agorastocles, the son of Hanno's cousin, who, having been stolen in his infancy, was sold to a wealthy old man, and was finally adopted by him. Here, ignorant of their relationship, Agorastocles fell in love with Adelphasium, the elder of the sisters, while Anthemonides, a military officer, entertained a passion for Anterastylis, the younger sister. Lycus being at enmity with Agorastocles, the latter, with the assistance of his shrewd and intelligent servant Milphio, devises a plan for outwitting him. Collybiscus, the bailiff of Agorastocles, being disguised and dressed up as a foreigner, is provided with a sum of money, and pretends to take up his abode in the house of Lycus. Agorastocles now comes forward with witnesses, and accuses Lycus of harbouring his slave and encouraging him to rob his master. At this conjuncture Hanno arrives at Calydon in search of his daughters. He finds out Agorastocles and in his interview with him Plautus makes the Carthaginian speak an unintelligible language, which Milphio pretended to translate to his master. In the course of the interview, however, Hanno,

whose meaning was all along misrepresented by the pretended but witty interpreter, shows that he was not ignorant of Greek. He finds out that Agorastocles was the son of his deceased cousin, and through him discovers his own children. The play ends with Hanno's removal of his daughters. Lycus is punished, and Adelphasium is promised in marriage to Agorastocles.

The unintelligible language of Hanno attracted the attention of the learned critics, and numerous conjectures were the result. It was evident that those passages were neither Latin nor Greek, but to what language, or class of languages, they belonged, it appeared difficult to decide. Some concluded that it was a mere jargon, concocted by Plautus, in imitation of the language of the Carthaginian Hanno. Scaliger at length decided that the passages were Punic, and his opinion has been verified by the most eminent Oriental scholars. The erudite German was undoubtedly led to come to a correct conclusion by St. Augustin, who tells us that there is a great affinity between the Phœnician and Hebrew languages.* St. Jerome, on Jer. v. 25, says the same.

Having secured such a key, men like Bochart, Gesenius, and others have since made successful attempts to restore the reading, and clearly to demonstrate that the passages in the *Pœnulus* are really Phœnician. Discrepancies and antagonistic opinions are still entertained by different translators; all, however, are agreed as to their being Phœnician, and that there exists a great similarity between the language of Carthage and that anciently spoken in Palestine.

* "Istæ linguæ (Hebræa et Punica) non multum inter se differunt."—Quest. in Judices, lib. viii. 16.

The fact of the affinity of these languages being once recognized, the diligence and research of the learned, of various countries, were readily combined to restore the Phœnician alphabet, in order to enable the antiquarian to decipher the various monuments discovered in those countries which anciently acknowledged the sway of Carthage, or of other Tyrian colonies. With the aid of bilingual inscriptions, on stones and coins, the task was considerably facilitated. We are, therefore, now in a position, with the assistance of a moderate knowledge of Hebrew and the other cognate languages, to translate, and that with a great degree of certainty, any Phœnician inscription. The real difficulties still encountered consist in the similarity of letters, and in the various forms of the same letter, as well as in the non-separation of words, which was a universal practice in composition among the Carthaginians and among the Phœnicians in Asia. This is a palpable inconvenience, and to it the discrepancies which occur in translations must be chiefly ascribed.

The necessity of making these observations on the language of Carthage will be apparent to the general reader, whose faith, in the correctness of our rendering of inscriptions, would otherwise be too severely taxed. Having now discharged our duty on this head, we resume our subject. The deity who exacted such extraordinary, and unnatural, sacrifices from his votaries is thus described as the Moloch of Syria, by R. Simeon in his comment upon Jeremiah:* "All the houses of idols were in the city of Jerusalem, except that of Moloch, which was out of the city, in a separate place. It was a statue with the head of an ox, and the hands stretched

* Chap. vii.

out as a man's, who opens his hand to receive something from another. It was hollow within, and there were seven chapels raised before which the idol was erected. He that offered a fowl or a young pigeon, went into the first chapel; if he offered a sheep or a lamb, he went into the second; if a ram, into the third; if a calf, into the fourth; if a bullock, into the fifth; if an ox, into the sixth: but he only who offered his own son went into the seventh chapel, and kissed the idol Moloch, as it is said, 'Let the men that sacrifice kiss the calves.' The child was placed before the idol, and a fire made under it till it became red-hot. Then the priest took the child, and put him into the glowing hands of Moloch. But, lest the parents should hear his cries, they beat drums to drown the noise. Therefore the place was called Tophet, from *Thoph*, *Thuppim*, that signifies drums. It was also called Hinnom, because of the children's cries, from the Hebrew word *naham*, to roar, or because the priests said to the parents, '*Yehenelah*,' 'It will be of advantage to you.'" Diodorus' description of the image of Baal Hammon, the Carthaginian Saturn, we have referred to above.

Baal Hammon, or Molech, had his prophets as well as his priests. We learn from the Scriptures that Jezebel alone supported no less than 450. Human victims were only periodically offered to him. Usually the service consisted in burnt-offerings and other sacrifices.* The prophets on these occasions danced about the altar, with violent

* Among other animals, horses were in all probability offered to him, as the Persians and the Massagetæ, a people of Scythia, did; and their reason was, that the swiftest of animals ought to be sacrificed to the swiftest of immortal beings. (See Herodotus, Clio, 216.) May not the horse on the Punic coins have some reference to this deity?

gesticulations, and, having excited themselves to a pitch of frenzy by it, as well as by their fearful vociferations, they began to cut their bodies with knives and lancets. In this unnatural state they began to prophesy, or rather rave, as if possessed by some invisible power.

Most of the sacred rites were generally performed in the groves attached to the temples, but no traces are now left of them. Near the remains of Saturn's temple there is a locality where, in all probability, the grove anciently was; but there is not a sign of a tree left to indicate the same. The reason of this is easily explained by the petition which the fifth General Council of Carthage* addressed to the Emperors Manlius Theodorus and Flavius Eutropius, praying† that they might employ their authority to abolish every trace of idolatry, and not only destroy the images, but cut down the groves and sacred trees. Paganism had just then made a convulsive effort to reassert its rights, upon the authority of antiquity; but the religion of Christ had already obtained sufficient influence and power to prevent its success.

The chief blemish in the religion of Carthage undoubtedly was the monstrous practice we have spoken of. Her idolatry was not inferior to that of Rome and Greece. Indeed, we see much in her system of divinity which is preferable to that of the other nations; but even her most diabolic rite could not, with consistency, be condemned by pagan Rome, or pagan Greece, since they

* A.D. 399.

† Canon 15. "Placuit ab imperatoribus gloriossimis peti, ut reliquiæ idolatriæ, non solum in simulacris, sed in quibuscunque loces vel lucis vel arboribus omnimode deleantur."—Vid. Schelstrate Eccles. Africana, p. 228.

themselves were guilty of practices equally cruel, if not more so. The barbarism of Carthage is based, by some writers, upon her religion, which required the immolation of human victims, and it is concluded that a people complying with such a requirement must have been devoid of refinement, and an absence of refinement is one of the chief obstacles to that state of civilisation which is productive of arts and sciences. But were the Phœnicians the only people guilty of such barbarous rites? Did not the Lacedæmonians yearly offer human sacrifices to their Diana, for which Lycurgus afterwards substituted flagellation? In the first ages of the Roman republic, too, human victims were annually immolated, according to law, and it was not till the year 657 that the senate made a decree to abolish it. But notwithstanding this we find that two individuals were slain as victims, with the usual solemnities, in the Campus Martius, by the pontiff and flamen of Mars in the time of Julius Cæsar, that is, fifty years after the senatorial prohibition. We also know that Augustus, after he had compelled L. Antonius to surrender at Perusia, ordered, according to Suetonius, 300 of the senators and equites, who had sided with Antony, to be sacrificed as victims on the altar of Julius Cæsar. Sex. Pompeius, in like manner, threw into the sea not only horses but also men alive, as victims to Neptune, whose son he professed himself to be. And so late as the time of the Emperor Aurelius (A.D. 270) an immolation of about one hundred knights took place.

Here is barbarism; and was this barbarism hostile to that refinement without which arts and sciences cannot progress?

But were the scenes in the amphitheatre calculated to produce refinement of feeling and taste? Are we to palliate the barbarism of the arena, where man was exposed to the wild beasts, or to the savage nature of his fellow man, and all for the mere gratification of a morbid taste of ferocious emperors, senators, and the Roman people, whilst we condemn a practice not more cruel, but which was the result of implicit faith in a religion which had its origin in ignorance and darkness? For my own part I can pity the delusion of the latter, whilst I must pronounce an unqualified condemnation upon the former. And if a love for the grossest cruelty was no hindrance to the progress of arts among the people of Latium, I cannot conceive how a cruel religious observance could have been so to the people of Carthage. Christianity, which has eradicated these monstrous evils, can consistently condemn both, but it is not within the limits of strict justice for one system of Paganism to vaunt itself against another; nor does the historian manifest strict impartiality by pronouncing a sweeping condemnation upon a cruel practice of one nation, whilst he palliates a similar, if not a worse, and a more criminal, usage of another.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE GIGANTIC SKELETON.

'DURING the excessive heat of the months of July and August, the bulk of our workmen invariably extorted from us a respite from labour. The raging heat, however, was not their sole inducement to abandon the excavations. Harvest wages, and harvest plunder, were the real attractions. During June and July, they earn enough to maintain themselves, and their families, for three or four months. Their women and their children are all actively employed, not merely in earning their daily wages, but in petty thefts in the various *hanshears*, "farms," through which they pass in the course of their migrations. The whole country is traversed by these Arabs; and, though they have neither ploughed nor sown, their barley is generally the first in the market. Their asses and their camels, their women and their children, invariably return heavily laden with the grain upon which the honest farmer has wasted his toil and the sweat of his brow. These depredations are regarded as heavenly blessings, and are, as such, gratefully acknowledged to the founder of their creed, and to Him who, they say, has commissioned him.

During one of these unavoidable interruptions of our researches at Carthage, I resolved to make the tour of that

MARLIPHA
Tabarka
Extens
Ruins
ANT VACCA
BEJA
Ruins
Ruins
Ruin
Ruin
MEDJEZ-EL
Ruin
Ruin
TESTOUR
TUNKA
Ruins
TEBOURSOUK
Dougga
Ruins
Ruin
Ruin
Ruins
S. Abd Rabbi
S. Abd Rebba
Sidi Sadi
FONDOUK
Ruin
PLAIN
OF
JAMA
Ruins
KEF
ANT SICCA
VENERIA
Ruins
Ruins
Ruin

large tongue of land which extends from *Soleymāan* to Cape Bon, the ancient Mercurii, or Hermæum promontorium. I resolved to visit Sidy Daoud, the ancient Misua, or Νίσουα, according to Ptolemy, to verify a current report of the existence of tombs of giants in that locality. Only a few days previous, a Greek, named Andrea Caleconi, stated to me, in the presence of Dr. Merritt, the American Consul, and Mr. Charles Cubisol, our Vicē-Consul at the Goletta, that he had opened one of these tombs, and found in it a skeleton which measured twelve feet in length. "It was one of the most awful sights," he said, "I ever beheld. The diameter of the head must have been nearly two feet, and the teeth were at least an inch in length." He recommended me to a certain Rais Machloof, who, he asserted, aided him in opening the tomb, and knew where similar ones were to be found.

The reader may smile at my credulity; but, without appealing to the authority of the sacred writers, let me remind him that antiquity authorises such a belief. Plutarch, in his Life of Sertorius, states, that when that general took the town of *Tingis*, he broke open the sepulchre of Antæus, a giant of Phœnician origin, and adds,—"But how great was his surprise when he beheld a body sixty cubits long! He immediately offered sacrifices, and closed up the tomb, which added greatly to the respect and reputation it had before."

Antiquity does not only favour such a belief, but there are ancient remains which appear to corroborate it. We have in the island of Sardinia the *sepolture de is gigantes*, varying from fifteen to thirty-six feet in length, from three to six in width, and the same in depth, with

immense flat stones resting on them as a covering. My friend the archæologist, Canon Spano, is at this time occupied in making researches among these gigantic tombs, and, I doubt not, but that we shall, ere long, have the result of his exertions in his learned periodical, the *Bullettino Archeologico Sardo*.

There are two ways of visiting Sidy Daoud, by land or by sea. The great heat induced me to resolve on hiring a boat, which, from its speed, bears the name, "*The Bird of the Sea*," and a fair wind would have taken us across the bay in five or six hours. From its reputation I was induced to expect a neat and clean little craft; but when I came to see it I found that it was a floating tub, very nearly circular in shape—a magnified curricle with mast and sail,—with internal arrangements as offensive to the organ of smelling as to that of seeing. My first impression was to abandon my project, at least so far as this particular mode of conveyance was concerned. My companions; M. S——th and M. R——g, were decidedly of my opinion; but Dr. Merritt—whose great anxiety to obtain a colossal skeleton of the human frame for the Smithsonian Institute, made him regard our objections as perfectly insignificant—hesitated to abandon "*the Bird of the Sea*." His antipathy to the saddle was an additional, and a very cogent, reason for adhering to the "original arrangement." The Doctor had such a well-merited reputation for affability and good nature, that we readily acquiesced in his choice, and, resigning ourselves to our fate, squatted down on the deck of this uncouth specimen of ornithology—*the Bird of the Sea*.

It was near dusk when we embarked. The wind

blew and the sea was high, and though the boat was moored under the shelter of the Goletta mole, we were considerably inconvenienced by the rotatory motion occasioned by her oval shape. The sailors contrived to fix up a kind of tent, and into this we stowed ourselves for the night, so as to be ready to sail at daybreak the following morning.

The wind continued to freshen, and gradually increased to what a landsman is justified in describing as a gale.

The shades of night were only just vanishing, when the capitano asked for sailing orders. M. S——th and M. R——g lay perfectly helpless. Their opinion was asked, but the eccentric *Sea Bird* had reduced them to that state of utter listlessness, and thorough carelessness, which produces an entire resignation to impending fate, and a complete indifference to threatening danger. Mohammed, our servant, was sea-sick, and Baba Ali, our veteran pirate, "the Moslem Antiquarian," stood erect, holding fast to the riggings, and shaking his head, now eyeing the sky, then the monstrous waves, and then again the crazy *Sea Bird;* whilst the doctor, reluctant to expose us all to the terrors, and perils, of the deep, declined volunteering an opinion, but preferred, as it seemed, to philosophise on the deterioration of the species of which himself was an honourable ornament—a theme forced upon him by the very object of our present expedition. Could I have penetrated into the deep recesses of his mind, I should, most likely, have discovered that the problem he endeavoured to solve was—If the human race has, in the course of so many centuries, been reduced from twelve to an average height of five, or six, feet, what will

it come to when as many centuries again will have rolled into eternity?

Much against the secret inclination of everybody, we unshackled the wings of our *Bird*, and, spreading them to the wind, commenced our struggle with the boisterous waves. The bulwark of our craft was scarcely sixteen inches in height, and as the deck was in the form of a wagon-arch, the centre of it was on a level with the top of the bulwarks; and yet it was here alone that we could, with any degree of convenience and safety, find rest for our weary bodies. We appeared literally engulphed by immense waves, every one of which seemed to threaten us with destruction. Every lurch and every side heave of the boat, caused by the additional force of the wind, or by the increased bulk of a wave, added considerably to the disagreeableness, if not to the absolute danger, of our position. It was with difficulty that we kept our hold.

After tossing about, for some time, without making much progress, we came to an unanimous resolution to put back, which resolution was forthwith carried into execution.

A few days elapsed, and the same party, with the exception of our amiable doctor, who had started for the United States (having, however, previously extorted from me the promise to send him one of the skeletons), started from our "*desert home*" at Camart, mounted on excellent horses, not only to visit *Sidy Daoud*, but to make the whole tour of the *Dakhla*.

The day previous to our departure I called at the palace for an "*amra*" (an *order of protection*) to the various officials through whose districts we were to pass, and

this document not having come in time, I wrote to his Highness and begged him to send it after me.

We started at day-break on the 5th July, and the morning was truly charming. One can readily appreciate the habit of early rising, so common among the natives of eastern countries, for in these latitudes the mornings are decidedly the most agreeable portions of the day. There is a balminess in the atmosphere, and a loveliness of tint upon all surrounding objects, which produce a most salutary influence upon the human frame, calculated to invigorate it, and prepare it to support, with less inconvenience, the debilitating effects of a burning sun.

We traversed the peninsula of Carthage in the direction of *Dowar Eshutt*, leaving the country villas of Marsa and the town of Sidy Bosaid to our left. The gates of the Goletta, the fortress and port of the capital, had only just been opened. Our cavalcade, at so unusual an hour, caused some little sensation at this busy little place, which is rapidly improving under its present governor, Khair-Eddin, the minister of war, and Sidy Hassan, the admiral.

Having crossed the new bridge and passed the gate which faces it, we came upon the other portion, or rather the continuation, of the neck of land between the lake and the bay, called by the ancients *Tænia*. Through this a channel has been formed, so that a communication between these waters is now kept open, and over it Mohammed Bey has thrown a wooden bridge.

Beyond the *Tænia* the road is very sandy, and the ground on both sides is studded with melon plantations. These extend all the way to the olive groves of Rhades.

This little town, or rather village, is built on the brow

of a hill, and contains a few good houses, belonging to wealthy Moors of Tunis. The other buildings are but wretched specimens of architecture. The surrounding scenery is very fine, and the soil about is very rich.

But the interest of this, otherwise insignificant, place arises from associations connected with the first Punic war.

The Romans, who had struggled for some time with the Carthaginians, resolved to imitate the famous tyrant of Sicily, and transfer the seat of war to the African shores. A naval force was quickly constructed, and a victory at sea, gained over a portion of the Carthaginian fleet, enabled them to effect a landing, without any opposition, at Aspis, or Clupea, the modern Calebia. This town was quickly compelled to surrender, and the victorious army now marched through the country plundering and wasting everything on their way.

Manlius, one of the consuls, having been recalled, the sole command of the expedition, consisting of 15,000 foot, 500 horse, and 40 ships, devolved upon his colleague, Regulus. This general stormed several places of insignificance, and reduced others by vigorous sieges; but he only met with anything like real opposition at *Adis*, the present little town of Rhades.

The Carthaginians had collected a large army, which, was placed under the command of their three generals, Bostar, Asdrubal, and Amilcar. These marched towards Adis, and encamped on a hill which overlooked the Romans, a locality in all respects unfavourable, considering their principal force consisted in cavalry and elephants. It is therefore not surprising that when the forces were drawn up for action they were unable to

render anything like effective service, and this unfortunate blunder enabled the Romans to obtain an easy, and complete, victory.

Encouraged by success, Regulus marched towards Tunis, of which he made himself master, and commenced active preparations to besiege Carthage itself. Had he persevered in his design he would, undoubtedly, have been successful, the Phœnicians having been reduced to a state next to desperation. But Regulus, apprehending that he might be replaced by another consul, who would rob him of the glory of putting an end to hostilities, invited the Carthaginians to treat for peace. His conditions were, however, so humiliating that the senate felt constrained to reject them, and to prefer the continuation of the war to a base peace.

At this juncture some Greek mercenaries arrived at Carthage, and among these was a Lacedæmonian, named Xantippus, who, when informed of the particulars of the late battle, at once perceived the mistake of which the Carthaginian generals had been guilty. He was desired to explain himself before the senate, and the interview with that body resulted in his being placed at the head of the army.

The Carthaginians now advanced, under a new leader, to engage the Romans, and the armies having been distributed and drawn up according to the best judgment of their respective chiefs, the battle commenced, and was prosecuted for some time with equal vigour on both sides. But as the engagement continued the Romans were harassed on every side; the greatest part of them were trodden down in heaps by the elephants, whilst vast numbers fell by the javelins thrown from the

cavalry. Only 2,000 found safety by flight. Five hundred were taken prisoners, and among these was Regulus himself. All the rest perished on the battle-field. The fugitives found a refuge at Aspis, to which place the Carthaginians laid siege, but met with such a desperate, and determined, resistance that they thought it best to raise it again.

The following summer the Romans returned with a fleet of 300 sail, and encountering that of Carthage near the promontory of Hermæa, or Cape Bon, they defeated it and took 114 of their vessels. At Aspis they embarked the Roman garrison, and steered direct for Sicily. But of this vast fleet of 464 vessels, only eighty escaped destruction in a terrible tempest on the Camerinean coast.*

Near Rhades we crossed the river Miliana, the ancient *Catada*, over a stone bridge in good preservation. At the banks of this river Regulus is said to have killed his gigantic serpent by means of engines of war. According to Valerius Maximus, who quotes from Livy's lost writing, this great reptile was killed on the banks of the Bagrada. But the Catada is the only river in the vicinity of Adis, and we have no ground for believing that Regulus ever found himself near the Bagrada. Livy may simply have spoken of *a river*, and V. Maximus substituted for it Bagrada, it being the largest, and best known, river in this part of Africa. In the contents of Lib. xviii. of Livy's History, the name of the Bagrada is not mentioned. We are simply informed that, "Attilius Regulus, consul, having overcome the Carthaginians in a sea fight, passes over into Africa—

* Polyb. lib. i. c. 2, 3.

kills a serpent of prodigious magnitude, with great loss of his own men."

Some readers will, undoubtedly, consider the account of this serpent on a par with what is recorded of the mermaid, or of the sea-serpent, but they ought to bear in mind that it is confirmed by other ancient writers. Pliny, for instance, tells us "it is a well-known fact that during the Punic war, at the river Bagrada, a serpent, 120 feet in length, was taken by the Roman army, under Regulus; being besieged, like a fortress, by means of balistæ and other engines of war. Its skin and jaws were preserved in a temple at Rome down to the time of the Numantine war."*

We lingered about, for some time, near the bridge, waiting for Baba Ali and Mohammed, who had taken the high road whilst we kept to the water's edge, and when they arrived we hastened towards Hammam Elenf, where we proposed to halt during the heat of the day. On nearing the palace and mineral baths, built at the foot of the mountain, we heard the trampling of horses and the sound of carriages, and on looking round we were delighted to find that it was the *cortége* of the Bey. We reached the palace gate about the same time, and whilst my companions alighted at the apartments occupied by my friend, Count P., I went to pay my respects to his Highness.

The kind and amiable prince was surprised to hear that no notice had been taken of my request for an *amra*, and promised that it should be sent off so soon as he returned to Marsa, which he was about to do almost immediately.

* Hist. Nat. lib. viii. c. 14.

There was some one near the Bey who, I found, invariably endeavoured to thwart me in everything, so that unless I made my requests directly to the prince himself I scarcely ever obtained what I required. It is true I never took advantage of his friendship towards me, and limited my wants to objects connected with my immediate enterprise; but it was often annoying to perceive the acts of a cowardly enemy at every turn, and at every step. It was in my power to retaliate more than once, for though his cunning was, as he thought, shrouded in secresy, it was to me sufficiently transparent. His humble services were repeatedly volunteered, and when, to test him, they were occasionally accepted, they were, as a general rule, either never performed, or they were thrown into such a shape as utterly to frustrate my object. And yet he was at all times crouching and cringing, smiling and grinning—always professing to be my friend, but at all times acting as my enemy. Such specimens of human depravity can only flourish in atmospheres like these, and the fact of the existence of such a moral pestilence in the immediate vicinity of "*the court,*" shows the peculiar tactics diplomacy is reduced to. Unless one is thoroughly up to the whole system of intrigue prevalent within this court, a project which may be ever so well planned, and may have a tendency to prove ever so useful to the country itself, is sure to prove unsuccessful. The proposal may even be partially entertained by a minister, progress favourably up to a certain stage, and still it will fail in the end—and fail in such a manner that culpability will actually seem to attach to the innocent, and disinterested, projector of the undertaking. Another, on the contrary,

personally interested, will propose an enterprise calculated to embarrass the government, increase its pecuniary liabilities, and prove utterly useless to the country; yet he will succeed triumphantly, and will be even regarded as a benefactor to the state. His success is simply attributable to his thorough appreciation of the peculiar character of a very strange people. Were this the proper place for it, we could, with perfect ease, point out the particular causes of success, or failure, in the respective negotiations—we could reveal mysteries which have baffled diplomatists, and will continue to baffle the victims of treachery and intrigue: but such an *exposé* is foreign to our present scope.

We halted at *Hammam Elenf*—immortalized by Virgil for its *gemini scopuli* (twin peaks)—till the cool in the afternoon, and then proceeded on our way to Soleymaan. In less than an hour's time we reached the marble quarry which the Mohammed Bey commenced turning to account. It appears to have been worked by the ancients, and there are marks of its having been worked again more recently; but it has certainly not been touched during the last century. The marble is rather soft and has reddish veins, is easily worked, and looks extremely ornamental when polished. This is one of the numerous resources which the late excellent ruler of this country was endeavouring to develop. Had he lived, he would, by this time, undoubtedly also have turned his attention to the various mines in the regency. In case his successor should attempt to carry out these remunerative projects, it is only to be hoped that unprincipled European speculators will not take undue advantage of the disposition of this prince.

Sir Grenville Temple is of opinion that Hammam Elenf occupies the site of *Maxula prates*, of which, however, there are no remains extant. He adds, "It must also have been not far from this that the battle between the advanced guard of Belisarius, and a corps of the Vandals, under Ammatas, was fought, in 533, in which the latter were defeated. The reason for my fixing it here is that Procopius mentions its having been fought at *Decimus*, a place situated in a narrow defile, ten miles from Carthage, on the road from Susa. The affair in itself was very trifling, but its result was the opening of the gates of Carthage to the Imperial general."

The road from Hammam Elenf to Soleymaan is flat and uninteresting. The only feature of attraction is the bold chain of Corbus mountains in the distance to our left. On approaching the little town we met a *hamba* (a mounted policeman) with the *amra*. He was instructed to accompany us on our tour, and see to the fulfilment of its demands. According to this "*order*" we were not only to be permitted to pass without "let or hindrance," but were to be respected, and supplied with lodgings and provisions at the government expense.

We had an introduction to a European resident at Soleymaan, to whose house we repaired. But the governor sent us an ample supper, and an abundant supply of barley for our horses.

This town, which is partly in ruin, was built by Andalusian Moors, and was formerly walled. Before the great plague it had a population of 20,000 souls, whereas at present it can scarcely boast of more than a fourth.

A European here purchased, a few years ago, a most beautiful gem representing Neptune driving his chariot.

It is an exquisite specimen of art, for which, it is stated, thirty thousand francs were at one time offered. He would, undoubtedly, now dispose of it for much less. Its merits are unquestionably great, and, if money had been no consideration to me, I should certainly not have left so rare a work of art in such a miserable place. The individual who purchased it from an Arab for a mere trifle is now dead, and previous to his demise he made his heirs promise not to part with it, except for a certain amount, unless they were reduced to absolute starvation. It was brought here from Eljem, the ancient Tisdrus, still famous for the remains of its magnificent amphitheatre.

During the night a double murder was perpetrated by an Arab from Morocco. Some time ago this man received an injury from one of the townspeople, which it was believed was not only forgiven, but forgotten. The poor man found himself in a coffee-house with a friend, when the Morockeen suddenly rushed in, with a blunderbuss in his hand, and in his attempt to assassinate the victim, whom he had long marked, killed the friend close to him also. The murderer then made his escape, but was pursued, and literally cut to pieces by the infuriated crowd.

Early in the morning we started for *Sidy Daoud*. Our road lay through very extensive, and well cultivated, olive plantations, divided from each other by thick hedges of beech trees, intermixed with the myrtle, the oleander, and numerous shrubs, exquisite in beauty as regards foliage and flower.

Beyond the olive plantations the country assumes a very wild aspect. We had to traverse several of the rocky spurs of the Corbus chain of mountains, intersected

by cultivated dales. The baths of Corbus, famous for curing chronic rheumatism, obstinate syphilitic cases, and numerous other complaints, are situated close to the sea, and in full view of Carthage. The patients can easily obtain lodgings, but they must provide themselves with everything in the form of eatables, with the exception of eggs and poultry, either direct from Tunis, or from the Goletta. The salutary effects of the waters of Corbus are far superior to those of Hammam Elenf. In taste, when taken direct from the source, the water resembles chicken broth.

Corbus is the ancient *Cerebis*, of which there are still some slight remains. Its chief interest consists in being the place to which Cyprian was banished under the persecution to which Valerian was instigated by Macrianus. In the beginning of this persecution (A.D. 257), the famous Bishop of Carthage kept to his post; but he was afterwards summoned before the proconsul Paternus, who informed him that, in compliance with the Emperor's edict, he must request him to offer sacrifices to the gods. Cyprian refused, and the proconsul, averse to summary cruelty, banished him to this place.

Galerius Maximus succeeded Paternus in the proconsulate, and he either recalled the Bishop from Cerebis, or permitted him to return and reside in his own garden in the suburbs of Carthage. Here Cyprian was suddenly seized by two officers, who had been sent, with a band of soldiers, for that purpose, and imprisoned, but treated with great respect. After a day's delay, his examination came on.

"Art thou Thascius Cyprian?" asked Maximus.

"I am," replied the venerable divine.

"The most sacred Emperor," rejoined the Proconsul, "commands thee to sacrifice to the gods."

"I will not sacrifice," Cyprian unhesitatingly answered.

Maximus at first endeavoured to persuade the bishop to comply with the Emperor's edict; but finding his efforts unavailing, and provoked by the firm and decided refusal with which his proposals were met, he exclaimed—

"Thascius Cyprian, thou hast lived long in thy impiety, and hast assembled around thee many men involved in the same wicked conspiracy. Thou hast shown thyself an enemy alike to the gods and the laws of the empire. The pious and sacred emperors have in vain sought to reclaim thee; thou hast been the chief author, and leader, of these most guilty practices; thou shalt therefore be an example to those whom thou hast deluded to thy unlawful assemblies—thou must expiate thy crime with thy blood!"

On hearing this sentence, the venerable bishop, nothing daunted, only exclaimed, "God be thanked!"

He was at once led to a neighbouring field, followed by a vast concourse of Christians, who, notwithstanding this barbarous sentence, exclaimed, "Let us die with our bishop!"

Cyprian submitted with tranquil patience, and serene composure, to his cruel death, and even ordered a sum of money to be given to the executioner who beheaded him.*

* In Valerian we have a remarkable instance of retributive justice. He was shortly after made prisoner in the war against the Persians, and, it is said, was forced to bend his neck that the proud conqueror, Sapor, might mount his horse. He was finally put to death in the most cruel manner. Acta Martyrum Ruinarti, p. 216. Cave's Lives of the Apostles, &c. Pontius' Life of Cyprian.

Thus died one of the martyrs of Carthage—the exile of Cerebis!

The road, or rather the path, to *Sidy Daoud* is far from being clearly defined, and as Baba Ali was the only one of our party who professed to know something about it, we were forced to place implicit confidence in him. But the poor old man was in a peculiar humour to discuss politics, and would pay no attention to the intricacies of the road. We had repeatedly to retrace our steps, and these erratic rambles he would turn to advantage. "The path of life," he said, "is full of errors, and he alone is happy who has the will, and the ability, to avoid them; and if led into them, as most of us are, to extricate himself from them." Another of his favourite sentences, which he was particularly fond of reiterating, was—"I am now old and grey-headed, and can say from experience, that the world is a mere delusion. Deceit is the spring of action, and by deceit alone do men rise to dignity and honour. I have toiled, and what have I now? Others have lived in idleness, but have risen to dignity by mere flattery and deceit. Men who have been my servants are now my superiors, and those whom I have commanded, I am now forced to obey. The world is a theatre; to-day one acts the part of a king—to-morrow that of a servant."

But neither his ethics, nor his homilies, insured our course. We found ourselves on the brink of a deep ravine, without any trace of a path. Baba Ali turned his horse's head, and pointed towards the Corbus mountains. the very opposite direction of *Sidy Daoud*. It was now evident that the office of the guide of the party must devolve upon me.

With great difficulty we descended the ravine, and worked our way through it, for some considerable distance, when we came upon a path near a lovely brook of delicious water. The locality was so tempting that we halted to refresh our horses, whilst we enjoyed a capital luncheon under the shade of a cluster of young beech trees, beneath an overhanging rock. A temporary kitchen was speedily arranged, and Mohammed's peculiar culinary talents were in active operation. But neither was his tongue idle. "Baba Ali!" he exclaimed, and this over and over again, "to your knowledge of the road we are indebted for this charming spot; you must have been here very often, to have found it again so easily. *Sachait, Baba Ali, sachait*—Well done, Baba Ali, well done!"

The old man only smiled, and continued collecting wild flowers for my travelling companions. Occasionally he condescended to administer a gentle rebuke to Mohammed, by telling him, "You be quiet, you are a French *shloushy* (humbug)."

Baba Ali had a special aversion to French politics, and Mohammed having lived three years in Paris, as cook to Benayad's family, had become rather Frenchified in his views, and this the old dragoman, the veteran pirate, considered antagonistic to orthodoxy. Whilst Mohammed lived in Paris, he dressed in European costume, and went even so far as to wear an eye-glass—an appendage which one day attracted the attention of M. Jule de Lesseps, who knowing that the Arab mountaineer had capital eyes, asked him why he had recourse to a *lunette?* Mohammed answered honestly and frankly, *É la moda*—"It is the fashion,"—an avowal which few staring coxcombs would dare to make.

We were loth to leave this lovely spot, replete with wild flowers of every description and colour—a retreat which nature formed for the boar and other wild animals, and ornamented with exquisite taste and beauty. The boar, working his way down to the silvery and rippling stream, through the thickly set myrtle bushes, had actually shaped regular bowers, and these were intertwined with festoons of oleander and clematis. What a luxuriant retreat! A veritable elysium! But what representatives of the Trojan chiefs and their blissful companions!

Reluctantly, indeed, did we again mount our horses, and change this charming spot for barren and sterile rocks. Under a fierce and burning sun we had to climb hill after hill, every step of which had to be gained by determined perseverance over numerous difficulties. Steep and pathless heights, covered with loose stones, and almost impenetrable prickly brushwood, presented a constant succession of obstacles to our march. Fortunately our party, with the exception of old Baba Ali, was provided with excellent horses; and he, having been the cause of our present difficulties, not only met with but little sympathy, but had even to listen to the incessant taunts of his friend Mohammed. "This is the carriage road," shouted our jovial Parisian Arab, "which you, Baba Ali, promised to point out to us! You may have been a good soldier and a good sailor, but surely you are not a good guide." And, turning to our *hamba*, (whom he dubbed *Bash-hamba*, "chief of the police," an office of high standing), he asked him—"Is this not a *taneah essoltaneah*, Sultan's highway, a royal road, into which we have been led by Baba Ali? No wonder

he found this excellent road, seeing he knows the whole country as well as he knows the palm of his hand." The *hamba* merely shrugged his shoulders, and Baba Ali had only one observation to make, which was made, and received, in the very best humour—"You be quiet, you are a French *shloushy*."

We gradually made our way down to Cape Safraan, *Herculis Promontorium*, where Cneius Octavius, in the year 203 B.C., lost a part of his fleet, consisting of two hundred transports and thirty men-of-war. Another portion was wrecked higher up, near the islands of Zimbra, the *Ægimuri Aræ* of the ancients, and he himself escaped with a few vessels to Porto Farina.

From Ras Safraan we had a long and tedious ride along the beach. There was not much danger now of losing our road, except when we had occasionally to deviate from our course, to avoid some rocky projections of the coast, in which cases we were sometimes compelled to strike inland for half a mile, or more. Our famous dragoman, although partially stupefied from the effects of a scorching sun, and exhausted from the incessant exertions to keep his jaded steed steadily wading through the heavy and deep sands, still persevered in maintaining his character as guide, and even in these slight deviations he led us several times astray. Fortunately there was but little difficulty in regaining the path.

As the day advanced the heat increased in intensity, and a peculiar stupor, which produces a degree of listlessness, indifference, and carelessness about ourselves (and much more so about others), gradually came over us. This feeling is undoubtedly the effect of the sun,

combined with the murmuring and perpetual roaring of the sea. Thirst and fatigue, no doubt, also contribute their share. One feels neither inclined to talk nor to listen, and it is only some extraordinary incident which rouses one from this lethargic condition. In a party like ours such incidents did not fail to present themselves. A sudden burst of laughter from Mohammed attracted our attention, and on looking round we beheld our hero, who had, in his younger days, ravished the coasts of Sicily and Sardinia, in the most humiliated condition. Baba Ali's horse was on his knees, and partly imbedded in the sand. The animal manifested no willingness to rise, and the rider was, apparently, as little inclined to leave his saddle. Neither Mohammed, nor the *hamba*, could offer any immediate help, for they seemed convulsed with laughter. The scene was certainly ludicrous. I expostulated with them, but, before they could recover themselves, the old man managed, by dint of great exertions, to extricate himself from the stirrups, and to free himself from his sword, which was partly beneath the poor animal.

"Is this a specimen of your horsemanship?" asked Mohammed, so soon as he was able to give utterance.

"Change horses with me, you French shloushi," retorted the veteran, "and I'll soon show you specimens of horsemanship. I am old, it is true, but I can tell you, the country never has produced, and never will produce, a horseman like me. You would never have survived this fall, had it happened to you; but I, you see, you French *shloushi*, am able to laugh at it myself. You shall yet witness specimens of my horsemanship."

Poor Baba Ali's fall proved a prolific theme for

Mohammed's barren brains. Scarcely an hour passed without his reciting the whole incident from beginning to end, but he did it in manner, so peculiarly his own, that he invariably produced the desired effect—a hearty laugh, in which his own merry voice was always audible above the others.

We reached Sidy Daoud at 5 P.M., having been twelve hours on horseback. Mr. Cesana, who has the management of the *tonnara* (tunny fishery), gave us a very hearty welcome, and sought, in every way in his power, to make our stay here as agreeable as possible.

Besides the premises connected with the fishery (and these are quite modern), there are only two or three huts here, so that the pompous name of *Sidy Daoud*, which figures in such respectable letters upon the maps of the Regency of Tunis, belongs to a cupola of a saint, and to a room or two, the habitation of his guardian. From my readings, and from all I had heard of *Sidy Daoud*, "Saint David," I was certainly induced to believe that it was, at least, a small town, and hence my disappointment on ascertaining the real state of things.

The saint's cupola is built amidst the ruins of Nisua, or Misua, which appear very insignificant, although, from the extent of ground which they occupy, it is evident that it was a city of considerable importance. Excavation might bring some interesting remains to light, but hitherto nothing but Roman antiquities have been discovered. Numerous Arabs, and even some of the Bey's soldiers, are always occupied in tearing up foundations to recover stones for buildings, either at Tunis or at the Goletta. Very recently some soldiers found what, I am informed, is considered a most beautiful statue of a Bacchus. At

my suggestion the English Consul applied for it; but the French Consul, M. Leon Roche, who invariably manages to receive the earliest information of everything, had already asked for it, and the Bey, in order not to betray his partiality, thought it best to give it to neither. The statue has therefore been thrown into some lumber room, where it may, on some future day, be dug up among the ruins of the Bardo palace, and form a grave subject for archæological polemics in reference to the degree of patronage Moslem princes extended to the fine arts.

The Arabs also repeatedly find lamps and terra cotta vases, and occasionally also a few coins, but all of a Roman date. Sir Grenville Temple, when here, employed several Arabs in digging, but he recovered nothing of any particular value.

Within the last few years, and during the period that the fishery was in operation, large quantities of Roman silver coins were found, but always by the Sicilian workmen. That these men, who are only here two or three months, should meet with such success, and the Arabs, who are digging all the year round, should be so totally exempt from fortune's favours, appeared to me sufficient ground for suspicion. I therefore secured a few of the coins, with which Tunis was periodically inundated, and found them to be imitations, but of such capital execution that expert collectors have been imposed on.

But my special object in coming here was neither to procure coins, nor to purchase any objects in terra cotta. I came here to look for giants' tombs, and for giants I was resolved to make a determined, and diligent, search.

Mr. Cesana kindly sent off for *Rais Machloof*, and when this individual made his appearance I was certainly sur-

prised to see such a personification of villany and roguery. He surpassed all of his kind I had hitherto met with, and yet, I believe, very few Europeans can produce such a list of human depravity, exhibited in Arab characters, as I can.

He first gave me to understand that if I handed over to him a sum of money he would, within a given time, procure me one of the skeletons. I acquiesced in his request, but proposed paying the money in the presence of the saint's guardian, who acted as *sheikh* (magistrate) in the district. As this did not meet with his approval, I suggested to him to procure a number of workmen, and, if these proved successful in their search, I would make him a present of the sum he demanded, and would, in every case, defray the expenses of the labourers. The Rais (captain) replied that it was impossible to procure labourers at this season, and, moreover, intimated his doubt as to the existence of giants' tombs.

"Rais Machloof," I addressed him, "in consequence of the report you spread about giants and their tombs, I have come here. Yesterday morning I spoke to the Bey about them, and promised his Highness to show him one of the skeletons. Whether you have given circulation to a false report, or whether you are unwilling to show these tombs to me, I cannot tell; but in either case the prince shall be informed of your conduct. My *amra* justifies me in enforcing your compliance with my request, but I decline availing myself of this advantage."

"By the head of the prophet, master," the Rais answered, "and by the truth of *Deen Elislaam* (the religion of Islaam), I have neither spread a false report, nor am I unwilling to comply with your request. Had

you brought labourers with you I would, even at this late hour, have pointed out to you the spot where to dig. Without labourers we can do nothing."

With the aid of our estimable host I succeeded in securing ten soldiers from a neighbouring fort, and with these the Rais commenced operations early the following morning.

When I visited *the digging* I found it conducted in the most slovenly manner. There was no sign above ground of graves beneath, but as the *captain* assured me that the one I had heard of, through his Greek friend, was discovered close by, I suffered him to continue in his own way. Baba Ali had superintended some slight excavation which Sir Grenville Temple made at Carthage, in 1837, and hence he considered himself fully entitled to have his opinion respected. This opinion he volunteered, but it was indignantly rejected by Machloof. A scene would have ensued, which, for the sake of the giant skeletons, I prevented. Machloof would have no interference; he would only listen to me, and I even had to confine my remarks to the disposal of the loose earth. I advised him to keep his trenches, or rather irregular pits, always free from encumbrances, so that the object of our search might more readily be perceived.

The day closed without bringing to light anything of the desired result. Large massive stones, varying in size and shape, were found thrown together in great confusion, among which was a Roman sepulchral inscription, but not even a bone of a colossal skeleton did we come upon. The soldiers agreed to work the following day also, and the crest-fallen *Rais Machloof* held out hopes of better success, in a more promising locality.

Very early on the following morning, the search was resumed, and, up to noon, with no more favourable indications than those of the previous day.

At the fishing establishment, notwithstanding Mr. Cesana's extraordinary kindness, we could not possibly remain longer. The heat was excessive, and the incessant stench, from putrid remains of the tunny fish, was intolerable. Besides these serious inconveniences, to which my friends M. S—— and M. R—— will readily testify, we were annoyed by swarms of flies during the day. That a pestilence does not annually rage on this little island, during the time the tonnora is in operation, is one of those apparent contradictions which we so often meet with in the economy of nature. It certainly serves as a convincing proof of the extraordinary salubrity of the climate of the whole Regency of Tunis.

To bring our research to a close, and to have something like a proof of the real nature of my errand, I requested the Rais to transfer the men to the spot where the famous skeleton was found, and to dig up, at least, some of its bones. He hesitated for some time, but at last consented very reluctantly. A few hours' work brought to light, what he pretended, or conceived to be, a joint of one of the fingers, which to me appeared, undoubtedly, to be the drumstick of the leg of a fowl. Shortly after he exultingly produced the jawbone of the giant, but which I had no hesitation in pronouncing to be the jawbone of an ass! It was now pretty evident that the account about the colossal skeleton was nothing more, nor less, than a gigantic falsehood!

CHAPTER XV.

THE AFRICAN LANDING PLACE OF VIRGIL'S HERO.

We took leave of our very amiable host at the tunny-fishery of Sidy Daoud, and started, at four o'clock in the morning, to visit the famous caves at *Elhowareah* (written on Smyth's Chart Awariyeh), the *Aquilaria* of the ancients. The country was very slightly cultivated; the dwarf ilex and numerous shrubs, apparently, monopolized the soil which nature intended should yield food for man. But as this law of nature is dependent upon the labour of man, it is not surprising that a people, naturally idle, should resign their rightful inheritance to persevering weeds.

Our path lay on the slope of hills, having the sea to our left, and the lofty, bold, and picturesque promontory of *Bon* before us. On our way we met an Arab, whom we engaged to guide us direct to the *magharat*, "the caves," which are about half a mile from the village, and close to the edge of the sea. In less than three hours we reached the spot.

The *magharat*, caves, are in reality the *lapicidinæ*, quarries, of the ancients, from which, no doubt, not only Carthage and Utica, but also other cities in the neighbourhood, were built. Strabo not only mentions the hot springs which are on the gulf of Carthage, but he also

notices these "stone quarries," and adds that then (after the springs at Corbus and the quarries) comes "the rugged promontory Hermæa,* on which is a city of the same name."† The position is thus very correctly laid down.

The quarries form a series of vast chambers, or halls, varying in size, and communicating with each other by large arched openings. Their shape is generally square, tapering upwards, and terminating in apertures, about ten or twelve feet square. These apertures appear to have served not merely as ventilators, but also as a medium through which the stones were hoisted up. They were then rolled down to the beach for embarkation. The depth varies according to the incline of the mountain; in some cases it must be upwards of three hundred feet.

It is quite impossible now to ascertain the number of halls, as the communication of many is choked up, and some have fallen in. The Arabs have their own opinion as to the nature of these excavations. They believe that they were intended for dwellings, and say that the whole is a subterranean city, of immense extent. They point out the *Makhkama*, "hall of justice," with its seats—so they denominate a large chamber with some of the square stones not severed at the bottom. The marks of the workmen's tools are actually still visible upon these stones. They likewise point out a monument which goes by the name of *nagha*, "she camel," which has as much resemblance to this animal as it has to any other in creation, and is only a shapeless mass of refuse stone,

* So called because it was sacred to Mercury.
† Lib. xvii. c. iii. § 16.

allowed to remain in one of the halls. At present this subterranean city is, of course, the habitation of legions of *jenoon*, "ghosts," and any one whose taste lies in the direction of spirit-rapping and table-turning &c., can easily secure here a collection of legends to his heart's content.

But if the Arabs have their view respecting these excavations, travellers, and one a very eminent scholar, have not failed to exercise their ingenuity about them. Shaw says, "As this mountain [above the quarries] is shaded all over with trees; [there are scarcely any now to be seen on it] as the arches here described lie open to the sea, having a large cliff on each side, [and numerous others besides] with the island Ægimurus placed over against them; as there are likewise some fountains perpetually draining from the rocks, [we could discover none, and the native Arabs who were with us never heard of any] and seats very convenient for the weary labourer to rest upon; from such concurrence of circumstances, so exactly [?] corresponding to the caves which Virgil places somewhere in this gulf, we have little room to doubt of the following description [Virg. Æn. i. 163] being literally true."*

Sir Grenville Temple adopts Shaw's opinion, reviews that portion of Virgil's work which describes the descent of Æneas on the Carthaginian shores, and concludes that *Elhowareah* is actually the spot which the poet intended to indicate as the landing-place of the Trojan hero.

I fully agree with these learned authors that Virgil's description did not originate in his own imagination, neither do I believe that he took his sketches from the

* Shaw's Travels, vol. i. p. 167.

bay of Naples, but that he really, and truly, meant to describe African scenery.*

But, whilst I concur with them so far, I am compelled totally to differ from them as regards the *precise* scenery the poet had in view. Let us investigate this interesting subject, and begin with the lines—

> "Est in secessu longo locus : insula portum
> Efficit objectu laterum, quibus omnis ab alto
> Frangitur, inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos"†—

which in prose, and nearly literally, may be rendered ‡—

There is a place in a long recess ; an island forms a harbour by the projection of its sides, by which every wave from the deep is broken, and divides itself among the extended sides.

A simple glance at the gulf of Tunis, in the accompanying map, or a reference to the chart of the learned Captain (now Admiral) Smyth, will sufficiently prove that

* Dr. Shaw, in the place cited, has the following quotation: "Est τοποθεσια, *i. e.* fictus secundum poeticam licentiam locus. Ne autem videretur penitus a veritate discedere, Hispaniensis Carthaginis portum descripsit. Cæterum hunc locum in Africa nunquam esse constat. Serv. in loc. Fictus hic locus est, et sublatus ab Homero (Odyss. xiii. 95.) aliqua ex parte ad formam Ithacensis portus. Pomp. Sab. in loc. Mr. Addison (p. 71 of his Travels) supposes that Virgil might have taken the plan from the Bay of Naples." Sir Grenville Temple very justly observes, "Any one who has visited Naples and its bay, will, in many instances, find it difficult to reconcile Virgil's description with the scenery before his eyes ; at least, I have endeavoured to do so, and have failed." (Vol. ii. p. 33.) Ithaca was as unknown to the poet as Carthage, and besides, why should he have taken the model of any other bay when the particulars about the one he wished to commemorate could so easily have been obtained ? To have had recourse to actual fiction on a geographical point, respecting a locality daily visited by Romans, would have exposed the poet to ridicule, and would have considerably damaged the character of his work.

† Æn. I. 159.

‡ Since I see no reason for taking for granted that every reader is a scholar, I make no apology for adding translations whenever I make quotations from foreign languages.

the words *secessu longo*, "a long recess, or deep retreat," cannot possibly refer to that portion of the shore in the vicinity of Elhowareah. Neither can the words *insula portum efficit*, "an island forms a harbour," apply to the rocks, or islands of Zembra, the *Ægimuri aræ* of the ancients. Their distance from the shore can afford no shelter to any creek on the coast. They may, perhaps, protect a very limited piece of the shore when a strong north-westerly wind blows, and in that case, I am inclined to believe, they would create such violent currents as considerably to endanger any attempt at effecting a landing. In the present instance no less than five different winds were raging at the same time, and that the Trojan vessels were then actually beating about within the gulf, and *south* of these rocks, is evident, because the wind from that very quarter drove three of the ships upon them—

"Tres Notus abreptas in saxa latentia torquet;
Saxa vocant Itali, mediis quæ in fluctibus Aras." *

Three [ships], carried away, the south wind (Notus) dashes on latent rocks—rocks which in the midmost waves, Italians call Altars.

But, mentioning these rocks in the way he does, is it not strange, if they, or either of them, formed *the harbour*, that the poet does not say so? Does he not, on the contrary, rather refute this opinion by the manner in which he soon after introduces the island?—*Insula portum efficit*, "an island forms a harbour," a totally distinct island—one which has no connexion whatever with the rocks on which three of the vessels were wrecked.

The lines,

"Hinc atque hinc vastæ rupes geminique minantur
In cœlum scopuli, quorum sub vertice latè
Æquora tuta silent." †

* Æn. I. 108. † Ib. 162.

From this part and from that, vast rocks and twin cliffs threaten towards heaven; under the summit of which the safe waters are altogether silent.

The *vastæ rupes*, vast rocks, and *gemini scopuli*, twin cliffs, Sir Grenville Temple identifies with Ras Eddar, or Cape Bon, and *Ras Elahmar*. The distance between these headlands is about ten miles. Why the poet should have selected these cliffs out of a host of others our author does not explain, neither does he notice how the waters can possibly be affected by these distant headlands. He likewise omits to quote, and to explain, the lines—

"hic fessas non vincula naves
Ulla tenent, unco non alligat anchora morsu."*

Here chains hold not weary ships—not any anchor binds them with its crooked bite.

How those remote capes could so far influence the small and insignificant creek of Elhowareah as to produce within it, during the raging of a tempest, such a calm that vessels could be enabled to ride without anchors, and without chains, is, I must confess, beyond my comprehension.

But impossibilities are no obstacles to absolute determination, and, hence, are we informed that above Elhowareah were the *silvis scena coruscis*, "a scene with waving woods," and a grove black with frowning shade, notwithstanding not a vestige of them is found on the stern rock. And the passage—

"Fronte sub adversa, scopulis pendentibus, antrum;
Intus aquæ dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo—"†

Under the opposite brow, a cave with pendent cliffs; within sweet waters, and seats of living rock—

* Æn. I. 168. † Ibid. 166.

Sir Grenville explains of the quarries, and considers the whole as a decided confirmation of the correctness of his opinion, notwithstanding not a drop of water can now be found within any of the halls of these excavations.

We pass over some minor particulars, and simply notice one fact which, in itself, is a complete refutation of this wild theory.

Seven ships entered the port, and the weather-beaten Trojan heroes landed immediately. Æneas ascended a cliff to look for the remainder of his vessels, but *navem in conspectu nullam*, there was "no ship in sight." He comes down dejected, and espies three stags, which he kills, and with the fat venison, and good old wine, "they banished hunger by feasting." The remainder of the day was spent in contemplating the probable fate of the other ships.

In the meantime, Venus intercedes with Jupiter for her son's welfare, and obtains her petitions to her heart's content.

Early on the following morning, Æneas, accompanied by Achates, goes forth to explore new places. He is met by his mother, disguised as a huntress. From her he obtains all the information about the country, and its inhabitants. She comforts him as to the fate of his other vessels, and advises him to proceed to the capital, and concludes:—

"Perge modo, et qua te ducit via dirige gressum." *

Proceed only, and whither the way leads thee, direct thy path.

Having said this, the goddess vanished, to the great grief of "pious Æneas," who had just then recognised her. She, however, still hovered about her darling and

* Lin. 401.

his companion, covering them with a cloud to protect, and shelter, them from harm.

The Trojans enter Carthage, meet with a favourable reception from queen Dido, who promises them not only protection, but all the aid they may possibly require. A sumptuous banquet is prepared for them; but

> "Æneas (neque enim patrius consistere mentem
> Passus amor) rapidum ad naves præmittit Achatem,
> Ascanio ferat hæc, ipsumque ad mœnia ducat." *

Æneas (for his paternal affection suffered not his mind to rest) despatches the swift Achates to the ships, to carry these tidings to Ascanius, and to lead him to the walls.

Achates was also instructed to bring some costly ornaments, snatched from the Ilian ruins, which the prince intended as a present to the Carthaginian queen. When the messenger returned, bearing the royal gifts, the queen was already seated on a golden couch, with superb hangings; and Æneas, as well as the Trojan youth from the other vessels, were also assembled to the grand banquet.

The reader may, perhaps, have guessed my motive for giving this abridged account of Virgil's narrative; but if he has not, I beg now to inform him that I did it in order to direct his attention to the extraordinary muscular power of the Trojan heroes. On a reference to the map, it will be observed that the distance from Elhowareah to Carthage is, at least, sixty miles, which distance Achates is said to have performed, on foot, no less than three times in the course of one single day! No wonder the ancients never thought of railway travelling, when they could, apparently with ease, perform a journey of 180 miles in a day, and spend the evening at a sumptuous

* I. 643.

banquet. Nay more: not only could the ancients dispense with railways, but they had likewise no need for telescopes, according to the views of the authors, whose opinions we are examining.

Virgil states that Æneas, after his mother had left him, ascended a hill, *qui plurimus urbi imminet*, "which most overhangs the city," whence he sees

> "the stately tow'rs
> (Which late were huts, and shepherds' homely bow'rs),
> The gates and streets; and hears from every part
> The noise and busy concourse of the mart," &c.*

The hill from which the two Trojans had such a minute view of Carthage, Sir Grenville Temple takes to be the one on which the village of Rhades now stands, "which," he says, "in a direct line, is only four miles [SIX, and not four] distant from Carthage. If, however," he adds, "the strict meaning of the words *imminet* [overhangs] and *desuper* [from above] be insisted on, from the idea of the hill of Rhades not being sufficiently high to overlook the town . . . we might place Æneas on one of the spurs of Boo Korneen [Hammam Elenf], which would at once remove the difficulty." †

But the difficulty does not consist in the height of the hill alone. The Trojans, according to Virgil, could plainly see the busy scene within the city. They could hear, and distinguish, the people. They certainly could not have done this from Rhades, and much less could they have done so from any of the spurs of Hammam Elenf mountain, the nearest height of which is at least ten miles distant from Carthage.

I think I may now take it for granted that the

* Dryden's Virgil, B. i. lin. 580.

† Excursion in the Mediterranean, vol. ii. p. 42.

locality fixed upon by Dr. Shaw, and by Sir Grenville Temple, cannot be the one which Virgil intended to point out as the landing-place of his Trojan heroes. The question, the reader will bear in mind, is not whether Æneas really did, or did not, visit the African metropolis; but whether the eminent poet intended to describe African scenery, and, if such was his intention, whether his geography is correct, or incorrect.

From what has already been advanced, the task of pointing out the landing-place of the Trojans, conformably to the poet's description, is considerably diminished.

Three ships of the Trojan flotilla were wrecked on the rocks called *the Altars*, the Zembra of modern charts. The south wind was the cause of this catastrophe, and hence we learn that the vessels were then south of those rocks, and quite within the *sinus Carthaginensis*, the gulf of Tunis. Æneas, in relating to his disguised parent his tale of woe, and the perils of the deep, which his "twice ten" ships had to encounter, says—

"Vix septem convulsæ undis Euroque supersunt." *

Hardly seven, tossed by the waves and by the east wind, are preserved.

From these words it is evident that an east wind, or rather (as *Eurus* signifies) an east-south-east wind (which by-the-bye made it *utterly* impossible for them to make the shore at Elhowareah), enabled them to effect a landing on the northern, or north-western, shore of the peninsula on which Carthage stood. On nearing the coast from a direction west of Cape Camart, the land, or rather the isthmus, is very low, and covered with lakes,

* I. 383.

which are so swelled in extent after heavy gales, that the peninsula of Carthage has every appearance of a sea-girt island. The poet was therefore perfectly justified in speaking of a port, or harbour, on its shores as *insula portum efficit*, "an island forms a harbour."

Again, on approaching the coast, in the same direction, the lofty double-peaked mountain of Hammam Elenf—to this day called by the Arabs بو كرنين "the possessor of two horns," actually so named from having two peaks*—seems to tower above the vast rocks which flank the little bay, west of Cape Camart, into which the Trojan vessels entered. To this scenery the poet's description is literally applicable—

> "Hinc atque hinc vastæ rupes geminique mirantur
> In cœlum scopuli."

From this part and from that, vast rocks and twin peaks threaten towards heaven.

Once in this little harbour (but quite large enough to contain more than this flotilla of small vessels) they were perfectly safe, particularly during the prevalance of the east-south-easterly wind, the force of which is first broken by Cape Carthage, then by Cape Camart, and finally by the eastern rocky projection of the harbour itself.

I can scarcely be called upon to point out the *antrum*, "cave" with pendent cliffs, and sweet waters, and stone seats. It is well known that the violence of the waves has, in many parts of the world, within the memory of man, swept away such natural formations. What

* Sir Grenville Temple bears testimony to this fact. He says: "Bo-Kurneen, 'father of two horns,' so called from its two peaks, which, from certain points of view, give it a great resemblance to Vesuvius and Somma."—Excursions, vol. ii. p. 2.

ravages and transformations must have been caused on these shores after a lapse of so many centuries! We ought, besides, to remember that the sea has considerably encroached upon this peninsula, so that many of the ruins of Carthage are now under water. Much of the natural formation on the beach which the violence of the north-westerly wind has not destroyed is now covered by the sea. But notwithstanding this, I am able to point out the remains of a cave, with "living water" dripping from the solid rock, and that only a few hundred yards from where the vessels were at anchor. So sweet is this water (*aquæ dulces*) that Benayad, the late treasurer of the Bey, who has a palace built on Cape Camart, on the summit of one of the catacomb hills, invariably sent for it, although one of the finest cisterns is attached to his edifice.

The cliff which Æneas ascended, to look out for the missing vessels, I take to be Cape Camart, from whence he had a vast prospect of the extensive bay, and, at the same time, the city of Carthage (then comprised in the Byrsa, situated on, and around, the hill on which now stands the fort) was hid from his view by the catacomb hills of Camart.

For miles around the secluded spot of Camart there are, even now, "groves black with frowning shade," and here the dales and valleys were, no doubt, anciently teeming with herds of stags. These timid animals were not only driven from their native wilds by the accumulation of human dwellings, but by the incessant havoc caused among them by the numerous huntsmen of a populous city in such close proximity. Other wild beasts, such as the wolf and the hyena, living in caves and hollows in the rocks, have retained their original

strongholds, and some are even now occasionally killed by the indifferent Arab sportsman.

The first view the Trojan chief had of the Phœnician metropolis in Africa was, the morning after, under the guidance of Venus; but it could only have been a very superficial one, since he was, in a direct line, about four miles from the city. This view he had from the highest point of *Jebel Khawi*,* the hills of the Catacombs, known among the visitors to Carthage, during the period of the excavations, as *L'ultimo sospiro d'Annie.*

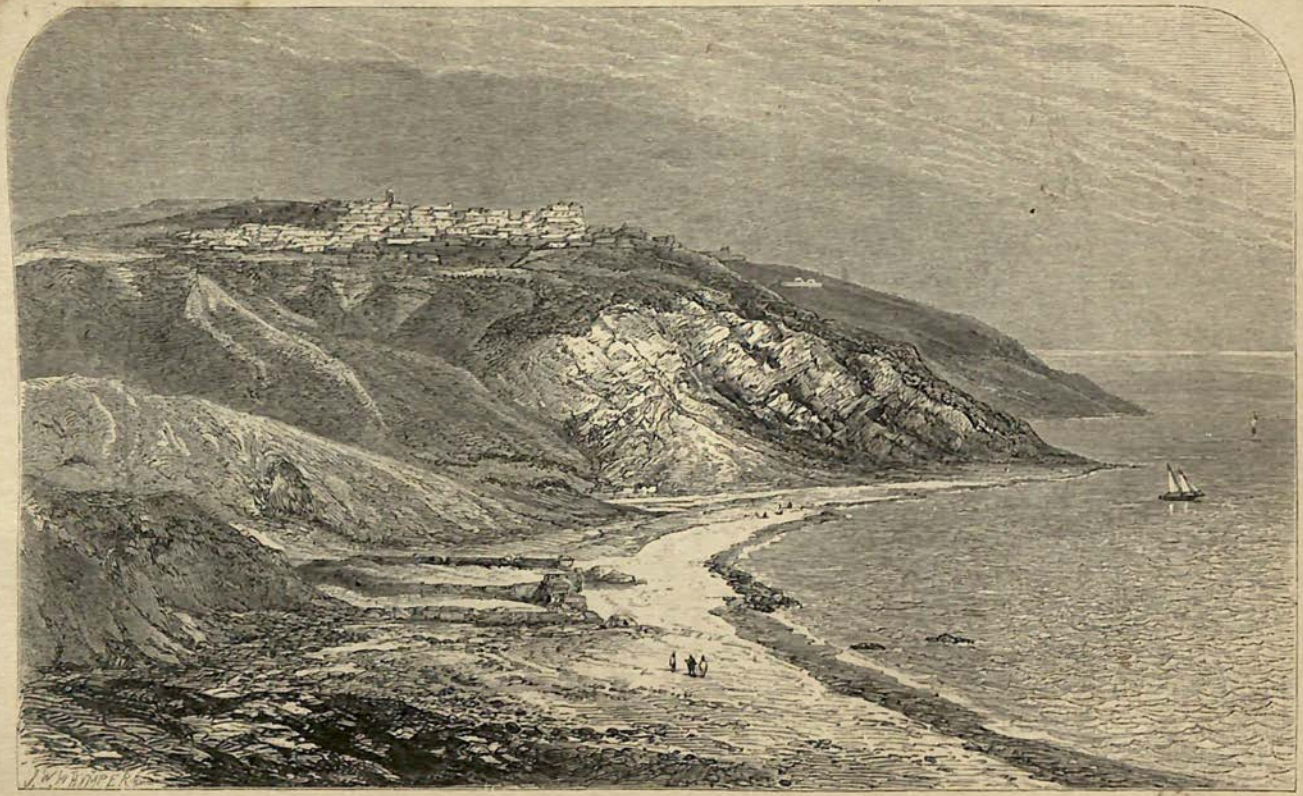
Æneas and his companion Achates proceeded hence on their way, according to the direction of Venus—

> "Jamque ascendebant collem, qui pluribus urbi
> Imminet, adversasque aspectat desuper arces." †

And now they were ascending the hill, which most overhangs the city, and looks towards the opposite towers from above.

The height Virgil now alludes to is that called *Sidy-Bosaid*, or Cape Carthage. It is the most prominent eminence on the whole of the peninsula, being 393 feet above the level of the sea, or 205 feet higher than the hill of St. Louis, and strictly "overhangs the city." It is only one mile from the Byrsa, the citadel, whose towers were directly opposite to it. From its heights the Trojans could clearly distinguish the gates and the various edifices. The din and noise of the workmen were perfectly audible, particularly as it is more than probable that stones from the very hill on which they stood, were then actually being quarried for building some of the public edifices of the rising city. There are plain indications which prove that the hill of Sidy Bosaid was anciently quarried, and this is corroborated by the affinity between

* Vide Illustration facing p. 483. † I. 419.



CAPE CARTHAGE, WITH THE MODERN TOWN OF SIDI-BO-SAID, AND RUINS OF ANCIENT SEA-GATE BELOW.

the formation of this vast rock and some of the stones dug up at our excavations. Besides, the city actually extended towards this hill, and the wall was scarcely half a mile from it, as is amply apparent from the remains of the sea-gate which is almost at its foot.

We have now brought our "pious Æneas" to the walls of Carthage, where we take leave of him. With the rest of his story we have nothing to do.

We have thus, without any stretch of imagination, without any violence to the original text, and without calling upon the reader to acquiesce in any extravagant conjectures, proved that Virgil's geography did not originate in his own imagination, neither was the bay of Naples, nor that of Ithaca, his model, but that he really and truly described, and that with marvellous exactness, African scenery—such exactness, indeed, which justifies a belief that the poet must himself have viewed the locality which he so minutely delineated.

The theory of Dr. Shaw and of Sir Grenville Temple—adopted by others, but insignificant writers—is extravagant in the extreme. It actually appears more rational to give credence to *Rais Machloof's* colossal skeletons than to the feat of velocity they ascribe to Achates, or the power of vision attributed to him and to the Trojan prince. The ignorant Moslem has certainly much more ground for his belief in giants—seeing the tomb* of the Saint, they exhibit at Sidy Daoud, measures *five yards* in length—than the erudite Christian travellers had for the wild theory they started.

* Shaw considers this tomb to be a part of an ancient prætorium. In his time there was near it a large mosaic of exquisite designs and elegant workmanship. Very few fragments now remain of this work of art of Roman date.

CHAPTER XVI.

CONTINUATION OF THE TOUR OF THE DAKHLA.

We loitered about the quarries for nearly two hours, and then ascended some of the heights, from which we had a magnificent prospect of the sea and the surrounding country. Two frigates (seemingly English) were just then doubling this bold cape, in full sail, and steering towards Malta. Britain's bulwarks and Britain's strength were proudly and majestically ploughing the deep, ready to extend aid to any of her sons. But, how many a British captive has been pining on these shores (happily, we are able to say, in days of yore), broken-hearted and broken-spirited, gazing and sighing, when similar sights presented themselves to his view! His groans and the clangour of his chains could not reach the ear of his countrymen, and hence his woes, misery, and wretchedness could not affect their heart. He had to linger on in slavery, until merciful death terminated the agonies of his existence. But thanks to those very bulwarks, we are now able to breathe freely in the very country formerly guilty of such audacious crimes and inhuman deeds! Thanks to the energy and courage of British tars, whose heroic deeds have abolished one of the most nefarious and diabolic practices! Thus much, however, is now certain, that if Britain's navy only

sustains its reputation, (and who will dare to doubt it?) "Britons never shall be slaves."

The village of Elhowareah is at a short distance from the quarries, and has an agricultural population. The arable soil is all on the eastern side, and, from what cultivation we have seen, we must bear testimony to the industry of the people. The sheikh, or local magistrate, treated us with the utmost affability and kindness; the same must be said of the *leading men* of the place, who favoured us with their visits at the "*town hall*," which was assigned to us as the most convenient, and most respectable, resting-place. A plentiful Moorish dinner was served up soon after our arrival, and every care in their power was taken, by the officials of Elhowareah, of our attendants and our animals.

From the period of Lord Exmouth's memorable lesson to the piratic states, till very recently, the Elhowareans were exempt from payment of taxes, on condition of aiding the crews of vessels driven on their shores. This fact itself gives the reader some idea of the kind of *safe harbour* this particular portion of the coast presents. Indeed, we found the shore from Cape Zafraan, or *Ras Edurdas*, as it is marked on the charts, up to Elhowareah, thickly strewed with fragments of wrecks of all descriptions. Imagine a vessel riding here without either cable, or anchor! To prevent wreckers from exercising their trade to the detriment of the mercantile service: or, rather, to save the Bey's treasury (which in these days Christian Powers would undoubtedly hold responsible for all losses sustained through any of his Highness's subjects), guards have now been appointed, whose function consists in observing that the property of all crews of wrecks, driven

on the coast, or effects spontaneously thrown up by the sea, be respected. The regulation is certainly good, but it is too stringent, for it seems a pity to see such masses of fine timber, rotting and wasting, on a coast where fuel is so expensive an article. But in these countries laws and regulations must be positive and universal, and free from all exceptional clauses. The new regulation has deprived the people of Elhowareah of their peculiar privilege.

At 2 P.M. we despatched our *hamba* to Calibia to give notice of our approach, so as to secure quarters, and in an hour after we followed him.

The first part of the way we were accompanied by the sheikh's son, a *Haj*—one who has performed the pilgrimage the prophet of Mecca prescribed to his faithful followers. Haj Mohammed was mounted on a nimble little steed, of the mountain breed, of which he was very proud. He endeavoured, by various means and manœuvres, to induce me to test the speed of my chestnut. I declined all his overtures. But Baba Ali interposed—

"Haj Mohammed," he said, "if my master consents, I will accept your challenge. I will mount the *ashgar* (chestnut), and if your animal beats him, you shall take him; but if the *ashgar* wins, I will take your horse. Do you agree to these conditions?"

"Then you know him to be fleet," the *Haj* observed.

"Fleet!" exclaimed the grey-bearded veteran, "fleet as the wind: where is the gazelle which he will not outstrip, or the horse in the Regency whose speed he cannot defy? and will you test his velocity with your insignificant nag? By the head of the Prophet! if you

agree to my proposal, I make you a present of the hack I now ride, for yours, at any rate, is better than this slippery brute, which has nearly been the death of me."

Whether my horse could have sustained the bombastic character lavished upon him, is more than questionable, but that he would have beaten that of the Haj, I have no doubt. The Haj, however, declined Baba Ali's proposal, and the subject was dropped.

Previous to his returning, Haj Mohammed gave us, or rather gave Baba Ali, the necessary directions respecting the road, and the old man, initiated in these secrets, was again installed guide of the party.

After leaving the gardens and the plantations in the immediate vicinity of Elhowareah, the country is level, until we approached vast and extensive hillocks of sand, which, I afterwards learnt, have been brought into existence within the last five or six years. The inhabitants declare that they have been thrown up through some cavern, or some subterranean channel; and it certainly appears very extraordinary to see such a miniature desert inclosed by good arable soil, well cultivated, and not far from a lovely fresh-water lake, with numerous and vast plantations on its borders. The sea cannot be less than eight miles from the outskirts of the sands: and, besides, the shore can not only not affect this part, on account of its distance from it, but the whole of this inland portion of the cape is well sheltered from its encroachments by a chain of vast rocks and high land. I had seen various oases in the desert, and here we had a real desert within an oasis.

Our friend Baba Ali, true to his character of a bad guide, had mistaken the Haj's directions, and instead of

turning off to the left, on nearing the sands, he turned off to the right, which compelled us, on discovering the mistake, to make a lengthy detour. We lost much time, and had great difficulties before we could regain the road. In our rambles about the heath, in search of a path, we came upon a cluster of tents, but its only tenants were a baby and a couple of dogs, from whom we could, of course, obtain no information. At a little distance we saw a number of Arabs, at work in the fields, and on endeavouring to approach them to request them to direct us into the road, they fled from us. It struck me that the fear of our billeting ourselves upon them for the night was their motive for avoiding us; I therefore galloped after them, and, on assuring them that our determination was to sleep at Calibia, they readily furnished us with the desired information.

It was late in the evening when we reached Calibia, and were received, in the kindest manner possible, by *Mohammed Ingleez*, "Mohammed the Englishman," the sheikh, or chief magistrate of the little town. The Saxon origin of this man is plainly discerned in his features, and he is not a little proud of his descent.

Upwards of a century ago an Englishman was captured by one of the Tunisian privateers, and sold as a slave. Whether he embraced the Moslem creed voluntarily, or by compulsion, is not known. He lingered on in slavery for some time, but at last obtained his freedom, married, and settled down in the country. Our present good-natured host, who is verging upon eighty, is the oldest representative of the family. He does not remember to have seen his grandsire, and is likewise ignorant of his original name and standing.

How many a poor fellow has thus mysteriously disappeared from the pale of civilized society during the prevalence of Barbary piracy, and been counted among the dead, whereas he was either ekeing out a miserable existence under a tyrannical master, or, to be freed from the severity of his situation, he apostatized (like the grandfather of Mohammed Ingleez), and preferred to keep his relatives in ignorance of the shame, degradation, and dishonour in which he found himself!

In the course of the evening we were favoured with visits from some of the principal inhabitants of the place, and among them was Signor Conversano, the consular agent of various nations.

Ingleez did all in his power to make us as comfortable as the means at his disposal could permit. But Mr. Conversano thought we should find ourselves more at ease, and more at home, in a Christian family, and kindly invited us to sleep at his house. We felt reluctant to accept this offer, apprehending that it might give offence to the sheikh: and, besides, in travelling in these countries, as far as I am personally concerned, I invariably prefer accommodating myself to the usages of the native inhabitants. But our consular agent undertook to satisfy Ingleez. We had, in short, to divide our favours between the two great officials of Calibia. Our men and horses remained at the house which Ingleez furnished for us, and we slept at Signor Conversano's; but our meals were regularly sent us from the sheikh's kitchen.

With the exception of the castle, which is built on the site, and on the ruins, of the ancient town, Calibia presents nothing of interest to the traveller. Its houses

are poor, and, like all those of the towns in the Regency, partly in ruins. Its streets are irregular, unpaved, and uneven, and the projections of the natural rock through which they run, not having been removed, one can easily imagine the discomfort the traveller experiences in traversing them.

A manuscript geography, by an anonymous writer, and upwards of a hundred years old, in the author's possession, thus describes Calibia:—"It is a small town, situated at about fifteen miles south-east from Cape Bon, and about two miles from the sea. The town has about a hundred low houses, and is unwalled. The castle stands on the top of a rocky hill close to the sea, and is a very ancient building, and very difficult to go up. They have now about sixteen guns mounted, though there is sufficient space to mount a great many more. There are two Ouda Bashas in garrison, which are sometimes augmented. There are several houses within the castle, which were formerly inhabited; but, in consequence of the soldiers' conduct, the Bey ordered that none should live there. Formerly there was here a very good port near the castle, but it is now ruined because never kept in repair, so that even *sandaals* are obliged to be hauled on shore when the wind blows southerly. Near the sea there is a fine well, which is an ancient piece of work, and the water is very good. They carry it up for the use of the castle, on a horse, in skins, although they have a fine large cistern, supported by twenty-six stone pillars, but it wants repairs. There are the ruins of a great palace near the sea-side—a gate is still remaining. To the southward of the town are two rivers, the one called Wad-al-Hadyear, and the

other, the larger, Wad-al-Libna, twenty miles off; these are about twenty feet broad, and, when the wind is at S. and blows hard, the sea throws itself into them. Near the sea they are only about four feet in depth, and people make marks where to find it in winter. But the sea often removes them, which occasions the loss of several people yearly. These rivers are only filled from the sea, and in winter the rains washing down from the hills swell them very much. The chief of the inhabitants of the town cultivate the ground hereabouts, which is very fertile, plain, and sandy. The *Caid* (governor) of the *Dakhla* has the inspection over the taxes of this place, which is governed by a sheikh; and the Aga (military commander) does justice in small matters. This place is very much frequented by the French, who come down from the Levant and are bound for France, there being here a very good shelter against the N. and N.W. winds, but they must be brisk and get to sea on the change of wind to the E. or S."

This description of Calibia holds good to the present day. Few are the changes which occur in this country, and it is very questionable whether any deviation from the established system is for the better. Conservatism, it may be true, retains the evil and the good; it may also prevent some good from admission, but it may likewise be a barrier against the aggressions of evil. Here, however, conservatism is a hedge, which, whilst it keeps the evil within, it scrupulously excludes the good. He knows little—very little—of the elements of Mussulman governments who looks to them for spontaneous, sound and liberal reforms. Progress—sound progress, is antagonistic to the politico-religious system

of Mohammedan countries. Civilization, the advancement of education, and the progress of science, necessarily threaten both with destruction. Hence the aversion which the *true believer* has to *Oloom Ennassara*, "Nazarene learning," and hence, also, the stationary and strictly conservative character of the conscientious adherents to the creed of Mohammed.

The changes which have taken place at Calibia, since the time of the above writer, are not very interesting. A description of them would consist in pointing out more ruined dwellings, additional uncultivated lands, more or less injustice. In short, the actual state of things, and the future prospect, may be summed up in one brief sentence of the inhabitants of the Regency themselves—*Alyoum khair min ghodwah* ("To-day is better than to-morrow"); in other words, *There is no hope of amelioration.*

Calibia was anciently called Clypea by the Romans, and Aspis by the Greeks, both signifying *a shield.* Strabo says, on Cape *Taphitis* (Cape Calibia, or Ras Mustafa) "is a hillock named Aspis, from its resemblance (to a shield), at which place Agathocles, tyrant of Sicily, collected inhabitants"* when he made his expedition against Carthage.

It would appear that Agathocles landed here when he transferred the seat of war from Sicily to the Carthaginian territories, and not at Elhowareah, as some have supposed. Misua, or Sidy Daoud, was very likely the "large city" mentioned by Diodorus as having been taken by the Sicilians on their march to Tunis, and the

* Εἶτ' ἄκρα Ταφῖτις καὶ ἐπ' αὐτῇ λόφος Ἀσπὶς καλούμενος ἀπὸ τῆς ὁμοιότητος ὅνπερ συνῴκισεν ὁ τῆς Σικελίας τύραννος Ἀγαθοκλῆς."—Strab. lib. xvii. c. 3. § 16.

intervening country fully answers his description. He says: "The territory through which Agathocles led his army after their landing was covered with gardens and large plantations everywhere intersected by canals, by which they were plentifully watered. A continual succession of landed estates was there seen, adorned with elegant buildings, which betrayed the opulence of their owners. These dwellings were furnished with everything requisite for the enjoyment of man, the proprietors having accumulated immense stores during the long peace. The lands were planted with vines, with palms, and many other fruit trees. On one side were meadows filled with flocks and herds, and on the lower grounds ranged troops of brood mares. In short, the whole prospect displayed the opulence of the inhabitants; the highest rank of the Carthaginians had possessions here, and vied with one another in pomp and luxury."* The natural scenery, and the means for irrigation, are still the same; and this is the only part, on the whole of this vast cape, which possesses a large fresh-water lake (above mentioned) capable of supplying numerous canals. Between Elhowareah and Tunis, plantations, similar to those mentioned by Diodorus, could never have existed. Besides, it is not very probable that an hostile army would attempt to effect a landing so near to an extensive place as Misua, which merited the appellation of "large city." Calibia is also the nearest harbour which Agathocles could make, coming, as he did, from Sicily.

We hastened to visit *Kassar Calibia*, the fort of Calibia, which stands on the water's edge, and at about

* Diodorus, ii. p. 411.

a mile's distance from the little town. The two sons of Mohammed Ingleez, and some other Moorish *knights*, kindly offered to accompany us, not only to show us the stronghold, but to give us an idea of the surrounding country. They were all well mounted. Baba Ali even managed to secure a prancing steed, and manifested as much vanity as a youth of twenty under similar circumstances, or as a child on obtaining a new toy.

The ascent to the castle, which is built upon a rock, is very steep, and it is only by winding paths, very irregular, and covered with loose stones, which at every step threaten the safety of the rider, that the summit can at all be reached; but once attained, the trouble is amply repaid.

The fort is very extensive, and within it there has been accommodation for a large garrison, but now every dwelling is nearly, or entirely, in ruins. In the centre, what they call the *cassar*, "palace," are the ruins of a Roman temple, with vast cisterns beneath. Near one of the guns I observed the following inscription :—

B. M.
PAVLVS . . .
. . PACE . .
. . RES . .

Close to this inscription there is a gun, which the soldiers appeared to have particular pleasure in pointing out, having been taken, as they say, from the Nazarenes. It bears the name and arms of Philip II. The two capes, *Terfa* and *Kherba*, to the N.N.W., are distinctly seen from here. The latter is only four miles off, and the former six. Numerous graves are to be found at these capes, which, judging from the account

of M. Conversano, seem to belong to a period anterior to the Roman conquest. I regretted extremely that I was pressed for time, and therefore unable to visit these spots. A few days' digging might have brought to light some objects of interest.

After our visit to the fort, we took a lengthy ride round the gardens, which afforded our old friend scope to exhibit his equestrian powers; and, on being complimented, in the course of the evening, on his riding abilities, the veteran could scarcely contain himself for joy. His vanity was boundless. "What I have done to-day," he said, "is mere child's-play compared to what I am able to do. When I was a youth, this country could boast of a rider; but in the present day, if a man can keep his seat in a saddle, he is regarded as an equestrian. You see I am now old, but I will exhibit before you one feat, which I will challenge, and I do challenge, the whole country to imitate. I will mount the mottled grey, and, whilst he is at full gallop, I will leave the saddle, swing myself beneath the horse by the stirrups only, and then regain my seat from the other side."

Every one (as may naturally be supposed) was amazed, and well they might be, for where is the circus which can boast of such an expert artist? But Mohammed, having been to Paris, and seen the wonderful performances in that city, expressed his doubts as to the old man's ability. Baba Ali indignantly attempted to shut him up, by requesting the *French shloushy* to mind his own business. Mohammed, however, was not easily silenced; he not only reiterated his opinion, but went so far even as to assert that

Baba Ali was unable to accomplish what he boasted of, though the horse were standing perfectly still. Such a blow, after having had so much praise lavished upon him, was intolerable. The old man went into a corner of the yard, sat down, and remained, for some time, perfectly mute.

The following day we started for *Menzel Tameem*, which is only nine miles' distance from Calibia. We crossed the dry beds of two rivers, the first of which, only four miles' from the town, is called *Waad Hajar*, and the second, nearer to Menzel Tameem, *Waad Elkaseef*. Near the former there were some Roman ruins. During the rainy season they are perfect torrents. Shaw thinks that the first is the river in which Massinissa was believed to have been drowned. He says,—"A little way from hence [Calibia] we cross a large river, where Massinissa was supposed to have been drowned in his flight from Bocchar, who, as Livy tells us, was afraid to ford it, discouraged, no doubt, by the depth and rapidity of the stream. In the month of January, when no rain had fallen into it for several days, we found the channel very deep, and of an uneven bottom, full of large stones ["and hence called *Waad Hajar*, stone river"], which we had much difficulty to pass over with safety."* Sir Grenville Temple, however, who almost always differs from Shaw, takes the Waad Elkaseef to be the river. Shaw is, however, here to be relied on, for Livy expressly says that Massinissa, having been defeated by Syphax, and hemmed in by Bocchar in a narrow pass, the entrances of which were blocked up, *cum quinquaginta haud amplius equitibus*

* Travels, vol. ii. p. 178.

per anfractus montis. ignotos sequentibus se eripuit,—disentangled himself with no more than fifty horsemen, from the defile, by passing steep descents of the mountains unknown to his pursuers, and thus attempted to make his escape. The historian then continues,—*Tenuit tamen vestigia Bocchar; adeptusque eum patentibus prope Clupeam urbem campis, ita circumvenit, ut, præter quatuor equites, omnes ad unum interfecerit.* "Bocchar, however, followed him closely, and overtaking him in the open plains near Clupea, so effectually surrounded him, that he slew every one of his attendants except four horsemen."* Massinissa was wounded, but still continued his flight, and was urged, together with his four followers, to plunge into the river, *in the plains near Calibia*, to escape the sword of the enemy. Two of the men perished, and Bocchar, mistaking one of them for Massinissa, abandoned further pursuit, and sent off messengers to convey this welcome news to Carthage. The *Waad Hajar*, or "stone river," can be the only one to which the historian alludes. This event occurred B.C. 204.

It was rather late when we reached *Menzel Tameem*, famous chiefly for its weekly cattle market, which is held every Monday, and is visited by dealers from a great distance. We had again taken the precaution to send our *hamba* ahead, to inform the sheikh of our approach, and were not a little surprised on reaching the place to be informed, by our "policeman," that the grand official would not condescend to notice him. Whilst this unwelcome piece of intelligence was being whispered into my ears, the people, dressed out in their

* Liv. lib. xxix. 32.

gaudy apparel (it being the Eid Elkabeer—"the great holiday," which is kept up for three days), began to gather around us, making their usual remarks about our dresses, our saddles, our weapons, &c. To put a stop to all this, and to obtain what we required, Arab tactics had to be employed. I called the most respectable-looking man out of the crowd, and requested him, in a rather authoritative tone, to inform the sheikh of our arrival, and to tell him that I desired to know what house he had prepared for us. Such a message speedily brought the great man himself to our side, and on expressing to him my surprise at his conduct towards our messenger, he flatly denied having even seen him, and actually appealed to the *hamba* himself to bear witness to his statement. The old man remained perfectly silent, and Sidy Nowaili, the sheikh, affirmed his assertion by a solemn oath on his "holy religion!"

Sidy Nowaili, who was upwards of six feet in height, had a most graceful figure, and a very handsome countenance. His features were perfectly oriental, his nose was slightly aquiline, and his eyes were black and very vivacious. In his gait, and whole bearing, he reminded me more of a Parisian dandy than of an opulent Arab chief. He wore one of the richest and gayest costumes I ever beheld, and was, to my mind, a perfect type of an ancient Numidian king, a personification of Jugurtha. From the specimen of his truthfulness, with which he favoured us immediately on our arrival, we may well conclude that in cunning, deceit, and intrigue, the comparison would hold good; but I doubt very much whether he could equal that king in valour and bravery.

But we had seen the worse of Nowaili at our first interview. He entertained us sumptuously, and not only gave us no cause of complaint, but every reason to be grateful.

Menzel Tameem has a few good houses, but the rest are the usual hovels of the country, partly unfinished, and partly in ruins.

At 4.30 A.M. we started for Nabel. A ride of seven miles brought us to Waad Libnah, whose communication with the sea was stopped by a large sand-bar; but the water found vent in various directions, and caused numerous little stagnant pools. Near the mouth of Libnah is a large Roman fort, built in the form of a square, with several round towers attached to it, some of which are still in pretty good preservation. "Here," remarked Baba Ali, "stood formerly a large town, whose inhabitants perished through the incessant stench of these obnoxious pools." A slight ruin, in the vicinity of the fort, was the only ground he had for his assertion.

We saw here some excellent horses, belonging to encampments and villages in the neighbourhood. The whole of the *Dakhla* was formerly famous for good horses, but now, owing to the exportations to Algeria and other parts, they are very scarce. The Arabs who rode these lovely animals (about twenty in number), seemed very proud at our noticing them, and did all in their power to show them off to advantage.

The horsemanship exhibited by these Arabs afforded Mohammed sufficient ground to revive the subject of Baba Ali's equestrian skill. "You see," he said, "how proud these Arabs are of their riding; silence them,

and satisfy us, by showing what *you* can do,—you, the best horseman in the country."

"If I could possibly silence any one," the old man answered, "it would be your long tongue, you empty-headed French *shloushy*."

"By your not complying, and by your anger," Mohammed retorted, "it is apparent that you abandon your claim to being the first horseman in the country. Am I not right, Bash-hamba?"

The Bash-hamba, as usual, declined giving an opinion, and was satisfied with a silent smile, but Mohammed himself made up for it by one of his prolonged merry laughs.

We continued our journey, keeping close to the beach. The heat was intense, which, together with the constant murmur of the sea, had the effect of making one "very sleepy." But we pushed on, and reached Kurba by noon, where we halted till 3 P.M., and found the sheikh and principal people very affable. A large room, in the best house in the village, was quickly cleared and cleaned; straw mats, and mattresses in profusion, were placed on the ground: in short, everything that was calculated to contribute to our comfort (conformably to their means), was done by these kind-hearted people. Women and children, old men and young ones, flocked to the door to have a peep at the strangers; and, as they were under the impression that neither of us understood Arabic, they were very free in their criticism on our personal appearance. What related to me I have not the vanity to record, and what related to my fellow travellers I must not record, since my motive would not only be liable to misinterpretation by strangers, but it would subject me to the censure of

my friends; and these things ought always to be avoided. Besides, the Arabs have not, nor do they merit, the reputation for good and exquisite taste, and may therefore have been entirely mistaken in their judgment. But their remarks, when interpreted, created a great deal of merriment and laughter among ourselves, and contributed vastly to refreshen and enliven us after our lengthy and tedious ride.

The village of Kurba, situated about half a mile from the sea, has about three hundred inhabitants. There is a good deal of excellent arable soil in the vicinity, which is under moderate cultivation. The bed of *Waad Kurba*, "river Kurba," which in reality is only a mountain stream, is close to the village, and was very nearly dry when we crossed it.

Here there are still some of the remains of the ancient *Curubis*, consisting of some vaults, fractured columns, and portions of an aqueduct, some of which were pointed out to us in the stream, across which it evidently ran. The natives call this a part of a *cantra*, "a bridge," but its connexion with the arches of the aqueduct prove the contrary.

Nine miles from Kurba brought us to *Amoora*, and a mile farther, to the little town of *Beni Chayaar*, the most charming place in the whole Regency. It is situated only a short distance from the sea, has wide but unpaved streets, and numerous exquisite trees planted in every direction, as well as a number of very good houses. In the outskirts of this little place are several fine villas, belonging to some rich Moors of Tunis.

The inhabitants of *Beni Chayaar* were dressed out in their holiday clothes, of the gayest colours, and richly

embroidered with a profusion of gold and silver. Beneath the shade of the trees, and on the benches before the best houses, groups of these elegant figures were either seated, standing, or reclining, every one of which was a perfect study for the artist.

In traversing one of the streets, a youth, bearing a tremendous *trumboon*, a blunderbuss, came before our horses and discharged it, apparently with the intention of frightening our animals. His project proved, however, a perfect failure, for our steeds were too much accustomed to the reports and the explosions of gunpowder. We took no notice of him, and continued our journey. But though we made no complaint, we afterwards learnt that he was apprehended and imprisoned.

Nabel is only two miles from Beni Chayaar, which we reached towards dusk, perfectly exhausted, having made upwards of thirty miles, during a season of the year, when wiser people than ourselves consider it very imprudent to travel during the day, on account of the heat, and most dangerous to do so at night, on account of the banditti. But, I believe, there is as much delusion about the one as there is about the other.

"Timidus se vocat cautum."
The coward calls himself prudent.

The manuscript geography above quoted thus describes Nabel:—"It is a large town, seated at about a mile's distance from the sea, in a sandy plain. They have a great many gardens about it, but the water they have for them is brackish. They have several olive groves, and plenty of fruit. Every year they bring a great number of young fruit trees to supply Tunis;

also the Malta jessamine, called *falla*, and sundry flowers. They also cultivate indigo and flax, which is better than that from Alexandria. They also make great quantities of pottery, and have several weavers. The houses are low and poorly built. The place is under [the jurisdiction of] the Caid of the *Dakhla*.

"Near this place, on a mountain called *Jebel Shib*, or 'Alum mountain,' there is an alum mine, but they do not know how to work it, having formerly tried and found the expense exceed the gains."

Between the town and the sea are the few remains of the ancient *Neapolis*. In Shaw's time there was on the banks of the little brook, which runs through the ancient city, a block of white marble, with a wolf in *basso relievo;* and Sir Grenville Temple copied here several Roman inscriptions, but none of them of any particular interest.

We were hospitably entertained by the sheikh of this place, and found the people in general extremely civil.

On a former occasion I proceeded from Nabel to Hammamet, and visited likewise Herkla, Susa, and Monasteer. But as those localities are chiefly interesting in connexion with the events of Cæsar's African campaign, for which I have not made sufficient researches during a very hasty tour, I must defer the particulars for a future opportunity, and content myself at present by simply copying the account of Hammamet from the manuscript geography, since the place terminates the boundaries of the Dakhla:—

"Hammamet is a small and well-built town, on an eminence close to the sea, and is walled round; it has two gates, one towards the sea and the other towards the land.

They have here a good strong castle, wherein is a garrison of two companies. Formerly Hammamet had a good port, but for want of being kept in due repair it is only capable of receiving *sandaals* and small boats. The inhabitants have olive groves and good gardens; they also make a good deal of linen cloth here."

From the following inscription (if not brought here from some neighbouring ruins, as Shaw supposes) it would appear that Hammamet, which has been regarded by some as the ancient *Adrumentum*, was in reality *Civitas Siagitana*:—

VICTORIAE . ARMENIACAE . PARTHICAE . MEDICAE.
AVGVSTORVM . A . SACRVM . CIVITAS . SIAGITANA . D . D . P . P .

Traversing the sandy plains, barren hills, and vast patches of dwarf forest, in which we wandered about a considerable time, having missed our road, we halted for the night at Soleymaan, and on the following day we made our way to our *camart*, "desert home," *viâ* Hammam Elenf, Rhades, and the Goletta.

C. Stanfield

THE OASIS OF CAMART.

LONDON RICHARD BENTLEY 1851

CHAPTER XVII.

DISPUTED TOPOGRAPHY—TEMPLE OF ÆSCULAPIUS.

THE fall of the great and the ruin of the opulent naturally enlist man's sympathy. We are, for the time, forgetful of the faults they may have committed, or the crimes they may have perpetrated, and only think of their low and humble condition. Pity takes the place of jealousy or revenge, which may have been harboured in our breasts, and a desire to succour is substituted for hostility. Our sympathies are in proportion to the greatness of the fall, for, in the words of the poet—

"Majoresque cadunt altis de montibus umbræ."

The shadows are greater when they fall from the lofty mountain.

If our better feelings are called forth on behalf of individual calamity, how much more are we affected when we contemplate the fall of a great and mighty empire—the ruins of a metropolis whose magnitude, wealth, and power have been the envy of nations—when we find ourselves on the site of "Carthage, the ocean's earliest queen!" Her public monuments, her temples, and her palaces are entombed, and monopolised by the plough.

Great Carthage has indeed perished! Her closing scene, her last days, engross our thoughts; and in that scene the final, and fatal, stroke was inflicted at the temple of Æsculapius.

An able writer, in a justly celebrated periodical,* makes the following remark with reference to Roman topography, the force of which is vastly increased when applied to Carthage. "We all 'anticipate," he says, "the appearance of the New Zealander who is to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's from a broken arch of London Bridge. But what if he finds, on his arrival in the future London, which shall occupy a small nook within our existing limits, that the learned are not agreed about the site of St. Paul's itself—that one school directs him to Ludgate, another as confidently to Tower hill? Supposing a very few only of our classics to survive a general wreck of English literature, could we discover in Shakspeare or Milton, in Hume or Burke, any direct proof of the real site of St. Paul's? Might not a hundred incidental allusions be cited to mislead rather than to guide us? If some of the rails of St. Paul's churchyard were dug up, here, it might be exclaimed, are the remains of the ancient palisade of the Tower. If two words only of the inscription which adorns the Horse Armoury—purporting that it was erected '*Regnante Georgio Quarto* OPTIMO MAXIMO' — were discovered, would it not be accepted as a proof that here stood the church dedicated to St. Paul for the worship of the God he served, the best and greatest? This is no more than a fair illustration of the fallacies of Roman topography—

* Saturday Review, 19th Feb. 1859.

those *Idola Fori* which make a mock of learning, and a bye-word of archæology.

> We but feel our way to err:
> The ocean hath his chart, the stars their map,
> And knowledge spreads them on her ample lap;
> But Rome is as the desert, where we steer
> Stumbling o'er recollections; now we clap
> Our hands and cry, 'Eureka!' it is clear—
> When but some false mirage of ruin rises near."

The temple of Æsculapius was as prominent a feature at Carthage as the Capitoline hill was at Rome, or as St. Paul's is in London. If such difficulties exist in identifying the citadel of a metropolis like Rome, whose literature has survived to the present day, and which has never been deserted by its inhabitants, we cannot be surprised when we are assailed by difficulties in endeavouring to fix the site of the citadel of a city like Carthage, whose native literature has perished, and she herself been abandoned, as a ruin, for so many centuries.

The importance of fixing the locality where the famous temple of Æsculapius stood, has been acknowledged by every writer. Dureau de la Malle says, "*cette position est importante*" ("this position is important"), adding, that its ruins still subsist, and refers us for them to the hill of St. Louis. The learned academician is here guided by M. Falbe and Sir Grenville Temple. He then quotes Appian, to show that it was "*le point le plus fortifié de toute la ville*" ("the best fortified point of the whole city"), and its vicinity the most thickly populated part. From the "great place" close to the Cothon three streets led up to the temple, and "one

may form oneself an idea of the length of these streets," our author says, "and from the mass of buildings it contained from this circumstance, 'six days and six nights were employed,' Appian says, 'in continual labour' to work their way to the citadel through the *débris* of the ruined houses." He is also aware "*que Scipion avait en soldats et marins plus de* 120,000 *hommes*" ("that Scipio had between soldiers and marines more than 120,000 men.") *

The historical details De la Malle advances are undoubtedly correct; and we will do him this justice to affirm that had he personally inspected the locality he describes, there would have been no necessity for us to refute his topography. We do not blame him for his blunders, on the contrary (to use his own words with reference to Mannert) we praise him "*d'avoir souvent si bien édifié avec de si mauvais matériaux.*"† He is as well aware as we are, and as everybody else is, that vast masses of houses require space, and 120,000 Romans, desides a great number of Carthaginians, must at least have standing room, not to say fighting room. Now the actual distance from the southern angle of the hill of St. Louis to the ditch which now surrounds the Cothon, or naval harbour, is 2,030 English feet. From the declivity of the hill, beginning from a small block of ruin in the same direction, and to the same ditch, we have 1,850 feet. The naval harbour, we have said elsewhere (and this will readily be admitted by all), has lost, at least, 125 feet by the accumulation of soil, which we have, of course, to deduct, so that the real distance between the Cothon and the hill of St. Louis was only 1,725

* Rech sur la Topog. de Cart. pp. 19, 20. † Ibid. p. 95.

English feet. This appeal to figures we feel confident suffices to prove that the hill of St. Louis could not possibly have been the locality on which the famous temple of Æsculapius stood. We must, therefore, look elsewhere for its site.

But if the ground is untenable that this hill was crowned by the temple of Æsculapius, how utterly absurd is it to affirm that it was that division of Carthage denominated Byrsa, as Mr. Beulé, in his paper to the Academie, asserts. Does he, or does he not, know that when the citadel, or Byrsa, surrendered to the Romans, there issued forth no less than 50,000 persons, leaving yet 900 Roman deserters behind, who could expect no mercy from the victorious general? We have measured the flat surface of this hill with these results: From the north-west to south-east, including the declivities at both extremes, we have a length of 1,100 English feet. From north-east by north, to south-west by south, we have a breadth of 700 feet. The real length of the flat surface is only 740 feet: indeed the level portion of the hill is only 700 feet square. Now we ask our newly elected Academician to solve these problems: 1. How much space did each person, of the 51,000 congregated in his Byrsa, occupy? 2. What was the average dimension of each individual within its precincts? 3. What portion of this space was occupied by the temple of Æsculapius and the other edifices which stood within the precincts of the Byrsa?

Gross obsurdity! but strange to say, such gross absurdity has been patronised by a most learned body, the venerable *Académie des inscriptions et belles-lettres.*

The "*savant archéologue*," the "*jeune professeur*," whose paper, we are told, is "*ramplie d'intéret*," and the importance of whose work that body has fully recognised by conferring on him "*un récompense digne des efforts et des sacrifices*," have nominated him "*membre de cette savant compagnie*."

M. Falbe has also fixed upon this hill as the Byrsa; but M. Falbe was a modest man, and made no great pretensions to learning. Having concluded that this was the Byrsa, he likewise conjectured that there is a probability that traces of a triple fortification might be discovered. M. Beulé brings one ponderous wall to light, and this supplies him with ample materials for all purposes. Without following him in his wild and unconnected assertions, I would simply ask whether the very rudiments of fortification do not teach us to strengthen the most accessible and weakest points? How then does it happen that his massive wall (about six or seven feet in thickness) is just found where the hill is steepest, and strong by nature? How is it that where the declivity is very gentle, and where machines of war could have been brought to bear upon it with perfect ease, there is either no trace of a wall at all, or it is only about two feet in thickness? We will answer these questions for him.

It was thought proper to have a flat and even square area on the summit of this hill. In order to secure this it was requisite that its sides should be strengthened proportionate to the weight of earth they had to support. Where the hill was steep, the pressure was the greatest, and there the wall was necessarily strong; but where

the pressure was not so great, or where there was no pressure at all, there the wall was either weak, or there was no wall at all. Any one visiting the spot, and examining what has just been advanced—whether he be a *savant archéologue*, or not—will not fail to acknowledge its correctness.

But not to waste words, nor to detain the reader unnecessarily, we conclude that the hill of St. Louis could neither have been the site of the temple of Æsculapius, much less could it have been *the Byrsa*.

The Byrsa, or citadel, let us bear in mind, comprised a circumference of upwards of two miles, and this the learned Dureau de la Malle confesses.* Indeed, that the hill of St. Louis was not even comprised within the precincts of the Byrsa will appear from this reason: Appian tells us that Scipio's chief aim was to make himself master of the famous citadel; that his troops were working their way up to it; that in this desperate toil they were engaged six days and six nights; that Scipio only bore out *all this time* without taking any repose. But when thoroughly exhausted, he sat down on AN EMINENT place, whence he was able to observe all that passed below. On the seventh day the people, who had taken refuge within the Byrsa, had recourse to his clemency, to which he agreed, excepting only the Roman refugees.

Now, if St. Louis was the Byrsa, there was no necessity for the general to seek for an elevated spot, for it would have been easier for him to watch the proceedings from below; but if the view was interrupted by the

* He says, in a note, "Byrsa avait, selon Servius, 22 stades de tour; selon Eutrope, un peu plus de deux milles."—p. 19.

high buildings, and such a locality became necessary, we appeal to Dureau de la Malle, Dusgate, Falbe, Sir Grenville Temple—nay, even to the *savant archéologue* himself, to point out to us such a lofty position—an *eminent place*, between the *ἀγορά*, the Forum, and what they call the Byrsa. There is none. The hill of St. Louis is the *only* eminent place near the *Agora*; it was therefore the locality from which the Roman general was able to survey the progress of his troops, and such being the case, St. Louis was not included in the Byrsa, and we are forced to look for it, and for the temple of Æsculapius, elsewhere.

But M. Beulé has found the four-storied wall round his Byrsa, which, he tells us, is thirty-one feet in thickness, "in the interior of which a passage and halls have been contrived. On the summit would be able to pass abreast, not two chariots, as at Babylon, but four, &c." * This is an assertion which I flatly deny. Such a wall may exist in his own imagination, but it has no existence round the hill of St. Louis. By searching for the triple fortification and the lofty walls round the Byrsa, M. Beulé demonstrates that he never took the trouble to examine the few fragments we have from ancient authorities on Carthaginian topography, and that he is only blindly led on by some modern writers, who have, in some unaccountable manner, erred on the subject. Falbe says that by patient investigation one might come upon *les traces de la triple enceinte qui entourait Byrsa ou la citadelle de Carthage;* and Sir Grenville Temple writes: "On the southern side of the hill [of St. Louis] the Byrsa was guarded by three lines of walls,

* "Moniteur," May 14, 1859.

forty-three feet in height, exclusive of the parapets and towers, one of which rose at a distance of every 160 yards. These towers were of four stories, and their foundations descended to the depth of thirty feet below the surface, and were adapted to contain stabling for 300 elephants, 4000 horses, and quarters for 23,000 men, besides provisions and stores sufficient for several months consumption."

Appian is here Sir Grenville's authority; but Appian only says "towards the South [more correctly the West] and the continent, where the citadel called Byrsa stood, *it* [the city of Carthage, and not the Byrsa] was fortified with a triple wall, &c." That Appian here meant the isthmus is apparent from Strabo, who, speaking of the lofty wall in that part, tells us, "Here the Carthaginians keep their elephants, it being a wide open place." * On the side of the continent, across the isthmus, Carthage was protected by a triple wall, which was adapted to the uses above mentioned. In the wall of the Byrsa such forces could never have been accommodated, not only on account of limited space, but sanitary regulations, which common sense suggests, would have opposed it.

Everybody knows that space is essential for the construction of an edifice. To Mr. Beulé, however, this is no consideration. His restricted Byrsa, already so overcrowded, has still room for another structure—a temple of Jupiter! The proof of the existence of such a structure he has himself discovered, and consists of a fragment of a bas-relief about *one foot square*. Let not the reader suppose that it is accompanied by an inscription, which serves to enlighten our professor on the subject. Nothing

* See these passages quoted p. 114.

of the kind: he requires no such aid. But for obvious reasons I prefer his being refuted, in this instance, by one who considers that "archæologists are greatly indebted to M. Beulé" for his labours at Carthage. The gentleman who entertains such sentiments towards him, says: "A fragment of a bas-relief was brought to light, representing, according to M. Beulé, part of an oak-wreath and a portion of a temple of the Ionic order. The oak being sacred to Jupiter, he considers the fragment part of a votive dedication to that god, and the building to be his temple at Carthage. I have already expressed my doubts whether there was a separate temple to this divinity in Punic Carthage; and the evidence of such a temple having existed in Roman times is slight; the only authority, so far as I am aware, being a passage in one of the writers on the Donatist Schism, who tells us that in A.D. 314 Cæcilianus, Bishop of Carthage, appeared to give evidence before Aurelius Didymus Sperecius, Duumvir of Carthage, who is described as 'Sacerdos Jovis Optimi Maximi.' Moreover, the foliage seems to me part of an oak tree, rather than a wreath, and the building is more like an *heroon* than a temple; so that the whole may have been a portion of one of the bas-reliefs, treated in a pictorial manner, which are frequently found in Roman art of Imperial times." * So much for the temple of Jupiter.

But our *savant* ought to bear in mind that if he encroaches on the summit of St. Louis with his ponderous and imaginary wall, his area—the space for the temple of Æsculapius, and for the various other edifices—becomes considerably lessened, and the solution of the

* "Recent Excavations," &c. by Mr. Franks, p. 38.

problem, which we have proposed to him above, becomes more difficult, particularly when we add the elephants, the horses, and the troops, who were all accommodated, according to his theory, within his wall. If, however, in order to increase the area of his Byrsa he encroaches on the slope of the hill, then the other difficulty presents itself in an augmented form, for the distance between the fabulous citadel and the Cothon becomes more restricted, and he will be at a greater loss still: for whence will he obtain standing room (we do not ask for fighting room) for at least 200,000 men, and whence will he obtain space for the three long streets with lofty houses, which led from the harbours to the citadel? We would advise M. Beulé to retract and to cease talking of his gigantic wall, on the summit of which "not two chariots, as at Babylon, but four could *drive* abreast." We would counsel him to "*drive*" such wild theories out of his head. Indeed, we repeat, were it not for the reception which his papers on Carthage met with from the *Académie*, we should have left them unnoticed, for it is absolutely puerile to attempt a refutation of random assertions, or rather a mere concatination of misrepresentations. The great difficulty which Carthaginian topography presents makes it perfectly excusable, if those who investigate the subject fall into errors; but an apology for such error even must have its bounds. There is a point at which error merges in wilful misrepresentation, and an obstinate persistence in the former will unquestionably lead to the latter.

Antiquity presents a vast field for conjecture, speculation, and research. It is often encompassed by almost impenetrable obscurity, and in order to derive any

benefit from it, we must be actuated, in our investigation, by a love for truth; and the elements requisite, as necessary aids, are, an acquaintance with the subject so far as it can be attained, and diligent perseverance. We ought then to be careful that our conclusions tally with the accounts of ancient accredited authorities, and in no case ought the result of our investigation to be repugnant to common sense. Unless we go thus to work, we are sure to fall into a host of errors.

We now take leave of our *savant*, assuring him that our zeal for Carthage is our only motive for exposing and correcting, so far as we are able, all misstatements and perversions regarding it, whether these relate to its ancient history, its topography, or present remains. Personally, he knows full well, we can have no ill feeling towards him. Having made these remarks, we resume our subject.

Those who have written on Carthage have been chiefly led astray as to the position of the Byrsa, and of the temple of Æsculapius, by having Strabo for their guide. He says, "*in the middle of the city* was the acropolis, which they call Byrsa, a hill of tolerable height .... On the summit was the temple of Æsculapius, which was destroyed when the wife of Asdrubas burnt herself to death there, on the capture of the city." * But the temple of Æsculapius, the site and remains of which we shall point out, when viewed from the sea, was undoubtedly *μέσην τὴν πόλιν*, *in the middle* of the city.

We are informed by Appian (and let us bear in mind that Polybius, who saw Carthage, is his authority) that "as soon as spring came, Scipio assaulted the citadel

* Lib. xvii. c. iii. § 14. "*κατὰ μέσην τὴν πόλιν ἡ ἀκρόπολις ἣν ἐκάλουν βύρσαν ὀφρὺς ἱκανῶς ὄρθια κύκλῳ περιοικουμένη, κ.τ.λ.*"

called Byrsa, and the gate called Cothon," or, in other words, he made a simultaneous attack upon the citadel and the Cothon. Now if this stronghold was in the *middle* of the city, in the sense in which it is generally understood, how could the Roman general have assaulted it? He had no forces in the vicinity. He might have attacked portions of the suburbs, or Megara, as he had done in the commencement of the war; it was also easy for him to try his strength upon "the gate called Cothon," since he was master of its quay, situated on the strip of land between the ports and the sea; but Byrsa, unless he did so *by water*, he could not have assailed at the same time he endeavoured to possess himself of the harbours.

Scipio had available forces on the quays and at sea; with the former he endeavoured to carry the ports, while with the latter he made a mere diversion upon the citadel, which must have been assailable by sea, and must, hence, have been on the sea. This perfectly harmonises with the account Ado Viennensis gives of the Byrsa. He says, "The name of the Acropolis of the city is Byrsa. It was a little more than 2000 paces in extent. At one side the city and the Byrsa have the same wall, overhanging the sea." * We see then how the general was able to make his diversion upon the Byrsa in order to make sure of becoming master of the ports. He knew full well that the immense wall, *imminens mari*, "overhanging the sea," was sufficient to

* "Arci urbis nomen Byrsa erat. Paulo amplius quam 2,000 passum tenebat. Ex una parte communis murus est urbis et Byrsa; imminens mari."—Bibl. Max. P. xvi. p. 782. The *stagnum* he mentions must refer to some piece of water in the vicinity of the sea-gate, and not to the lake of Tunis.

baffle his efforts in that quarter; but by dividing the attention and strength of the Carthaginians, he hoped to succeed, and actually did succeed, in establishing himself within the city.

It appears impossible to explain why such an infatuation should have existed among authors of respectability, in favour of the hill of St. Louis (as it is now called), and why it should have been preferred to the other heights in its immediate vicinity. When one stands on its limited level area, and thinks of a vast temple, of splendid fanes and of palaces, which covered its surface —of ponderous walls, hundreds of elephants, thousands of horses, &c. &c. which they crowd upon it—it is almost impossible to divest oneself of the idea that either sober truth could not have been the object of those authors, or that they must have been labouring under temporary insanity, or else that they were grossly ignorant of the subject on which they volunteered to write. The hill of St. Louis is only 188 feet above the level of the sea, and if altitude was a consideration with them, then we have Jebel Khawi, which is 127 feet higher, the hill of Sidy Bo Said, which towers 207 feet above St. Louis; and either of these heights is vast enough, not only to contain the various edifices which, we know, stood within the precincts of the Byrsa, but were likewise able to accommodate the thousands which took refuge within the citadel during the last days of the memorable siege.

On a reference to our plan of Carthage, the reader will see the locality which we assign to the Byrsa. In extent it corresponds with Servius, who states its circumference to have been twenty-two stadia, or two miles and three quarters. Its position agrees with Strabo, for

RUINS OF THE STAIRCASE LEADING TO THE TEMPLE OF ÆSCULAPIUS.

when viewed from the sea, it is "in the middle of the city." In size it is ample enough to contain the various edifices which adorned its surface.

The square area near the sea, on which stands the Moorish fort, contains sufficient remains to justify the conclusion that here stood the famous temple of Æsculapius. Its extreme length is 613 feet, and its breadth is 340. In the middle of this area we have still the massive walls of a temple 186 feet long and 79 broad. A transverse trench, which we dug in the centre, proved that there are yet twenty-one feet of the wall of the lower story in good preservation. The outer wall, which encloses this square area, is of great solidity, being six feet in thickness, and proves, beyond all doubt, that it was a place of great strength. It contains within its inclosure vast cisterns for rain water, enough to support, at least, 1000 men during the dry months of the year. Even M. Falbe, on viewing this locality, observes: *tout cet ensemble a le caractère d'ouvrages de fortification;* ("the whole has the character of works of fortification").* To this fact the late admiral Lord Lyons, and the officers who accompanied us to the spot, bore ample testimony.

We have also another proof that this is the site of the famous temple of Æsculapius. Appian tells us that it was situated upon rocks, "and to which, in times of peace, they ascended by sixty steps." This edifice is built upon rocks, and the ruins of this staircase still exist. It is divided into three portions, and measures 163 feet from the level of the area down to the bottom, and the three divisions are 135 feet wide. The staircase

* Recherch. sur l'emplacement de Cart. p. 39.

corresponds exactly with the front of the oblong square shell of the temple, and the whole clearly shows that it was intended for that edifice.

Of the temple within the circumvallation, nothing but the walls of the lower story remain. At the western end we can trace the adytum,* and at the eastern, in the direction of the staircase, are the remains of a portico; but the columns, and everything appertaining to it, have disappeared.

But independently of what we have said, we are able to state that, in digging on the slope of the hill on which these ruins are found, we discovered a Punic inscription with the name *Ashmon*, or "Æsculapius" upon it.

Had those who maintain the wild theory respecting the hill of St. Louis discovered such a relic within its precincts, it would unquestionably have been considered as conclusive evidence of its being the Byrsa, and that in defiance, not merely of plausible, but of the most tangible objections to it. I, however, do not lay much stress upon it, for a city which has sustained such extraordinary vicissitudes has, no doubt, had the materials even of its most sacred edifices turned to a variety of purposes; so that what may at one time have been an integral portion of a palace, or of a temple in one part of the metropolis, may, in after ages, have been degraded to form a part of the wall of an humble dwelling of a mendicant citizen at some distance off. We have only presumptive, but no positive, evidence that this stone was originally intended for this locality. But this circum-

* "ἄδυτον locus secretior templi, ad quem non nisi sacerdotibus dabatur accessus, nam ex eo oracula reddebantur."—Hen. Steph. in Thesaur. art. *Adytum*.

stance gives us occasion to remark that the absence of all Punic remains on the hill of St. Louis proves (if proof were still required) that it could not have been the Byrsa. M. Jordin, the architect, dug here for the foundation of his chapel and the other French buildings which occupy its summit, and carefully collected every object of ancient art, and whatever he found he tastefully exposed (as they may now be seen) on the walls; but not a single fragment can be pronounced as belonging to the Punic era; not a vestige—no! not even a solitary Punic letter, has *ever* been discovered on this hill. M. Beulé, even, who has so easily discovered the triple fortification where a fortification never existed, has not been able to produce a particle of a Punic inscription. Triple fortifications may be created in flighty minds just as castles can be built in the air, but the hard stone, having once received the imprint of Rome, will not permit Punic letters to grow upon it.

Yet the Byrsa, more than any other locality, ought to contain Phœnician relics, for Rome's anathema was principally hurled against those who would attempt to build on the site of the citadel. The absence of everything Punic on this hill ought to prove that it could not have been the Byrsa; and if this is admitted, surely, the inscription with the name of "Æsculapius" upon it, ought to be considered, at least, as presumptive evidence that the locality we point out is the site of the famous temple which stood within the precincts of the Byrsa.

In fixing the limits of the Byrsa we have been guided by the result of our own diggings, and by the remains of the wall which have occasionally been laid bare by the *Khajara,* fragments of which have even been noticed by

M. Falbe, as may be observed by a reference to his own ground-plan. He does not account for them simply because his mind was prepossessed in favour of the hill of St. Louis.

Having alluded to this hill so frequently, it is only fair, before closing this chapter, that we give some account of the edifice on its summit. The chapel of St. Louis was erected at the expense of Louis Philippe, with the permission of Ahmed Bey, a man in many respects far above the spirit of the age of his country. It is built in the Gothic style, and possesses no particular architectural beauty, nor does the statue of the saint, which stands over the altar, do much credit to the exquisite taste of the sculptor. The edifice is surrounded by a wall, and within this inclosure French industry has brought into existence a beautiful garden. The view from this spot is truly charming.

The sovereign to whose memory Louis Philippe reared this monument, is the same who exhibited such extraordinary zeal during that period, when revolting crimes were perpetrated under the mask of religion. He resolved to chastise Tunis not merely for its piracy, but for aiding the Saracens in the east, and for opposing the career of the crusaders. Accordingly, in July 1270, the French expedition landed at Carthage, but the king resolved not to commence operations until the arrival of his brother, Charles I. the sovereign of Sicily. He therefore intrenched himself in the vicinity of the Cothon, awaiting reinforcement. But his army was here attacked by an epidemic which reduced it to one-half in the course of a few days. Many of the nobles and favourites of the king, as well as his own son, had fallen

victims to this fearful contagion, when Louis himself felt its death grasp. At his own request he was laid upon a bed of ashes, and, whilst in the agonies of his last moments, the fleet of Charles was descried on the horizon. The king of Sicily landed. As he rushed through the camp, every face confirmed his fearful forebodings which had flashed across his mind on first landing. He entered his brother's tent, and found that he had just expired.

A few days after the death of the French king, the Tunisians made a sally against the Christian army, now composed of French, English, and Italians, and met with a loss of 3,000 men. The crusaders were also victorious in several subsequent engagements, so that Omar Elmoley Mostanca, the king of Tunis, had no other alternative but to sue for peace, which Charles, according to Fuller, granted upon these terms: "That Tunis should pay to the king of Sicily and Jerusalem forty thousand crowns; that it should receive Christian ministers freely to exercise their religion; if any Saracen would be baptized, he should be suffered; that all Christian captives should be set free; that they should pay back so much money as should defray the Christians' charge in this voyage." To this the historian adds: "Our Edward would needs have had the town beaten down, and all put to the sword, thinking the foulest quarter too fair for them. Their goods (because got by robberies), he would have sacrificed as an *anathema* to God, and burnt to ashes. His own share he execrated, and caused it to be burnt, forbidding the English to save anything of it: because that coals stolen out of that fire would sooner burn their houses

than warm their hands. It troubled not the consciences of other princes to enrich themselves herewith, but they glutted themselves with the stolen honey which they found in this hive of drones." *

Thus terminated the African campaign of the crusaders, whose general exploits Robertson justly designates as "wild expeditions, the effects of superstition and folly .... the only common enterprise in which the European nations ever engaged, and which they all undertook with equal ardour, a singular monument of human folly."

Upon the conclusion of the treaty of peace, the army returned to Europe, Charles taking with him the remains of his brother, whose body was removed to the cathedral of St. Denis, whilst his heart and entrails were deposited in the noble church of Monreale, near Palermo, where the following inscription commemorates the fact:

"HIC JACENT
TUMULATA VISCERA ET COR LUDOVICI REGIS FRANCIÆ
QUI OBIIT APUD TUNISIUM
AN. DOM. INCARN. 1270,
MENSI AUG. 13, INDICT."

Such are the events which this small chapel commemorates. It bears this inscription over the door:

"LOUIS PHILIPPE, ROI DES FRANÇAIS,
A ERIGE CE MONUMENT EN L'AN 1841
SUR LA PLACE OÙ EXPIRA LE ROI ST. LOUIS SON AIEUL."

It appears that the French concluded a secret treaty with the Bey of Tunis in 1830, after the taking of

* "History of the Holy War," B. iv. c. 28.

Algiers, according to which the fort, to which we alluded above, was to have been demolished, to make room for the chapel of St. Louis. But this treaty was not ratified, through the opposition which another great power made to it.

Within the precincts of the wall of St. Louis, we have, besides the fragments of ancient sculpture found on the spot, several objects of art brought from distant places. We have here several slabs of mosaic, representing a variety of fish from *Selecta*, and, on a pedestal, the torso of a female figure, well executed, which comes from *Tysdrus*, the modern Eljem.

CHAPTER XVIII.

EXCAVATIONS WITHIN, AND NEAR, THE PRECINCTS OF THE BYRSA.

LEAVING the remains of the temple of Æsculapius, and passing close by the gate of the dilapidated fort, with its five or six ragged soldiers which compose its garrison, we wind our way down to the vast and massive heaps of ruins, which are nearly on the brink of the sea-shore. Here is a field for conjecture and astonishment! Some travellers have taken these ruins for those of the forum; some for a gymnasium; others for a theatre; and others, again, for a fortified palace; while some have identified it with the temple of Æsculapius, on account of several Corinthian capitals which have been found here with entwined snakes. But this mass of ruin is scarcely more than one hundred yards, in a direct line, from the walls which enclosed the temple of Æsculapius, so that it is more than probable that the columns and capitals, which adorned that famous edifice, were brought down to ornament this mysterious structure. Here are ponderous masses of wall lying about, which measure from fifteen to twenty feet in thickness, and a portion of a gray granite shaft which I dug up among these ruins measured upwards of five feet in diameter. This piece, which was only ten feet in length, was removed for the Bey's new palace at Bardo, and cost 100*l.* to convey it a distance of twelve miles. Our photographic sketch conveys a very correct

MASSIVE RUINS OF A PUBLIC EDIFICE, TAKEN FROM THE FORT.

idea of the confused wrecks of masonry before us, without anything to guide, or assist, in forming an estimate of their character. They are all composed of small stones and mortar, with evident marks that they were originally cased exteriorly with wrought stones. I dug several trenches in different parts in this locality, but found nothing to encourage me, or to throw any light upon the mystery in which this edifice is shrouded. It is too massive to have been a sacred edifice, and it could not have been a fortification, since it is commanded by the hill on which the temple of Æsculapius stood. It may have been a general depôt—public stores—for the property of the princely merchants of Carthage, and this supposition may be confirmed by the remains of some stone quays still seen in the sea. The place of business—the "'change" for the merchants—may likewise have been here.

Contiguous to these ruins, in the direction of the hill of St. Louis, there were projections of pieces of a circular wall which have been regarded by some as portions of a theatre. Its form justified such a conclusion, but a few days' digging brought to light several remains which proved it to have been an edifice once dedicated to the service of God. Portions of a marble cross, and several terra-cotta lamps, with crosses and other Christian symbols upon them, justified the belief that this must have been a Christian church. Is this one of the two churches dedicated to St. Cyprian? Victor Vitensis expressly states that one sacred edifice was erected on the spot where he suffered martyrdom and the other where he was buried. We are also informed that after his condemnation the Bishop was taken "to the domain of Sextus, where he was executed and buried close by, in

the fields of the procurator Macrobius Candidus, which were near the Mappaline Road, close by the ponds."* If by *piscinas* is here meant "ponds" or "cisterns," as Dureau de la Malle thinks, then there would be some probability that this is the spot where the remains of the famous Christian martyr were deposited, and that this is actually one of the churches to which Victor alludes. With such associations the interest of this locality would be considerably enhanced, and it would certainly more merit a monument, to perpetuate it, than most which have been erected in past ages, or in present times. But, whilst I feel confident that these are the ruins of a Christian church, I have my doubts as to its being that of St. Cyprian. It is true that the *cisterns* are only about two, or three, hundred yards from this spot, but it is not at all certain that they are intended by the word "*piscinas*."

Again, it is not very probable that Cyprian should have been executed in the most densely populated portion of the city, which this certainly was. On the contrary, that he was executed in some secluded, and solitary, spot appears from the narrative itself. He was buried *in proximo*, "close by," *propter gentium curiositatem*, or, in other words, "not to expose his body to the morbid curiosity of the Gentiles." Now, if he was executed in the middle of the city, their curiosity was sufficiently gratified—what more was there to be apprehended? It is therefore pretty certain that he was executed at a distance, and his body not brought into the city for the reason assigned. Besides, there could have been no *fields* in a quarter of the city where every portion was

* "In agrum Sexti productus est; passus est, ejusque corpus propter gentium curiositatem in proximo positum est, in areis Macrobii Candidi procuratoris, quæ sunt in via Mappaliensi, juxta piscinas."—Acta Mart. Ruinart. cap. v. p. 218.

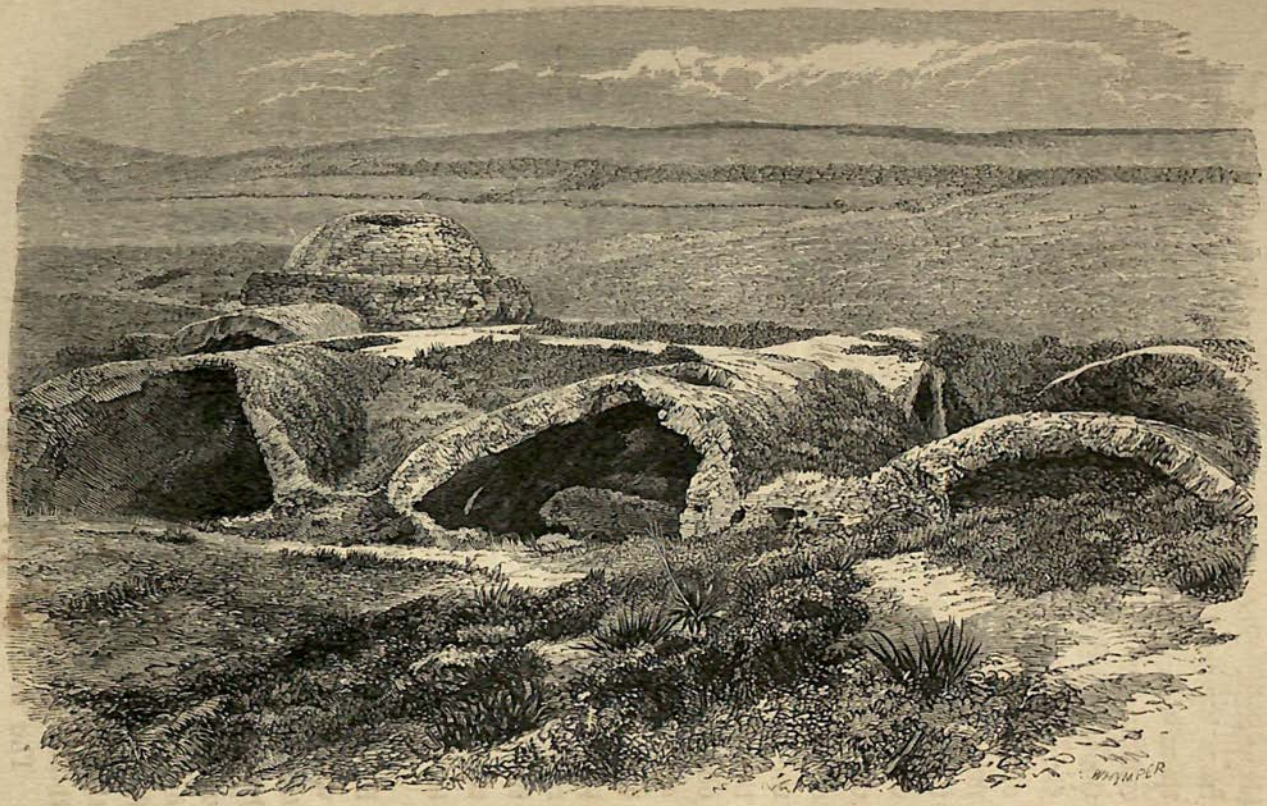
occupied by buildings, and the very expression, *via Mappaliensi*, "the way of the Mapales," indicates an extramural locality. The Mapales were a migratory people, who lived in tents, and encamped then, as the Beduin Arabs do now, near large cities. No doubt a particular spot was assigned to them, and the road, which led to it, was called *via Mappaliensi*. Sallust tells us, *Ædificia Numidiarum quæ* MAPALIA *illi vocant oblonga, in curvis lateribus tecta, quasi navium carinæ essent.**—"The habitations of the Numidians, which they call MAPALIA, being oblong, and covered over with curved sides, are just like the keels of ships." By *Mapalia* was meant tents, and *Mapalians* designated "tent dwellers." We are, moreover, informed that the *piscinas*, "ponds," were outside of the city. *Factum est*, says Victor Vitensis, *ut rex impius ad piscinas exisset*†—"it happened that the impious king [Hunerick] went out of the city to go to the ponds." Indeed, Ruinart says that the place to which Cyprian was led for execution was called *Sextus*, because it was "*six*" miles from the city of Carthage; and, taking all things into consideration, there is every reason to believe that he is right. We must therefore abandon our conjecture that the ruins of the edifice we discovered are those of the church of St. Cyprian. With the fall of this conjecture numerous fanciful, and topographical theories, of Dureau de la Malle tumble to the ground. He takes the *piscinas* to be the cisterns of Moalkat, and places in that vicinity a "*rue des Mappales*," an "*area de Macrobe*,‡" &c. &c. But such a ground-plan is completely swept away by a careful attention to the very authorities he cites. His zeal for Carthaginian topography,

* Bell. Jug. § 18. † Hist. Persec. Vand. iv. 3.
‡ Rech. sur la Topog. de Cart. p. 181.

and his desire to produce something like a respectable ground-plan of this ancient city, from the very imperfect, and erroneous, modern authorities before him—he himself having never visited the *locale*—is the cause of his having committed numerous blunders. His learning and talents are great, and it is only a pity that such a man undertook to write upon such a subject without a personal investigation of the features of the country, and of the condition and character of the extant ruins.

We spent but a short time in laying bare a portion of the ruins of this church. A trench, three feet in depth, brought us to a mosaic pavement, plain and simple in point of design, but of extraordinary solidity. As the form of the building was oval, I directed a trench towards the centre, in the hope of meeting with some ornament, which might throw more light corroborative of its real character. But we were disappointed. The design was throughout the same. Towards the north-east, where the side wall was wanting, we found two pedestals of red marble, from which it appeared that the columns which they supported must have measured three feet in diameter. I presented these pedestals to Mr. Wood, our Consul, who had them cut into slabs and polished. They were greatly admired.

A few hundred yards from this ruin, and beneath the outer walls of the temple of Æsculapius, we find, what the Arabs call, *Dewaames Eshaitaan*, "the cisterns of the devil," probably on account of their magnitude, their solidity, and their number. They are eighteen in number, each measuring ninety-three feet in length and nineteen feet six inches in width, and can contain a depth of seventeen feet of water. From the water-point to the summit of the arched roof there is a height of ten feet



THE RAIN-WATER CISTERNS.

six inches. They run from north-west to south-east, and from the north-east to the south-west. On each side, there is an arched gallery, upwards of six feet wide, which communicates with the cisterns, and was probably intended for the convenience of the public in drawing water. Originally there were six circular chambers with cupolas, one at each of the angles, and two in the centre. These may have contained statues, and served, at the same time, as a shelter for those who had the charge of the cisterns. Our photographic sketch embraces the ruins of the only cupola still remaining, towards the western angle, as well as that portion of the cisterns upon which the decaying effects of time, and the merciless grasp of the barbarian, have told most. Near this cupola we obtain a good view of the central division of the whole range of cisterns, the first of which are either partly, or entirely, filled up, but the remainder are still in excellent preservation, contain water to this day, and might be restored at a small cost. Towards the N.E. there are two deep wells. Means may have existed by which these wells were regularly filled for the public use, so as to prevent promiscuous admittance to the galleries.

These cisterns, which appear to have been surrounded by a colonnade, were supplied by a vast terrace above, which collected the rain-water; and, no doubt, some of the edifices within the precincts of Æsculapius, so close by, also contributed towards filling them. In digging on the hills fronting the fort, we discovered a subterranean aqueduct running directly towards these cisterns from the larger ones at *Moalka*. It would appear from this that in time of drought they were replenished from those reservoirs.

The most competent judges have pronounced these

cisterns to be of Punic construction. We concur in this opinion, but reserve assigning our reasons for it till we come to speak of the famous aqueduct.

We made various experimental excavations in this vicinity, but as none of them proved very successful, it is needless to occupy the reader's time with dry details of daily routine, or with plans which were no sooner entertained than they were relinquished, or with expedients to which we had repeatedly recourse, and as repeatedly abandoned. These are some of the trials which are inseparable from an enterprise similar to which we devoted ourselves, and in which a field like Carthage is peculiarly prolific. To dig with willing labourers is easy enough; but to dig successfully, in a wild and unknown locality, of vast extent, with much to mislead, and with uncertain authorities to guide—therein, indeed, consists the grand difficulty.

A path leads us across the fields to the road which runs on the base of the declivity of the high ground facing the fort. Proceeding along this road for a short distance, in the direction of St. Louis, till we are at the foot of a gentle descent, we find ourselves near a gradual ascent which divides two hills to the right. Following this way, we perceive beyond a kind of hollow, to the right of the ruins of the temple of Saturn (No. 16); but the path itself brings us to a spot where it cuts through a road. We turn here to the right, and passing the site of the temple of Astarte, or Juno (No. 7), recognised by its deep cavity and numerous cuttings, and, in the same field, the ruins of what also appear to be those of a temple, we come upon wide and deep trenches, in regular angles, leading down towards the sea. It does not require much ingenuity

to discover that we are here upon the walls which protected both the Byrsa and the city, for here these two divisions of Carthage had a wall in common. The stones have been removed, but the ruins of several of the forts, by which it was flanked, at regular intervals, can still be traced: indeed, one of them is at the termination of the road which leads to this spot. In the field near this ruined fort, close to the wall, and to the right from the road, is another of the scenes of our own labours, marked, on the ground plan, No. 17.

Ali Kareema was perfectly astonished when directed to remove the workmen into this field, and obeyed with apparent reluctance.

"What can you possibly expect to find here," he observed, "but natural soil? I am ignorant, it is true, but I believe I could point out many places far more eligible than this corn-field. Thorns and thistles are signs of ruins beneath: where do you see them here? But, if the book is your guide, I hold my peace and obey your orders."

He said this not in the best humour, and, by his peculiar distortions of countenance and shrugging of his shoulders, he exhibited the spirit by which he was actuated. But the little rogue was naturally cheerful, so that his sulks were never of long duration.

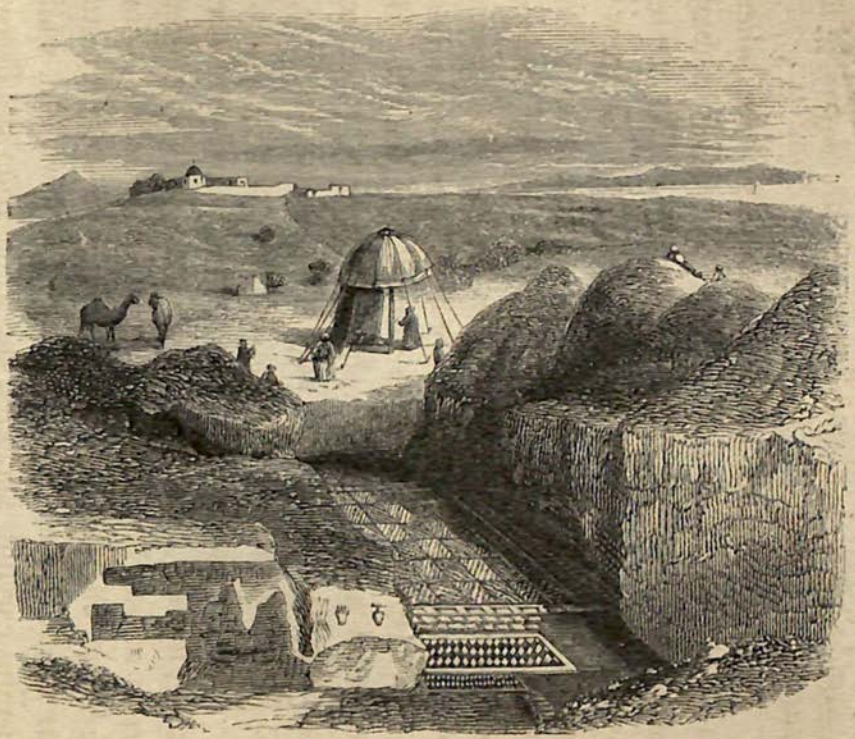
We marked out three oblique trenches, about twenty-five feet apart, four feet wide, and twenty feet in length. Above these, at a distance of some twenty yards, we opened three more of the same dimensions, and in the same direction. By this arrangement we not only secured ample working room for our labourers, but had every reason to hope with a degree of certainty to hit upon a building, if one of any size at all existed

within the range we embraced. On the third day the men in the middle trench, of the line nearest to the sea, came upon a pavement, and on clearing a portion of it, and washing it, we found it to consist of beautiful shades of green marble, representing slabs of *verde antico*, and the imitation was excellent.

To clear this chamber, and to trace its walls, was now a difficult task, seeing we had a depth of twelve feet of earth upon the pavement.

We had not quite completed this work when her Majesty's steam frigate *Curaçoa* arrived, to embark the antiquities we had already discovered. The vessel was under the temporary command of Lieutenant (now Commander) Durbin, to whom, and to the other officers of this noble ship (among whom I would particularly name my friend Lieutenant Calcraft), I am under very great obligation; for they not only discharged the duties imposed upon them with the utmost zeal, but they kindly rendered me numerous voluntary services, which makes me look back upon their stay at Carthage this time, and to their subsequent visits, with the utmost pleasure.

After rambling one day with the officers over the ruins, literally exhausted with fatigue, we approached the scene of our last discovery, and found, to the astonishment of all, save a few, our large chamber tastefully ornamented, the pavement beautifully washed, while an awning carefully sheltered the whole from the fierce rays of the sun. In the centre there stood a table neatly covered, and groaning under the weight of all the good things hungry man can possibly desire. That justice was done to the repast, every one who had the privilege of being seated at this festive board, within a Carthaginian hall, will readily testify. Her Majesty's health



VIEW OF AN EXCAVATION AT CARTHAGE.

was drunk with all due honours, and, conformably to the philosopher's maxim, that "knowledge is power," the votaries of Minerva and those of Mars were not neglected.

But what a theme for sober reflection does such a scene present! Centuries have elapsed since the sound of footsteps were heard upon this lovely pavement, or since the merry voice of the owners rung through this hall. What scenes of woe and agony have since transpired here! Great are the vicissitudes of human affairs, and everything around us is indeed transitory. What is wealth—what is knowledge, and what is power? All is perishable.

Our cases were embarked, and the frigate sailed for Malta, accompanied by our very best wishes for her safety.*

We resumed our work, and, in the course of a few days, not only cleared the entire chamber, but opened another one adjoining it.

Whilst our men were actively engaged in digging, Ali Kareema entered my little tent, and mysteriously informed me that an Arab from Morocco, "an expert magician," who had an important communication to make, desired to see me at Dowar Eshutt. I appointed the following day to meet him.

Having delivered this message Kareema returned,

* In communicating to the Earl of Clarendon the embarkation of these antiquities I also state: "Your Lordship will be pleased to learn that Lieut. Durbin, accompanied by several of his officers, had the honour of attending the Bairam levee of his highness the Bey. On naming to him the object which brought the frigate into this port, his highness expressed himself highly satisfied, and added, 'I felt extremely gratified that the birthday of your most excellent sovereign fell on the day of our great festival. May our mutual rejoicing be an emblem of our sincere friendship; and may that friendship and harmony be perpetual between us and Great Britain.'"

and in a coaxing manner, wished to know, if the information the man so well versed in the black art should communicate, should lead to the discovery of a large treasure, I would not give him also a fine present? I answered, that I had no confidence in this kind of people, but believed them all to be impostors.

"But," Kareema rejoined, "you have confidence in Ali Elgaabsi, the notary, and, surely, you have not forgotten what he has related to you. The Nazarenes go too far in their unbelief. Some things I know are puerile and must be rejected by sensible men; but these Morockeens have constant intercourse with the spirits who guard the treasures of other times, and through their knowledge, many, many people have been enriched."

Elgaabsi is a public notary of Tunis, and has formerly studied at the *medresah*, college, attached to the great mosque of that city. Being a particular friend of mine, he came to visit me at Carthage, and related the following adventure:

"Whilst a student at the Jama Ezaitona (the Olive Mosque), I made the acquaintance of a very skilful Morockeen, who, one day, asked me whether I would accompany him to raise a treasure. I agreed to do so, partly from curiosity, but chiefly from a desire to obtain the portion he promised me.

"On the evening appointed the Morockeen and three others, besides myself, left the city just as the gates were being closed, and proceeded to the *somma* (the hill on which the chapel of St. Louis stands), which we reached when only two hours were wanting to midnight.

"We rested ourselves about an hour, after which our guide took us to a fragment of ruin on the southern slope

of the hill, where he desired us to remain perfectly silent, and instructed us not to be intimidated by anything we might either see or hear. He could not tell precisely what would happen; but 'whatever may transpire,' he said, 'give no audible utterance to your feelings, whether of fear, or of joy; for if you do, our labour will not only be in vain, but the treasure itself will be lost to us, and will have to continue in the bowels of the earth another century.'

"Having said this, he lit a small lamp and commenced his incantations. He stood in the centre, and we at the four cardinal points of the compass, only about four or five arms' lengths from him. He then blew into a small flame the coals he had brought in an earthen vessel, and threw a variety of incense into it. No sooner did the smoke of the incense commence to ascend, than he made a last imploring sign to us neither to move, nor to utter a sound, and threw himself flat on the ground.

"In a few seconds we felt the ground beneath us heave like the waves of the sea, so that we had the greatest difficulty to stand erect; tremendous noises, like the sound of thunder, at the same time assailed our ears. By the dim moon we could discern hosts of cavalry, in the plain below, galloping up towards us, with their guns and lances aimed at us. They rushed upon us in the most furious and threatening attitudes, but no sound—not even that of the hoofs of their spirited steeds—could we hear, and they, and their riders, seemed to vanish when only within a few paces of us. But this strange army thickened: the fierceness of their countenances and their threatening posture increased, while, at the same time, we distinctly heard the clangour of chains, and other extraordinary noises, under ground. Although trembling

from fright, as you may easily suppose, we stuck to our post, and obeyed to the very letter the Morockeen's instruction. But now huge masses of rock above us began to stagger, and, as if hurled by some supernatural and invisible force, commenced rolling down, with the utmost velocity, in the very direction of the spot where we stood, threatening us with instantaneous destruction. The fear of death overcame our love for treasure. We fled with the speed of lightning, and called for mercy at the top of our voice, never stopping, nor looking back, till we found ourselves close to Dowar Eshutt.

"The Morockeen soon after joined us, giving utterance to the greatest rage and fury as soon as he could make himself audible, and, were it not that we were four to one, I verily believe, he would have perpetrated the crime of murder that very night. 'The work,' he said, 'was on the eve of being completed, and the stones opened the gap for us to possess ourselves of vast treasures. Your cowardice has frustrated all. You might have been wealthy by this time: but beggars you were when you came here, and, through your own folly, beggars you return.' "

We have given, as nearly as possible, in Elgaabsi's own words, a recital of an adventure, or rather a strange enterprise, in which he was one of the actors. He vouches for the truth of every word, and those who know him have great confidence in his veracity. We abstain from comments.

Kareema was present when the notary related his nocturnal exploit, and it is to this he alluded in corroboration of the magical skill of the Morockeens.

To gratify Kareema, or rather to convince him and others of the absurdity of having faith in magic arts,

I promised to co-operate with the Morockeen, if such was the man's desire. The little fellow, in prospect of a rich share of the *jenoon's* spoil, was in ecstacies of joy, and longed heartily for the consummation of the enterprise.

About noon on the following day I was in our store at Carthage, when Ali walked in with a swarthy Arab, pretty decently dressed. He had a sharp and keen eye, but which carefully avoided coming in contact with that of others, and hence was always directed towards the ground. "Here," said Ali, "is the learned *taleb*, who has some communication to make to you."

After reiterated salutations the man seated himself, and, after a careful scrutiny that no one else was near, he opened a small parcel which had been secreted beneath his cloak, and drew from it about forty, or fifty, pages rolled up in the shape of a scroll, and tied with a red cord.

"In this," he said, holding up the papers, "is contained the subject which has brought me to you from a great distance. You are described very minutely as the eligible individual through whose instrumentality a vast treasure, which kings and princes might well envy, is to be raised. None but you can ever succeed in possessing himself of it. One thing alone I ask in return, and that is, that you will act honourably towards me. I am desirous to go back to my own country, and feel reluctant to do so with less money than I originally took from my home. Five hundred *doro* (dollars) my father handed over to me with which I was to perform the pilgrimage to Mecca, whence I am now returning, and two hundred is all I have left. Will you promise to let me have the sum of three hundred dollars after you have possessed

yourself of the wealth which I shall point out to you?"

This was stated with an air, and in a tone, of such apparent simplicity and truthfulness, that it seemed difficult not to come to the conclusion that the man was at least deluded. But this would have been a mistaken charity, and an act of violence to our common sense. The man was a base impostor, notwithstanding his feigned sanctity, and the garb of the pilgrim which he assumed.

"Are you perfectly sure, *Haj Bobaker*," I asked, "that we can really raise the treasure you speak of?"

"If you are only willing," he replied, "then I have no doubt whatever upon the subject."

"I am willing, and, if you are prepared, let us proceed to the work at once."

"Not quite so hastily," he rejoined. "I have, conformably to the instructions contained in these pages, to make certain preparations; and, besides, the treasure can only be raised at midnight. But let me ask you," he continued, "are you naturally courageous, or timid? for if you have no courage, we had better put an end to our negotiations at once. You will have to behold strange scenes, and to pass a revolving gate, armed with sharp glittering swords. But if you have only a stout heart, all will be right, for no personal harm can possibly happen to you. The *jenoon* (spirit) may frown and rage, but he is restrained by the power given to me in these pages. Do you consent, and do you believe you will be able to accomplish all that will devolve on you?"

I replied in the affirmative, and Kareema readily bore testimony to my unflinching courage.

"Then," observed the magician, "our prize is sure.

I will instantly return to Tunis and make the necessary preparations for to-morrow night. You will, of course, defray the expenses for the incense, which will cost 500 piastres (about £14); will you not?"

"Most readily," I answered, "and more too, if requisite."

Joy was beaming from the man's countenance, but I could well see that it was not the prospect of raising a treasure which caused such sensations of hilarity, but the hope of pocketing 500 piastres; for the villain quickly rose from his chair, restored the papers to the bundle, and urged me to lose no time.

"Let me have only 500 piastres," he said; "this sum will suffice, but as quickly as possible, for I shall be able to reach Tunis before the gates close, make my purchases, and return to-morrow early, to finish the requisite observations as to the locality."

Ali Kareema, who always looked to my interests when *others* attempted to impose on me, appeared thoroughly bewildered, and rushed out of the place, by which he meant to intimate that he did not approve of the bargain. But I recalled him, and, whilst I relieved him from his anxiety, I likewise undeceived the impostor from his false apprehension; for, when his bundle was again neatly arranged, and safely deposited under his cloak, I tapped him on his shoulder, and requested him to make all the haste in his power to reach Tunis, before the closing of the gates, and then wished him an agreeable journey.

"And the 500 piastres!" he exclaimed, as I was about parting from him.

"You will, of course, advance this sum," I replied; "it is only a trifle compared to the portion of the treasure

which, you say, we are sure to find, and you are sure to receive."

"But whence can I obtain the money to purchase the necessary incense, and other requisite ingredients?" he roared after me, as I was hurrying over the fields towards the excavations, followed by Kareema.

"Borrow it from your friends, or take it from the 200 *doro* which you have still left of the sum your father gave you to perform the pilgrimage."

Kareema was almost convulsed with laughter at the termination of this interview, and remarked, "You are indeed right that these magicians are impostors; and for aught we can tell, perhaps, Elgaabsi's account is not even strictly true. This is a strange world we live in, and the ancients have truly said, 'A life of centuries does not acquit a man from the obligation of being a pupil.'" In other words, "live and learn."

As a supplement to Elgaabsi's adventure, and for the benefit of the spirit-rapping and table-turning portion of the community, I will record an incident for the particulars of which I am indebted to the same source.

Previous to the nocturnal exploit, the same Morockeen visited Elgaabsi at his room at the college, where, to convince him of his extraordinary power, he requested the student to secrete some money in any part he pleased, and to watch the result. He agreed to this proposal, and the Morockeen left the room. Elgaabsi put a few coins into a small *challaab*, "drinking cup," and this he placed beneath his mattress, which lay on the ground. As Elgaabsi thought that his friend would simply guess where the money was deposited, he took every precaution first to secure the door and to stop up every nook through which his movements might have been observed.

But instead of this, the Morockeen, on being recalled, drew from his pocket a slip of paper, from which he read a few sentences, and then made upon it several magical signs, with his forefinger. On replacing the paper, Elgaabsi heard the jingling sound of money, and, to his utter amazement, he saw the cup forcing its way from beneath the mattress, and skipping merrily right into the middle of the room!

Elgaabsi positively declares that the Morockeen stood at a distance from the mattress, and fully believes that this was a fair exhibition of the occult art. But whatever it was, I leave for others to decide.

Our excavation was progressing steadily, but not with the success we anticipated. We discovered numerous fragments of sculpture and fractured pottery, besides some copper coins, but so corroded that it was impossible to ascertain anything about them. Still we persevered until we cleared a large portion of the edifice.

From testing shafts which we sunk in various directions, we ascertained that the building was much more extensive; and, had our object been simply to lay bare the ruins of Carthage, this would undoubtedly have presented a very prolific field. But such was not our aim. We made no purchase of land, and simply dug with a view to finding objects worthy of removal, and not in order to exhibit ancient architecture. Besides three Phœnician inscriptions, we found here several specimens of mosaic designs.

The spot we next selected for further researches was nearly in a direct line between the last excavation and the fort on the site of the temple of Æsculapius, and is marked on the ground-plan No. 18.

We had made but little progress at this spot, when

the British Mediterranean squadron, under the command of the late, justly lamented, Admiral Lord Lyons, entered the Bay of Tunis, and anchored off the Goletta. On this occasion I, for the first time, made the acquaintance of the noble veteran, who, had archæology been his sole profession, could not have manifested a greater interest in the Carthaginian excavations. It was a perfect pleasure to act as his *cicerone* over the ruins; and though the heat was oppressive, and walking over ploughed fields, encumbered with heaps of loose stones, most difficult, even for hale and young men, he seemed never to tire. Events in the political, military, and naval history of a once great and powerful people engrossed his mind, and every stone, and every separate ruin, however insignificant, seemed to read a lesson to the able diplomatist, the unflinching soldier, and the eminent sailor.

From the first day of our acquaintance until the time that he left these seas, Lord Lyons was ever ready to assist, and further, these excavations. My regret at his departure from the Mediterranean was only surpassed by that of his death.

After a few days' stay the squadron sailed from this for Sardinia; and as I had some business at Cagliari, I embraced this opportunity, and embarked in the *Curaçoa*, then commanded by Captain Forbes.

We steered direct for Pula, the ancient Nora, a Carthaginian city, whose ruins, consisting of a small theatre and several other edifices, I visited first by myself, and then again with the admiral and several of the captains. Here was discovered the famous *lapide di Nora*, which graces the museum of Cagliari.

Having taken in an ample supply of water we ran

round to Cagliari, where I soon finished what I had to do, and now waited for the regular steamer to return to the scene of my labours. The *Cagliari*, the famous vessel whose capture by a Neapolitan man-of-war brought the justice and humanity of the government of the father of Francisco II., the late King of the Two Sicilies, in so prominent, and so unenviable, a light before the world, was expected, and in her I hoped to take passage to Tunis. Her non-arrival caused great sensation in the place, and to me it was a cause of great annoyance. But the noble admiral came to the rescue. He knew that several more cases of antiquities were nearly ready for shipment, and as the *Curaçoa*, which was homeward bound, had first to take in stores at Malta, he kindly requested Captain Forbes to land me at Carthage on his way to that island. From me he exacted the promise to use every exertion to complete those cases, so as not to cause any unnecessary detention, and directed the frigate to call for them on her passage to England.

And now for extracts from my log:

"On the morning of Friday, the 19th of June, we weighed anchor, in company with the squadron, and making all sail worked out of the Bay of Cagliari. The sea ran high and the wind blew so fresh that we had to reef topsails.

"At 12 a signal was made for us to 'close round' the flag ship, and at 2.30 we hove to, lowered the cutter, and Captain Forbes went on board the *Royal Albert*. In less than an hour the captain returned. All hands were sent aloft, and the truck of each mast had a man on it. Three hearty cheers, and one more, were given to the gallant admiral, who was all the time waving his cap in the stern walk of the *Albert*. Our band played 'Auld Lang

Syne,' 'When old Acquaintance be Forgot,' and finished off with 'We are Homeward Bound, my Boys.' The band of the flag ship replied by playing the pathetic air of 'Home, Home, sweet Home.'* To a landsman all this is new; but the effect of such an interchange of kindly feeling in the open sea, when once witnessed, can never be effaced from the memory."

We parted company from the squadron and anchored off the Goletta, after a most pleasant sail of two days. The *Curaçoa* started for Malta very early the day after, whilst I immediately set to work to prepare the cases for which she was to return.

Within a few days the frigate was back; the antiquities were safely embarked, and our regrets at her departure were considerably increased by our kind-hearted friends, George Bishop, Esq. and his charming lady, coming to take leave of us at the same time. The *Curaçoa* and the *Fairy Queen* (Mr. Bishop's yacht) steered together out of the Bay of Carthage, both having happy England for their destination, whilst we were again left alone, amidst discomforts, ruins, and barbarism.

* The author of this popular song, John Howard Payne, has found his grave at the very place for which we were now bound. He was United States Consul at Tunis, where he died a few years ago. He stated to me that when he wrote the words of this song, he was in actual distress at Paris, living in a garret. Upon his tomb the various works, of which he was the author, are named, among which is the tragedy of "Brutus;" and "Home, sweet Home" is engraved in full. This monument was raised by the exertions of his successor, W. P. Chandler, Esq.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CITY PROPER.

From the limits we assign to the Byrsa, in our ground-plan—limits which we have fixed, not according to our arbitrary fancy, but which are based upon evident remains of its ancient walls, and conformably to accounts of ancient writers—the excavations prosecuted in this division of Carthage will be apparent. A glance at our ground-plan will likewise exhibit our work within the city proper, to which our last *digging* belonged, as does also the one just commenced.

The eligibility of this locality (No. 18) for the erection of edifices for the opulent, as well as for public structures, was the chief reason which induced us to fix upon it. We have not only here a magnificent view of the whole Bay of Tunis, with Cape Bon, and the island of Zimbra in the distance, but our view embraces nearly the whole peninsula of Carthage, its isthmus, its ports, and the heights of Cape Carthage, as also those of Cape Camart, the sea, Cape Porto Farina, as well as the double-peaked Hammon Elenf, and the range of hills on the opposite shore. Such a site must have been occupied by the finest buildings which graced the city of Dido.

We had here no visible signs of ruins above ground. It was a ploughed field, from which an annual harvest had been gathered for centuries. We commenced by digging two long and narrow trenches, from north-east to south-west, the one about thirty yards distant from the

other. At a depth of three feet, in the trench parallel with the sea, we came upon masonry, and on following up the same, with a view to ascertain its nature, it was apparent that we had come upon three contiguous graves. They were regularly built, neatly cemented, and covered with thick slabs of calcareous stones; but though each grave was separate, they were apparently originally united by thin walls, and the three had one common flooring. As one of the ends of these sepulchres was still covered with earth, our workmen could form no idea of their nature, and simply thought they were three terminations of walls of some building. But no sooner was one of the tombs opened, and human bones found in it, than they threw down their tools, and refused to continue the work of demolition.

"We will not break down the tombs of Moslems," they exclaimed, "and endanger our future happiness by such sacrilege. *Eddunia faania*, 'this world is transitory,' and our labour is not to be confined to it exclusively. Wages will sustain us here, but such impious acts, as you wish us to perpetrate, will most certainly expose us to the torments of *jehennam* (hell). Abstain, master, we entreat you, from your design, for you, too, surely, believe in God: leave, therefore, the bones of the faithful to rest in peace."

I was not prepared for such a sermon, and what course to adopt was now the question. Ali Kareema called me aside, and endeavoured to induce me to desist, assuring me that all the malignity that fanaticism was capable of mustering, would be arrayed against me if this circumstance once obtained publicity, and publicity it was sure to obtain. His observation was, no doubt, in perfect harmony with the prejudices of the people.

Having reflected for a moment, I returned to the workmen, whom I found vociferating in the most confused and unintelligible manner. The whole band was mutinous, and every effort to make myself audible failed. I then retraced my steps down towards the road, and told Ali to call the men to me.

This summons they obeyed cheerfully, and as they approached, they called out at the top of their voices, "*Sachait, âfi, sachait!* ("Well done, master, well done!") by which they meant to intimate that I acted advisedly in abandoning my design to demolish the tombs.

But having obtained perfect silence among them, I reminded them that I had always acted kindly, and justly, towards them; that I had never said, or done, anything which had even a semblance of my having a contempt for their religion; that I had even given them permission to go to the mosque on Fridays, of which, however, notwithstanding their present demonstration, not one took advantage: that they were, therefore, wrong in supposing that I would violate the tombs of Moslems.

"Return with me," I added, "quietly and orderly, and you shall be convinced that these are not Mohammedan tombs, but those of pagan idolaters, who adored images and the hosts of heaven. If you call them 'true believers,' then we will select another spot for excavation, but if they were not 'true believers,' then be obedient to my directions."

Ali Kareema seconded this proposal, and the men unanimously consented to it.

The position of the tombs was not in conformity with that of the orthodox ritual of the Moslem creed—they were not in the direction of the *kibla*, or Mecca, viz. to the south-east, but were towards the north. This alone ought

to have sufficed to produce conviction, and it had that effect; but Kareema stooped down, and, after searching for a few minutes among the bones, produced a small terra cotta lamp, with a Roman eagle upon it. This relic he held up triumphantly, and exclaimed, "Here, look at this! Do you require greater proof of the truth of what the master has said?"

Rushing towards their tools, they shouted out, "Cursed be the father of the grandfather of these infidels!" and in less than one hour not a vestige of these tombs (which were devoid of all architectural beauty) was left on the spot.

Having completed this work of destruction, with a fanatical zeal scarcely conceivable, Ali asked,

"And what are we to do now?"

"Deepen the original trench," I replied.

"What! are we to dig beneath graves? What else but original soil can we now expect?"

"You may be right," I answered; "but I have decided upon testing this locality thoroughly: I wish you, therefore, to act according to my instructions."

Whilst the majority of our men were occupied at this spot, I employed a few "testing parties" in different localities. This plan I had some time ago adopted, and in this way we recovered some very interesting relics of antiquity. In this way we came upon the portion of a mosaic which represents a basket of fish, and a wooden hod filled with fruit. The whole is extremely elegant, and is executed in very vivid colours. It is surrounded by a wave pattern, and enclosed by a twisted border. By the same means we discovered, at No. 19, a mosaic near the sea-side. Mr. Franks, who had access to my letters addressed to the Foreign Office,

thus alludes to it in his interesting paper to the Society of Antiquaries:

"At the depth of four feet from the surface was found an interesting fragment, seven feet by four feet, representing a flying figure supporting a tablet, of which the right-hand portion only remained. It has on it the following inscription in white letters on a red ground:

. . . . . NC FVNDAMENTA
. . . . . TEM DEDICAVIMVS
. . . . . TIBIDETEVAMICI FLOREN
. . . . . DEVM INVOCANTEM V QVI
. . . . . VIT GAVDENTES V
. . . . . DOMINVS TE EXALTA
. . . . . V FASTILANEM IN MIN
. . . . . CONSVMMAVIT GAVDENS
. . . . . E M T E M

None of the lines being perfect, we are unable to determine their length; and the purport of the inscription is consequently far from clear. Perhaps we may restore the commencement thus, 'Basilicam hanc fundamenta tenus labentem dedicavimus;' but the constant changes of persons in the remainder render it very obscure; the word *fastilanem* may be connected with *fastella*, which Ducange explains as *ligamen*. Below the inscription are two youths holding in their right hands wreaths, and in their left fans with long handles. The style of art shown in this mosaic, and the character of the inscription, seem to belong to the fourth century after Christ. Three feet below it, there was another pavement with a pattern only; and six inches below that a third pavement, of an elongated geometrical design."*

* "Recent Excavations at Carthage." Reprinted from the "Archæologia." By A. W. Franks, Esq. M.A.

The principal object just mentioned, and which may be viewed at the British Museum, has already been alluded to, to show the superiority of the arts during the Punic reign, compared to their condition during the Roman sway at Carthage.

The road which leads to this spot, and to the sea gate, lies between our excavation, No. 18, and the fort. It takes us, in the direction of Sidy-Bo-Said, to a large white square house, built in the European style; it is the summer residence of the old *Sahab Ettaba*, "lord keeper of the seal," from the terrace of which my friends, Messrs. Cox and Moens, took for me the panoramic view of the peninsula of Carthage. From here a path leads down to an unfinished bathing establishment near a ravine to the right. Contiguous to this building the figure with the Latin inscription was found. In this vicinity the traveller meets with numerous traces of ruins. Continuing now along the beach, in the same direction, we cannot fail coming upon the sea gate, for a photograph of which I am indebted to Mr. Alfred Cox. A little further, and near the spring, are evident marks that the ancients have supplied themselves from some of the rocks, which form portions of the hill of Sidy-Bo-Said, or Cape Carthage, with stone for building purposes. Their unworthy modern successors too, after having exhausted the materials of the old wall, and numerous edifices in the neighbourhood, have tried their hand at these quarries; but such labour was not in conformity with their constitutional idleness, and, hence, it was soon abandoned.

On the present occasion I selected the slopes to the right of the upper road, leading from Moalka to Sidy-Bo-Said, near the walls of the city proper, and indicated in our Ground-plan by the figures 12 and 13. Our

C. Jeens. sc.

THE SEA-GATE.

LONDON | RICHARD BENTLEY | 1861

researches extended to some three or four hundred yards' length of this slope.

At a depth from the surface of only two feet we discovered Roman tombs, one of which was in very excellent preservation.

This tomb was built of stone and mortar, and cemented over so beautifully, that, when new, it must have had the appearance of a pure white marble sarcophagus. On the side, at a raised part, there were the remains of a bas-relief male figure, in stucco, not at all badly executed, and at the head a marble slab was inserted, bearing this inscription:

. . . . . NIBVSSACR
DAPHNISCANDIDAPIA
VIXITANNISXXXVII S . .
NIC . . . ISCONIVBIRNA
. . . LDPIISSIMA . . FECIT

But this sepulchre differed in one respect particularly from monuments of a similar kind. We know that the most ancient practice in disposing of the dead was burial, and that burning is of a more recent date. In remote antiquity the dead were buried at their own houses, but for very just reasons, special localities, either within or near cities, were afterwards assigned for interments. The former practice gave rise to numerous superstitions, and to it we may, undoubtedly, ascribe the origin of a certain kind of idolatry, and the vulgar fear of spectres—

> "Whence ghosts at dead of night appear
> Forth from the yawning gate of Acheron,
> Defiled with gore, grim shadows of the dead."

When the body was to be burnt, a funeral pile was

erected somewhere without the city, or near the place of sepulture, upon which the corpse was placed. The pile (after certain rites had been performed) was set on fire with a lighted torch; the individual doing this always turned away his face, by which he meant to manifest the reluctance with which he did it. The ashes and bones were then carefully collected and put into the *urna*, "urn," made either of marble, metal, glass, or of earthenware, and deposited in the sepulchre.

The tomb before us, however, combines the two practices. It would appear that the corpse was deposited within it whole, and there burnt. In the centre, at the top of a square turret, or higher part of the sepulchre, we found an earthen pipe, which seems to have acted as a chimney, and to the left end, and below an arched part, we found a triangular opening, which was closed up by a brick slab, about two feet square. In removing this we found the whole of the interior of the tomb filled with charred wood and human bones, among which we also discovered an earthen lamp and a few copper coins.

This road, so near the city walls, may have been either the *Via Appia*, the *Campus Martius*, or the *Puticulæ* of Carthage: but whether such distinctions were kept up in Roman Carthage, is not quite sure. One thing, however, is certain—that this locality is an ancient *Père la chaise*, only a few feet under ground, for we meet here with the last dwelling-places of the rich and the poor promiscuously. Whether it would repay the labour and expense of excavation, is another thing; my own experience would not be favourable to such an enterprise.

At our excavation, No. 18, the work gradually pro-

gressed. Six feet beneath the graves we had already passed two regular strata of reddish earth, which Ali regarded (and all the men agreed with him) as "natural and original." Two feet deeper, however, we fell in with fragments of ruins, to the great astonishment of everybody, and beneath this a deposit of fine sand, a little more than a foot in depth, and under it a mosaic pavement.

The fragments of ruin were, undoubtedly, portions of the fallen roof, and the deposit of sand the remains of the decomposed cement, whilst the layers of reddish earth appear only to have been washed into the ruin, at different periods, by very heavy rains, which in these latitudes, on some occasions, assume the threatening aspect of a deluge.

Our men had now, what may be technically termed, plain work to perform, that is, simply to remove the earth, and trace the walls of the building. Having made the requisite arrangements for this purpose, I selected a spot, between the temple of *Astarte* and that of *Baal*, for a mere temporary research. After digging here a short time we came upon numerous fragments of marble, and on the following day upon a beautiful prostrate marble column, lying parallel with our trench. The fragments were evidently portions from the entablature. In the same direction we afterwards found its Corinthian capital. I gave directions to leave the column (which was well secured at the base by the earth, which we had not yet removed, so that it manifested no signs of danger of slipping,) and to widen the trench, by four or five feet, to enable us to go deeper with safety. Before leaving, I particularly requested the men to dig with precision

and evenness, so as to run no risk from the column, fourteen feet of which were visible.

Having spent some time with the other batch of workmen, I returned here in the course of the afternoon, and, to my surprise, found that whilst the Arabs had carefully avoided the column, from a dread of its slipping, they had undermined the ground opposite to it to such an extent that they had now a three feet graduated projection overhanging them. Whilst remonstrating with them for their folly, I carefully watched the dangerous locality, where, I thought, I perceived a slender crack, some four or five feet in length. I soon found that by every stroke of the pick-axe below, it increased in width. At the top of my voice I called upon the men instantly to come up. Notwithstanding their desperate doctrine of *maktoob*, "fate," (to which they alluded only a few seconds before, when I told them that through their stupidity they had placed their lives in imminent peril), they rushed up with extraordinary speed. One stupid fellow, however, having left a tool behind, actually ran back to fetch it in spite of all my efforts to prevent him. Before he could save himself, the mass of earth, some five or six tons in weight, fell with a tremendous crash, sending up, at the same time, such an immense pulverous cloud that everything was hid from our view for several seconds. When the dust cleared away, we found the poor man buried up to his arms, and utterly unable to extricate himself. Fortunately in his efforts to escape the danger, he had passed the bulky and heaviest portion, otherwise he would, undoubtedly, have been killed. As it was, the shock he received was so great, that he was, for some time, confined to his tent and unable to work.

The fear of having similar mishaps, with perhaps worse consequences, at the other place, where the work just now was of a like nature, induced me to abandon this spot, and employ, for the present at least, all our force at the one excavation.

Here we distributed our men into several divisions. Whilst the majority was occupied in clearing the chamber, we sank shafts to the right and left of it, by which we discovered that the building extended in those directions. We had certainly a prospect of very extensive operations before us, but what fruits these labours would yield was, of course, very doubtful. However, we persevered in emptying three apartments, one of which, the first, measured thirty-five feet by thirty; and when its pavement, so far as it was complete, was cleaned and washed, its artistic and chaste design, the rich but tasteful blending of colours, had the effect of drawing forth the boundless admiration even of the uncouth and unpolished sons of the arid desert. Of the walls but little remained, and the materials of these, both the stone and the cement, indicated a prior antiquity to the Roman occupation.

But as we proceeded with our work we discovered additional proof that the remains of this edifice are of Punic origin. In the course of a few weeks we had succeeded in clearing a line of eight chambers, all on the same level, and running from N.E. to S.W. Besides these, we found ruins both in front and in the rear, which showed that it was much more extensive. Towards the S.W. at the slope of the hill, and only about twenty feet from the building, we found a circular well, of exquisite construction, and of great solidity. This we emptied, and reached sweet water at a depth of one

hundred and ten feet. At the opposite extremity of the line of chambers, in a small room, measuring only eight feet square, and paved with black-and-white geometrical designs, we discovered three graves, neatly let into the wall at its base, but besides human remains we found nothing in these resting places of the dead.

This excavation furnishes us with evidences which tend to confirm the Punic character of these mosaic pavements.

Carthage contains two sets of cisterns: the larger range at *Moalka*, and the smaller below the fort, and not far from our present excavation. The first set was supplied by the famous aqueduct which brought the water from Zoghwoan and Jugaar, the ancient Zungar—a distance of about sixty miles—to the metropolis. The smaller set, we have already said, were supplied by rain-water collected on its own extensive terrace, and from other terraces in the vicinity.

Writers, of any character at all, are unanimously agreed that the rain-water cisterns belong to the period of Phœnician Carthage. Now, if this be so, to what period does the well we found here belong? Was it built before or after the cisterns? Is it likely that people would have gone to the enormous expense of digging and building a well, when they could have had, within easy reach, such a rich supply of water from the cisterns? The natural conclusion appears to be that the well is older than the cisterns, and belongs to a remoter period—to Punic Carthage, and to the same era must we assign the antiquities we have discovered in this locality.

But, it may be argued that the houses of Carthage were supplied with cisterns, notwithstanding the existence of

the public reservoirs, and as we found no tank properly belonging to this edifice, the well was a mere substitute for it, and may therefore have been built long after the range of cisterns. The objector may further add that the masonry of the well does not correspond with that of the walls of the house, the latter having every appearance of much greater antiquity. This is true; but, we may answer, the Romans having made use of this well, left their impress upon it, whether by repairs or by restoration.

We can afford to make every concession, since our sole aim is to point out two distinct epochs of Carthage, as exhibited in architecture. Granting even that the well is originally Roman, the greater antiquity of the edifice near it is admitted, and this admission cannot be withheld when we bear in mind that the mouth of the well is between eight and nine feet above the level of the mosaic pavement. Allowing for the proper height of wall, which a well requires to be above the level of the ground, and making every allowance for the accumulation of soil upon ruins in the course of every century, we shall see that our pavements have much greater antiquity, and date from a period prior to the Roman conquest.

That this excavation exhibits distinct epochs of Carthage is an indisputable fact. We found first Roman graves, and nearly ten feet below them, habitations for the living, intermingled with the resting-places of the dead. We have already seen that in remote antiquity the dead were buried at their own houses, and this appears to have been a practice among the illustrious men of Carthage. Appian informs us that Asdrubal, the son of Gisco, on account of political and professional jealousies, existing between him and Hanno, the son of Bomilcar, had become

obnoxious to his countrymen. He was accused of having had the intention of betraying his troops into the hands of the first Scipio, during the second Punic War, and just before the famous battle of Zama—a charge which Appian shows was entirely groundless. The question was discussed in Senate, and so inflamed the incensed populace against the general, that hosts rushed out, resolved upon his destruction. But Asdrubal, who lay concealed in his own house, knowing what was passing within the Senate, (probably at that time convened within the halls of the temple of Æsculapius, where that body often met,) took poison, and "*retired into the sepulchre of his father,*" whence he was dragged, murdered, and his body exposed to the grossest indignities.

From this circumstance it appears that the tomb of Asdrubal's father was within the precints of his house.

We have elsewhere alluded to a treaty between the Carthaginians and Darius, by which the former bound themselves to give up the practice of eating dogs' flesh, *mortuorumque corpora cremare potius quam terra obruere* —"to burn the bodies of the dead rather than bury them in the earth."

The tombs we have discovered forming part of the dwelling, must therefore belong to a period prior to Darius, and hence they date from a time before Carthage came into collision with her dangerous rival. They are of Punic origin, and if they are of Punic origin, then the pavements, here laid bare, must also belong to the same period.

Whilst occupied in digging in this locality we made the acquaintance of a very strange individual, who favoured us daily with his visits. He was a saint, and a great

rogue; a haj, "pilgrim," and a thorough thief; enveloped in rags, but very proud and haughty; very corpulent and stumpy, but ran and climbed rocks like a playful kid; very serious, but laughed, and was as noisy as a trooper; he was often praying, but oftener swearing and cursing. In the course of my peregrinations I have often come across canting hypocrites (and who has not?)—but such a compound—a character composed of such antagonistic ingredients—I had never before encountered. But, before I say more about this personage, I ought to state the particular kind of work in which I was employed at the very time we struck up our acquaintance.

Ali Kareema accompanied me, for some consecutive days, assisting me in tracing a line of ruins from the Cothon up to the Byrsa, passing the seaward slope of the hill of St. Louis, to the part between the cisterns and our present excavation, at No. 18. The object I had in view in making these observations was to verify the fact stated by Appian, that three streets led from the *Agora*, the "large place" (more properly "the place of assembly"), near the harbour, up to the famous *citadel on the summit of which stood the temple of Æsculapius.* The result of these investigations was, that I came to the conclusion that one of the streets ran near the sea-wall, in the direction of the ponderous mass of ruin near the fort, and was, undoubtedly, the one called by the Romans *Salutaria*, or Æsculapius street.

The next street ran, as already stated, across the seaward, or eastern declivity of the hill of St. Louis, and was, most likely, the one know under the name of *Vicus Senis*, or *Vicus Saturni*, Saturn street, since the temple of this divinity was situated a little to the left of it, and

the way to it, from this street, was by the gap between the two hills, and through the grove of Cypress which was in this locality.

The third street must have ran past the village of Dowar Eshutt, and over the western declivity of the hill of St. Louis, through part of the division of the city assigned to Astarte, and then, either by a curve, or through a cross street, down to the citadel. This street was called *Venerea*, Venus Street. It will be borne in mind that Venus and Juno are only Roman names for Astarte.

Such a distribution of the streets agrees with Appian's account, and gives ample fighting room for the hosts of combatants engaged during the last convulsive days of the city of Dido. It harmonizes also with the theological division of the city, to which allusion has been made in the chapter on the "Religion of the Carthaginians." It is in conformity with the glimpses of topography found in ancient writers, and is confirmed by the results of our excavations, as well as by evident remains of lines of ruins, which clearly indicate streets.*

We were engaged in tracing these streets, and Kareema had just descended one of the square openings of a cistern to ascertain whether it had any communication with an adjoining ruin, when, to his horror, he observed a large snake peeping out from a crevice in the opening by which he had now to ascend. "A snake, master, a snake!" he exclaimed in a voice bespeaking

* Of the Roman names of the streets, we are incidentally informed. We are told that Cyprian, when he was apprehended, and before he was interrogated by the Proconsul, was lodged in the house of an officer, "which was situated in Saturn street, between Venus and Æsculapius streets"—"*in vico dicitur Saturni inter Veneream et Salutariam mansit.*"—Actis Proconsular. S. Cypriani, in Act. Mart. Ruinarti, p. 217.

the greatest horror, and it was then I ascertained for the first time that the only thing the little bandit dreaded in this world was a reptile.

"What am I to do," he asked in a most distressing tone—"how am I to get out of this place?"

That the snake had retreated into its hole, and was as much terrified at seeing him as he could possibly have been on observing it, was not sufficient encouragement. He was frightened to such an extent that he almost wept. I could not help him; the reptile had retired into its stronghold, to which my stick had no access. I proposed stopping up the hole with a stone, but to this Ali would not listen, because, he thought, the snake might dart at me and wound me, it being considered of a most venomous kind.

At this perplexing state of things, I observed Haj Ibrahim, the corpulent little *dervish*, passing on the road to Sidy-Bo-Said. When Kareema heard that this holy personage was so near, he entreated me to call him.

I called the dervish, who immediately came towards me; and, on observing Ali down the cistern, he laughed heartily, and jocosely observed, "What have you been up to, you Nazarene; have you thrown a Moslem into this damoos?" He then took off his tattered cloak, and, stooping down, placed his fingers at the crevice into which the snake had entered, and, at the same time, whispered some unintelligible sentences. In a few seconds the reptile peeped out, but speedily retreated. It continued repeating this several times, until it gradually gained such assurance that it placed its head into the hand of Haj Ibrahim. The dervish continued coaxing and

stroking it, and, by little and little, drew it entirely from the crevice. He now coiled it up most cautiously, and carefully placed it on the ground. Having kept both palms of his hands upon it for a few seconds, he left the reptile in that position, in which it remained, to my great astonishment, until he took it up, kissed it, and deposited it in his bosom!

The snake measured upwards of three feet, and was in the thickest part about three inches in circumference.

Without touching upon the opinions entertained on the subject of snake charming, I take for granted that it will be admitted that the dervish had a certain influence over venomous reptiles; but on one occasion his influence, whether mesmeric or of some other kind, was but of little avail to him. He once presented himself before me with several snakes in his leather bag, and handled them without any signs of fear. It appeared to me perfectly easy to imitate this feat, and when I told him that I thought so, the dervish defied me, and, pulling out one of the most frisky, he said, "Here, lay hold of this one, and I'll declare that you are not a *kaafer*, an *infidel*."

I watched the animal, which he was coiling round his neck and arm with the greatest impunity. A favourable opportunity, as I thought, occurred, and I grasped hold of it by the nape of the neck, but was prevented from retaining my hold by its slimy and slippery skin. It darted from me, grasped hold of the naked arm of Ibrahim, and dug its teeth into it. I was horrified on seeing the blood streaming, apprehending serious consequences. But the dervish was careless about the sight of blood, and only eulogized my courage.

"Who is now the *infidel*," I asked, "you or I?"

"Neither, master," he replied, "we are both *moomaneen*, true believers."

This experiment had the effect of making me rather too bold and too fearless of serpents. Sometime after I was driving past the prickly-pear hedge of the *Krom*, on my way from the Goletta to *Dowar Eshutt*. In the ditch I observed a serpent, six feet long, and upwards of five inches in circumference. I jumped down and struck the animal, which immediately took refuge in the impenetrable hedge. But nearly two feet of its body were still visible. Of this I laid hold with both my hands, and pulled with all my might. Suddenly the reptile, which had evidently been coiled round a trunk of one of the prickly-pear trees, gave way. I fell, and, with my fall, drew the serpent after me, which instantly assumed both a defensive and an offensive attitude. It raised itself about two feet from the ground, hissed, and furiously darted its forked tongue. A well-aimed and successful blow at the head, with the but-end of my whip, stunned the animal, and a repetition of a few similar ones despatched it altogether, so that I was able to carry it off triumphantly. The Arabs, who are extremely timid of snakes and serpents, could scarcely believe that I had killed this one, so venomous and of such an unusually large size.

But I would neither like to repeat such a feat, nor would I advise any one to imitate me.

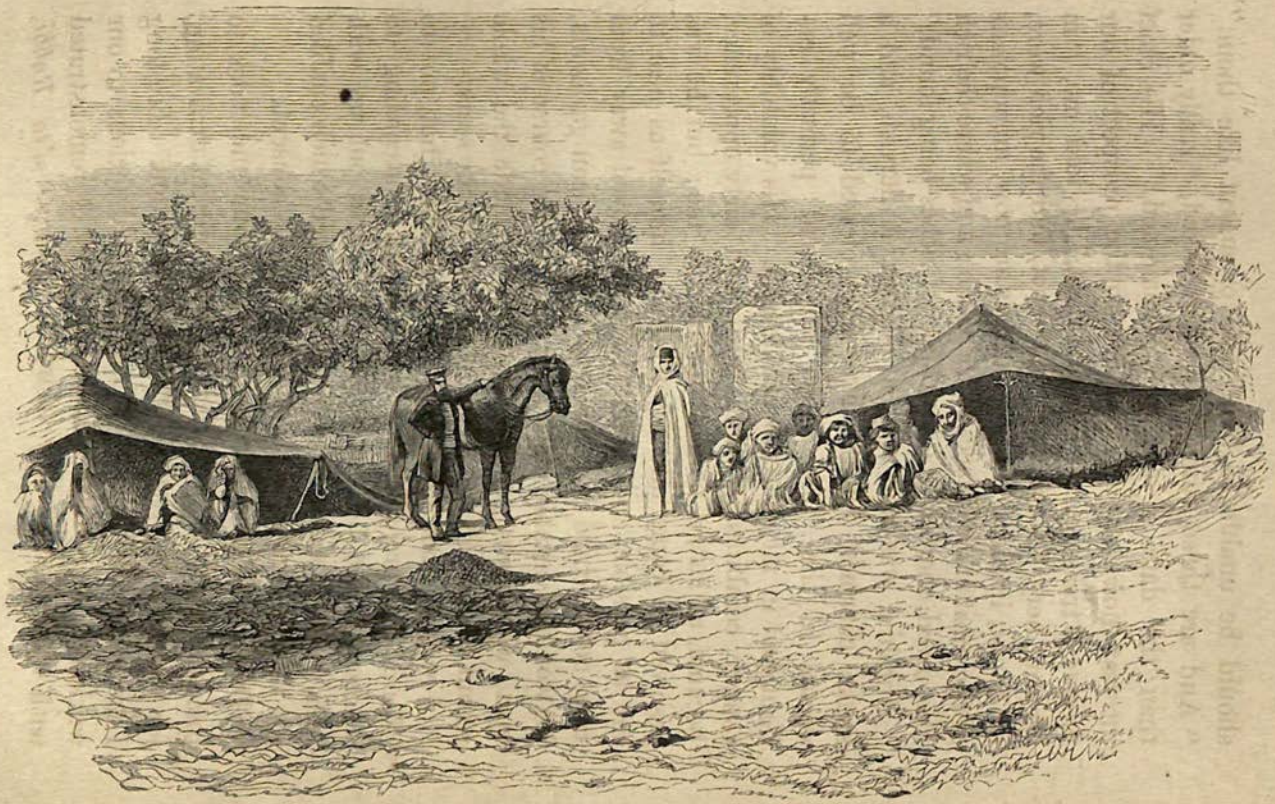
Haj Ibrahim became a daily visitor at our excavations, and actually appeared to take a lively interest in every phase they assumed. "Wonderful!" he often exclaimed, "that we, who live so many years after the ancients,

should be unable to build and ornament like them." "And are these ruins," he often asked, "really older than the date of our lord Mohammed?" His chief interest, however, was confined to the prospect of our finding a treasure. "You are right," he told me, "in digging here, for this is a lovely spot, and the rich were, no doubt, in olden times what they are now, monopolists of the most choice places of the earth; and where the rich have lived, there is good prospect of riches being found."

Ibrahim was not only a pilgrim, a dervish, and a snake charmer, but he likewise professed to be well versed in the "mysterious art," and perfectly enlightened in all subterranean arcana. His volubility of tongue, combined with his filthy and dirty appearance, became, at last, a perfect nuisance to me; but he was resolved to come into my tent, seat himself as near to me as possible, and though I always moved away from him, not to come in contact with his unclean garments, he would invariably move after me. In the course of his visit, which was generally lengthy, we made the whole round of the tent, by constant shifting of our seats.

I was anxious to rid myself of Ibrahim, but, not to offend the prejudices of our workmen, according to whose opinion he was a saint, I had to put up with him. An opportunity, however, occurred which enabled me to turn him off with their unanimous consent.

During the melon season, Haj Ibrahim undertook to guard a melon plantation close to our present excavation, for which he received a certain remuneration. Ere long I discovered that the saint regularly sold melons to our workmen, for which act of dishonesty I remonstrated with him; but he only answered *Eddonya m'ta Rabbi*,



WORKMEN'S ENCAMPMENT.

"The world belongs to God," and since he considered himself one of God's favourites, he thought he had a right to do in the world what he pleased. The workmen, too, believed that I was too strict with the dervish, since he only did what every guard in the country was in the habit of doing, and what every proprietor well knew they did do.

But one morning, when I arrived at the excavation, I found Haj Ibrahim there with a policeman, and my workmen in a great state of agitation. On asking the cause of all this, I was informed that the saint had caught Hamed Jirbi, an Arab from Moalka, a friend of mine, stealing melons; that in attempting to apprehend the depredator the saint had received a severe blow—that notwithstanding the resistance the saint had secured the thief and imprisoned him; that the policeman was here for his fee from Hamed Jirbi's brother who was also present, and that the workmen were interceding with the saint to pardon the delinquent, but that notwithstanding all their efforts he continued inexorable.

It also appeared that all that Hamed Jirbi had done was to pick up one small melon as he was passing along the road. This the saint himself confessed.

I now entreated the saint to release Jirbi, but he would not hear of it. I repeated my entreaties, but all was in vain.

Finding there was no possibility of softening the vindictive disposition of the saint, I had recourse to this method of procedure. I called the policeman and told him—

"Take my compliments to the governor, and present this man (the saint) to him, and say that I give him in

charge as a plunderer of that melon field. Here is half-a-dozen of the workmen who will bear testimony to the fact, and here is another half-dozen who have purchased melons from him. They will accompany you, and beg the governor, in my name, to chastise Ibrahim according to his deserts."

"*Sachait Arfi Sachait.* 'Well done, master, well done!'" exclaimed the whole band, whilst the saint, with the policeman's hand already on his shoulder, stood perfectly bewildered and terrified.

Having recovered himself a little, the saint imploringly asked, "What, master, will you have me, your friend, imprisoned?"

"Most decidedly," I replied; "and from this moment there is no further friendship between us."

"But I will liberate Hamed instantly," he rejoined.

"Then I liberate you also, but let me never see you here again."

Thus ended this affair, and thus was I freed from the annoying visits of Haj Ibrahim, the dervish, &c. &c. &c.

The objects we recovered at excavation 18, consist chiefly in a variety of elegant designs. We likewise found here several Punic inscriptions. Behind the line of chambers, and about forty yards from them, we discovered a Roman pavement of a very elegant design, and at the entrance, two gazelles drinking at a fountain. This pavement had scarcely more than two feet of soil upon it, from which an annual crop was gathered, and that it has not been destroyed before will appear surprising. Thanks to the wretched agricultural implements of this country for the preservation of this work of art! An English plough would long since have

made a hash of it. But the Tunis farmer, if he turns up an inch and a half of soil, is quite satisfied; he appears to be very careful of his land, very careful of his plough, and particularly careful of his labour.

The question has often been asked, and, no doubt, it will have suggested itself to the reader also, how it is that, in the course of our excavations, we have never found any ornaments of precious metal? At this very excavation we opened eight chambers, but in none of them did we meet with any articles of virtu: and yet we know that the Carthaginians, of both sexes, had their weakness for glittering stones and polished metals, as well as other nations, ancient and modern. They had even their costly gold plate, as we learn from Virgil; and Pliny tells us that the Carthaginian ambassadors at Rome ironically remarked that no people lived on more amicable terms among themselves than the Romans, for "wherever they had dined they had always met with the same silver plate."* From this we may justly infer that silver plate was more plentiful in their own capital, where there was no need to have recourse to such shifts. From the same author we also learn that the Carthaginians carried their taste for precious metals so far that they were in the habit of making "their bucklers and their portraits of gold, and to carry them with them in their camp." One of these bucklers, taken in Spain, was suspended as a trophy over the gate of the Capitoline temple, where it remained until the period when that edifice was first burnt. Indeed Carthage was the entrepôt for precious stones, and the Romans only obtained a taste for these luxuries after the destruction of

* Hist. Nat. lib. xxxiii. c. 50. Ib. lib. xxxv. c. 4.

that city. The wealth of the temples was immense, and, judging from the gorgeous remains we find of private dwellings of Carthage, we may well conclude that the furniture and embellishments were all in keeping, and equally rich.

But a little consideration will convince us that we cannot reasonably expect to meet with any traces, either of personal or domestic ornaments, in the form of precious metal.

Carthage was not destroyed like some of the great Asiatic, or other African cities, situated amidst deserts whose populations were either carried into slavery, or otherwise far removed from the scene of their home; nor was the fate of Carthage similar to Pompeii, whose vitality ceased by a tremendous and sudden extinction, by which her treasures were preserved for future generations: her case was not even like that of those cities which, having felt the destructive effects of hostile armies, were soon after restored by their own inhabitants. No. Her condition differed from all these. She was destroyed by a vindictive and malignant foe, and handed over, for days, to the pillage of the greedy legionaries. Her treasures, and her wealth, were then carefully collected to grace the triumph of the victorious general—a triumph which, Appian tells us, surpassed in magnificence all that Rome had ever beheld before.

The city was doomed to remain in ruins, according to the decree of the Roman Senate, and in that state presented a rich field for Roman adventurers, distressed Carthaginians, and greedy Africans, all of whom, no doubt, ransacked every nook in search of such articles as could readily be converted into money.

About thirty years after the destruction of Carthage, a portion of the city was temporarily restored, and called *Junonia*, by the 6,000 colonists whom C. Gracchus brought over from Rome. These very naturally neglected no opportunity to improve their condition by diligent search for the treasures of the former inhabitants.

Some seventy years later, or 101 years from the date of her fall, the city was rebuilt by Augustus, who carried out the design of Julius Cæsar; and if any of the Punic gold and silver, or precious stones, had escaped their greedy predecessors, we may well conclude that the present colony appropriated them—and a fine opportunity for search they certainly had in clearing old buildings, as well as in digging foundations for new ones.

But, as if the fates had actually decreed that no articles of virtu of Punic origin, nor veritable Punic coin, should be handed down to us; and as if the separate, and combined, diligence and greediness of those we have mentioned did not suffice to ensure their decree; we are told by Tacitus,* that a certain Cesellius Bassus, a Carthaginian, presented himself before the emperor Nero, and informed him that he had discovered in a certain deep cavern, amidst the ruins of his native city, an enormous quantity of gold, and in another place golden columns of such a value that it would suffice to enrich the whole empire. The result of such intelligence can readily be conceived. The reported existence of gold in one place, justified a belief that treasures might be found elsewhere too. Every ruin, and old edifice, was ransacked, and buildings were destroyed in the hope of satiating the universal mania for Punic wealth. The

* Annales, xvi. 1. 2.

havoc such an inordinate passion produced must have been great, but with what result we are not in a condition to ascertain.

Devastation and spoliation were afterwards caused by the Christians, during their struggles with Paganism; by the malicious Vandals, and by the fanatical Arabian conquerors. A writer of the 12th century informs us, that from the time of the final fall of Carthage up to his day, "there has been constant excavations among its ruins, and even under the foundation of its ancient edifices. Marbles have been discovered there of so many different species, that it would be impossible to describe them. An eye witness reports, that he saw taken out blocks thirty feet high and sixty-three inches in diameter. Nor have these spoliations been yet discontinued. The marbles are transported far away to all countries; and nobody leaves Carthage without carrying off considerable quantities, either by vessels or by other means: it is a notorious fact. Sometimes marble columns have been found thirty feet in circumference."*

After such vicissitudes it is both unreasonable, and unnatural, to expect that even a vestige of the kind of Punic objects we speak of, could have escaped the ravages of those times. Hence none fell to our lot; and, had it been possible to convert Punic inscriptions, or Punic mosaics, with the same readiness, into gold, I doubt whether the inordinate love for that metal which existed in ancient times, as it does now, would have reserved anything to compensate us for our diligent labour of upwards of three years.

* Edrisi. Retranslated for the *Modern Traveller*, from the *Journ. Asiatique* for May, 1848.

CHAPTER XX.

PUNIC INSCRIPTIONS AND CONSTRUCTIONS.

My own experience, gathered during my travels to the extreme south of the Regency of Tunis (the particulars of which are recorded in "Evenings in my Tent"), made me particularly desirous to attempt some researches on the site of some of those cities of undoubted Punic origin, whose remote and isolated situation justified a hope of successful results. Reports which often reached me, from Arabs of various districts, of ancient relics seen by them, only tended to increase my desire; and a collection of antiquities obtained in the interior, and consisting of Punic, Numidian, and Libyan inscriptions, which I purchased for her Majesty's Government, strongly encouraged me to undertake such an enterprise.

These antiquities have been a cause of strife and litigation for some years past. I do not desire to be the champion of either of the contending parties; and, since both have left the land of the living, it would be unjust in me to transgress the pious maxim *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, particularly as there is a possibility of my being misinformed on the subject altogether. It will therefore be sufficient for me to say that I made the purchase through Mr. Crow, her Majesty's vice-consul of Benghazi, then of Susa. It is stated that they come partly from

near *Jama*, or Zama, whose plain is famous as the battle-field of the second Punic war; partly from the vicinity of Kef, the ancient Sicca Veneria, chiefly remarkable for the infamous, and immoral, character of its inhabitants, and for the part it took in the Jugurthan war; and partly from Baja, the ancient Vacca, memorable for its treacherous conduct towards the Romans, and for the signal chastisement Metellus inflicted upon it for the same.

We are unable to classify these antiquities for want of more minute details, and these we shall, in all probability, never obtain. Their interest is, however, great, as coming from Carthaginian Africa, of which there is no doubt whatever; and their value does not only consist in the inscriptions, but in the bas-reliefs which accompany them. These are symbolical, and relate to Punic theology, as intermingled with astronomy and astrology, and present a vast scope for conjecture and speculation. Their affinity with those from Nineveh will also be observed, and a careful investigation and comparison may be productive of some very valuable results.

But I repeat what I have already stated, that the bas-reliefs must not be regarded as specimens of Carthaginian skill; they belong (if I may use the expression) to the sacred art which has evidently been kept quite distinct from the profane. Indeed, there is one of the stones which greatly confirms this. Those who are so ready to run down Carthage are equally ready to laud Rome. Carthage was rude and barbarous, whilst Rome was polished and refined. The majestic mosaics we discovered at Carthage are, according to their arbitrary mode of judging, of Roman origin; but the uncouth designs upon the votive tablets, as well as

the unskilful bas-reliefs, they willingly hand over to the period of Punic Carthage. The latter they can, of course, easily prove from the Punic inscriptions they bear. Let me, however, ask them to be consistent. If a Punic inscription proves a rude bas-relief to be Punic, a Roman inscription ought to prove a rude bas-relief to be Roman; and if a rude work proves the Carthaginians to have been ignorant of the arts, a similar rude work ought to prove the same of the Romans. Let then these bas-reliefs, now in the British Museum, be compared, and the result will be that, according to the process of reasoning of those gentlemen, these ancient remains must prove to their satisfaction that both Punic and Roman Carthage were alike rude, uncouth, and unpolished. But they prove nothing of the kind, because they have not been handed down to us as such tests—they belong to the sacred and not to the classic arts.

To visit the localities whence these inscriptions are supposed to have come, and to investigate their ruins, I was most desirous; but such an undertaking was connected with certain difficulties, which compelled me to relinquish the hope. In their stead, however, I resolved to attempt something at Utica, and, if possible, also at *Nisua*, the modern *Sidy Daoud*, and at *Cerebis*, the Corbus of the present day. Having communicated my intention to the Earl of Clarendon, his Lordship, with his accustomed readiness to further every undertaking which tends to the extension of knowledge, at once entertained my proposal. Shortly after, Mr. Hammond writes:—"I am directed by the Earl of Clarendon to acquaint you that he has been informed by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, to whom your letter was referred, that

instructions have been sent to Admiral Lord Lyons, to convey you in one of her Majesty's ships from the port of Tunis to the opposite shores of the bay of Carthage, whenever the requirements of her Majesty's service will admit of his doing so," &c. &c.

Not long after this communication, Lord Lyons again visited this port, and very kindly fixed the time when he would send over her Majesty's steamer "Harpy," and place her at my disposal until the services of that vessel should elsewhere be required.

His highness Mohammed Bey gave the noble Admiral a very flattering reception, and exhibited, on this occasion, a proof that he was free from many of the prejudices peculiar to Mohammedans.

Two English ladies, one of them a niece of his Lordship, and the other the wife of a captain of one of the ships of the squadron, had come over from Malta, in the flag-ship, to visit the site of Carthage, and to see the *lions* of Tunis. The Bey's palace and the *harem* are, of course, conspicuous objects in this country; and the ladies therefore expressed a desire to have their curiosity gratified by a sight of both. His Highness was informed of this, and very readily fixed the morning he was to receive the Admiral and his staff for the ladies' visit to the palace. At the time specified, one of the Bey's own carriages arrived, and the visitors, accompanied by two other English ladies who possessed some knowledge of Arabic, repaired to the *Serayah*, "the palace," at Marsa, and were at once ushered into the *harem*.

Very shortly after, the Admiral and his suite drove up before the palace gates, where they were received with

military honours, and conducted by some of the grand officials into the presence of the Bey. His Highness, the princes, and the ministers, were in full uniform; and, as the Admiral entered the hall, the Bey stepped forward and met him with great cordiality. After an exchange of compliments, Mohammed Bey asked Lord Lyons to be seated, and politely requested all the gentlemen of his suite to do the same. He himself took a chair near the Admiral, but his whole court continued standing.

A few minutes after, attendants entered and placed four chairs in front of the ministers, and, at the same time, the minister of the seal, his Highness's brother-in-law, withdrew by one of the side doors. Shortly after, the same door opened again, and, to the great surprise of every one present, the minister returned escorting the four ladies. On their entering the reception hall, the Bey rose and welcomed them in the most affable and courteous manner, expressing himself highly delighted at the gratification of seeing English ladies at his palace, and complimented the strangers at the courage they exhibited in landing from the ship on such a boisterous morning.

On being seated, the Bey kept up a varied conversation with the ladies on the respective beauty and merits of the scenery and climate of different countries, and when they retired he again rose, shook hands with them, and most gallantly conducted them to the door.

This was the first occasion on which Christian ladies were publicly received at the court of Tunis, and no wonder that the Moslems present, and those who heard of it, were so greatly amazed.

It was stated that this was a piece of diplomacy on the part of the ruler of Tunis, to neutralise a report of his being fanatical and bigoted, which, in consequence of a recent act, had been circulated. The facts of the case are worth recording, and may thus be briefly stated.

An intoxicated Jew, who had publicly cursed the religion of the prophet of Mecca, was brought before a magistrate and accused of the offence. The magistrate sent the case to the Bey, who referred it, in accordance with the nature of the offence, to the ecclesiastical court. That Court condemned him to death; and the Bey, conformably to law and custom, is in duty bound to carry out the sentence of those judges. The consuls of the great powers endeavoured to induce the Bey to commute the sentence, but notwithstanding their efforts, the man was barbarously executed. The ecclesiastical judges insisted upon it, and threatened to resign unless their sentence was enforced. The result of such a step as the resignation of those judges would have been disastrous to the government and to the country.

Those who pretend to know this country positively say that had the Bey acted otherwise, the whole Jewish population might have been massacred by the infuriated and fanatical mob, whereas by the death of the one he prevented such a calamity. They likewise declare that had any of the Consuls come forward and *officially* claimed the Jew, by extending to him protection, he would have relieved the Bey from all responsibility, and prevented a most revolting deed. It is, moreover, asserted that any Christian government, no matter which, would have sanctioned such a step on the part of its represen-

tative. But the Bey was left to carry out the usages, customs, and laws of his own country, and though naturally of a most gentle disposition, he became, against his will and inclination, responsible for one of the most revolting acts.

England and France jointly remonstrated and protested against similar occurrences. They also urged the Bey to consent to a certain basis of a liberal constitution. Poor Mohammed Bey has since died, his end having been hastened by the harassing circumstances connected with that untoward event. What will become of the Constitution—what its nature will be—or whether the people of the Regency of Tunis are prepared for one—remains to be seen.

The reception his Highness gave to the English ladies, it has been stated, was to convince Christians that he was not the monster European papers, at the time, represented him to be. He desired to exhibit his real personal character—which was gentle and mild; he wished to show that he was only instrumental in giving force to a law of his country, which, though severe and cruel, was not of his making: and that in the very execution of that law, he was actuated by a desire to prevent a much greater evil.

Not long after, Lord Newborough visited Tunis in his steam yacht. The Bey and his Court were then at the baths of Hammem Elenf; and when the ladies of his lordship's party visited the harem, at the palace situated at the foot of that mountain, the Bey greatly regretted that the state of his health (which had then already commenced to decline) prevented him from manifesting towards them the civilities he otherwise would gladly

have done. The princesses, however, received them with the utmost courtesy, and two of his Highness's ministers were present to represent the reigning prince.

But whether in this case, or in that of the niece of Lord Lyons, the Bey was really actuated by the motive assigned to him, we cannot decide. Justice alone compels us to add, that long before Mohammed Bey came to the throne, his courtesy and affability to Christians were proverbial. The public reception he gave to Miss Pearson was decidedly an innovation on the usages of the Moslem court, and it is much more probable that he did it out of compliment to Lord Lyons, whose *suaviter in modo*, exhibited in his previous visit, had perfectly captivated this Moorish prince.

Previous to the sailing of the squadron, the noble admiral gave a most delightful entertainment, on board the flag ship, to the principal Christian residents of Tunis, which afforded universal satisfaction. He also before his departure, notwithstanding his numerous engagements, manifested his great interest in our excavations, by recommending them strongly to the Bey's care and protection. His Lordship even promised, should circumstances permit, to call here on his way home, and convey the cases of antiquities, ready for shipment, in the "Royal Albert" to England. This he was, however, unable to accomplish, so that on taking leave of Lord Lyons this time I took leave of him for ever. But in memory's page, the good and the great, though departed, are ever present.

Before the arrival of the squadron, our men were occupied in digging at two distinct localities. One party was engaged at the south-western declivity of the hill of

St. Louis, and the other close to the road leading to Sidy-Bo-Seid, marked No. 23 on our ground plan.

Since such undue importance has been attached to this hill, I was desirous of testing its ruins, and therefore applied to M. Leon Roche, the French consul, for permission to do so. He stated that it was not within his power to grant it, but promised to write to his Government on the subject. I allowed a considerable time to elapse, until it was apparent that a permission would not be forthcoming; and, therefore, I confined my researches to those portions of the hill which are not claimed by the French. We spent here a good deal of time, and labour, without any satisfactory result. Whatever ruin we came upon proved to be Roman, and the mosaics we discovered had likewise the stamp of the same era. A portion of pavement found here with symbolical representations of the months of the year, had the names inserted in Latin, and its execution, as well as its cement, fully corroborated the distinctive feature we stated as existing between the mosaics of the Punic and those of the Roman period.

Our other excavation was a much more successful one. This was not the first time we directed our attention to this spot. We had frequently worked here, and in order to prevent the *hajara* (stone-searchers) from intrusion, we always kept a few men engaged, either in filling up exhausted trenches, or in removing the accumulated *débris*. This enabled us to work more satisfactorily, and with greater ease, whenever we thought proper to resume our search in this locality, which we usually did every three, or four, months for two, or three, weeks in succession.

An insignificant fragment of ruin above the surface was all that induced one of our scouts to dig here, and his pickaxe very soon brought to light a Punic inscription imbedded in the wall. He continued, and in the course of a few hours he came upon three or four more. We now transferred all our men to this Punic mine, and commenced an investigation in right good earnest. We sunk shafts in various parts of the field to ascertain the extent of the subterranean edifice, evidently built of Phœnician materials, and opened several long trenches for their immediate recovery. As we were determined to secure every trophy, we were absolutely compelled to demolish the walls in which they were imbedded. This process of destruction, under other circumstances perfectly inexcusable, prevented us from ascertaining the real nature of the building itself. That it was Roman, there could be no doubt; and that it was a structure of some importance, its extent, and the massiveness of its walls, amply proved; but whether it was a Roman temple, a palace, or a sumptuous edifice of a private citizen, will, in all probability, after the havoc we were under the necessity to cause, never be ascertained.

Our work here was devoid of everything like system and order. Mounds of earth had constantly to be shifted, and the heaps of stones we raised fortunately proved a rich harvest for those who were in search of building materials, while to us the removal of them was most acceptable. In following up the walls, we had to break through the roads, just at the angle, by which we made our way into the neighbouring field to the north. For the public convenience, we were bound to lay down new roads, and this enabled us to continue our researches

without any annoyance, or molestation. The immediate vicinity of our Punic mine we thoroughly dissected, and the result of our investigation showed that the walls containing stones with Phœnician inscriptions, were confined to an area about two hundred feet square. In the adjoining field, our trenches had the appearance of a vast spider's web, having an aggregate of digging of some three hundred feet in length, varying in depth from six to fifteen feet, and, on an average, four feet wide. Here we found an immense deal of masonry, but no trace of the object of our special search.

In the chapter on the "Religion of the Carthaginians," we have given a few of the Punic inscriptions which we discovered. Mr. Franks informs the learned world that, "previously to Mr. Davis's researches, about seventeen tablets had been discovered at Carthage, which are now scattered among the museums of Europe. His excavations have disinterred no less than seventy-three [*or rather, upwards of one hundred*] tablets with Phœnician inscriptions, adding thereby very largely to the scanty stores of Phœnician epigraphy." He likewise tells us that "the trustees of the British Museum have sanctioned the publication of fac-similes of all the Phœnician inscriptions in the national collection." And adds, "I trust ere long to see the first part of the work appear, under the able editorship of my colleague, Mr. Vaux, whose knowledge of oriental languages, and whose paleographic studies, will enable him to do more complete justice to these interesting remains." This announcement, coupled with the implicit confidence we have in the ability of our friend Mr. Vaux, is a sufficient inducement for our present abstaining from a more lengthened

disquisition upon the importance of these relics of Punic Carthage. We shall therefore simply observe, that among them there is one which relates to

"HANNO THE SON OF HANNIBAL, A SON OF BAALMELEK, SON OF HIMLICAT."

Another mentions—

"HANNO SON OF BARCARETH, SON OF MAGON."

One is a votive

"IN THE NAME OF ASHTARTE BY A VOTARY OF THE LORD BAAL, BY THE SON OF THE LORD THE SUFET BOSHRATH."

Next—

"A MAN VOWED ON BEHALF OF THE SON OF HIMLICAT SON OF HANNIBAL."

We have then the name of—

"MAHARBAAL SON OF HANNIBAL."

And then a tablet of a—

"SUFET SON ASHTANBAN."

The next is a votive of—

"HIMLICAT, SON OF HANNO, SON OF KADA."

And then—

"HIMLICAT SON OF BARMILCAR."*

These tablets, which are, with one exception, generally composed either of a fine sandstone or of a compact limestone, appertain mostly, according to the opinion of the best scholars, to a very early period of Punic Carthage. Some are, no doubt, of a more recent date, but all belong to an era prior to the destruction of the city. Several are engraved with the greatest neatness and pre-

* These inscriptions will be found to correspond with those now being published by the authority of the trustees of the British Museum, according to this order :—11, 12, 16, 20, 36, 46, 50, 67.

cision, and to others the artist has evidently paid less attention. The front, which bears the inscription, has a smooth surface, while the sides and backs are only hammer-dressed: and the upper part either terminates in an acute angle, or in a pedimental form, with elevations at the corners, resembling *acroteria*.

The symbols which accompany these inscriptions are mostly astronomical, such as the sun and moon; also Venus (identified with Astarte), Taurus, Pisces, and Aries. The last I consider to be represented on one stone, of which the inscription has, unfortunately, been lost, by a ram: but this symbol may have been intended for Astarte.

The uplifted hand is another symbol represented on several of these *votives*. It undoubtedly indicates supplication, and strictly corresponds with the concluding formula on some of the inscriptions. What more appropriate symbolical accompaniment could there have been devised to the words—

כשמע קלא תברכא

"As thou hearest the supplication, do thou bless!"

Or what more expressive emblem than the hand could have been placed on a votive tablet as a substitute for these words?

Besides these symbolical figures, we have to notice the ornaments which are to be found on the tablets. They consist, as Mr. Franks has correctly stated, of representations of the egg and tongue, or egg and arrow mouldings, of rosettes and fleurons of honeysuckle-pattern, or wreaths. All these, we repeat, are executed in perfect keeping with the sacred, and not with the profane, or

civil art. They are, therefore, not to be regarded as tests of Carthaginian skill.

Three inscriptions had, apparently, neither symbolical nor ornamental accompaniments. One of these will be found in the chapter entitled "Saturn and his Victims." Another, of a cylindrical form, has only three arched niches, and is about eighteen inches in length; and the last is of white marble, and is only about an inch in thickness, and around part of the narrow edge is an inscription, in a single line.*

A portion of our men were occupied in digging at our "Punic mine," and another set at the south-west angle of the slope of St. Louis, when a little incident occurred which ought to be recorded, inasmuch as it exhibits a feature in the character of the people with whom we were, for several years, in such immediate relationship.

A December day was just drawing to a close, when I was watching about fifteen men working in one of the pits at the last-mentioned excavation. All of a sudden they threw down their implements, and prepared to leave. On asking what they were about, they replied that the time agreed upon for their labour had expired, and that they were going to their tents. I told them that they were mistaken, and added, that as I was present it was their duty to ask me what time it was, and not abandon their work so abruptly.

* The author abstains from more lengthened remarks on these and other interesting Carthaginian relics, not only on account of the reason assigned above, but because, as stated in the Preface, he has resolved to publish all his discoveries with descriptive letter-press. The mosaics are all to be coloured, and the bas-reliefs and inscriptions reduced to a size so as to convey a good idea of the original. The publisher will, ere long, be prepared to receive the names of subcribers for this work.

Having ordered them to finish their day's task, all, with the exception of one, obeyed. From the appearance of this Arab, I saw that he was not only obstinate, but that he was determined to set an example of insubordination to the rest, which I was resolved to prevent.

"Go to, my man," I said, smiling, "take up your pickaxe and finish your day's work."

"No," he doggedly replied, "I will not: we have given you to-day half-an-hour more than you are entitled to; it is unjust in you to take such advantage of us. If they will allow themselves to be imposed upon, I will not."

The men were evidently pleased with the answer of their champion. I therefore, in a more resolute tone, ordered Hamed (such was his name) either instantly to resume his work, or else to be struck off from the book, and to forfeit, according to agreement, three days' pay. "You have five minutes for consideration, and if within that time you have not made up your mind, you are dismissed, and must never make your appearance again at these works."

In less than two minutes, Hamed commenced moving, very reluctantly and very slowly, towards his pick-axe, and in doing so he looked up to me and observed:

"You may curse me if you like, it matters very little; you may even curse my father and my grandfather too: I cannot help it, seeing I am reduced to the necessity of working for you; but [here he elevated his voice, and turned to the rest of the workmen] why do you, a Nazarene, curse my religion—the religion of the faithful?"

This speech must be taken in connexion with the recent execution for a similar offence, in order to be able

to form an idea of the fiendish malice of which it savours. I was exasperated beyond all measure, to have to listen to so groundless a charge, and to see the defying and triumphant attitude which the villain assumed.

"Did you hear me curse your religion?" I asked him.

"Most decidedly," he answered, "and so did all the Moslems here present."

"If you believe that there is any truth in the religion you profess," I appealed to all the men, "and if you are not absolutely *coffaar* infidels, then I request you to testify, upon that belief, whether you ever heard me curse you at all, or whether the expression *Naal Decnak* [cursed be your religion] escaped my lips on the present occasion?"

"No, never, never," was the unanimous reply.

So enraged was I at the baseness and diabolic wickedness of Hamed, that the declaration of his countrymen had no sooner been made, than, I confess, I could no longer contain myself. I leaped down into the pit, notwithstanding it was eight feet in depth, and availed myself of *desert custom*, by taking the law into my own hands, and chastising him according to his merits. The Arabs declared that I was perfectly justified in what I did; and let those who may feel inclined to censure me for the step I took, bear in mind that the aim of Hamed was to involve me in the same predicament of the poor fellow who was, only a few months before, barbarously executed for an offence similar to the one with which he charged me. To this day, in many Mohammedan districts, he would have been successful, for the evidence of one "believer" is sufficient to establish a charge of blasphemy against a non-Moslem;

and even in this country, not many years back, such an assertion would have exposed a Christian, or a Jew, to being torn to pieces by a fanatical populace.

A few weeks after, I met Hamed in very great distress, having been unable to procure work ever since the eventful evening. I made him a present in money, for which he was very grateful, and expressed his deep regret for what had occurred. "*Kol shai bilkitba*" (everything is foreordained), he observed; "I obeyed the instigations of the evil one, and now I suffer for it."

The digging on the hill where this little incident occurred, held out no prospects of success. We often came upon a strange medley of confusion. Roman and Byzantine architecture were intermingled, and fragments of Grecian pedestals were found lying beside broken composite capitals. But not only could we recover nothing here, but we had not even the gratification of finding an object worthy of the artist's pencil: everything we came upon was in such a state of utter devastation. We found here numerous tombs, but quite devoid of all ornament, and belonged, most likely, to the period when the Religion of the Cross was flourishing in Roman Carthage.

Our other excavation continued to yield fruit, but the efforts to secure it were very laborious. We had to break up the walls from which we extracted the votive tablets, which were once set up in the Phœnician temples dedicated to Ashtaroth, to Baal Hammon, to Ashmon, and on the altar of Melcareth. Of these we have already spoken at large, but the reader will be able to form a better idea of their appearance and symbolical designs, from the engraved specimens.

It could not have been Pagan Rome which put these sacred stones to such profane use, for we have seen that her policy was to accommodate herself to the religion, and customs, of the people she subdued. She could well afford this, for there was such an affinity between her mythology and that of the other Pagan nations, that all she had to do was to attach the names of her gods to the deities of the conquered people, and the result was mutual satisfaction. But Christianity is not of a compromising nature. She cannot shake hands with Paganism, or false religion. She must be supreme and exclusive, and where she cannot be so she cannot exist at all. Christianity could not fraternize with either Phœnician, or Roman, Paganism of Carthage.

But there is nothing in Christianity to justify hostility to works of art, to monuments of antiquity, or to science generally; and, hence, the iconoclastic spirit of the African Christians is reprehensible. Traces of idolatry were deemed obnoxious obstacles to the progress of the religion of Jesus, and these expedience suggested to sweep away. Their zeal for religion appears, however, to have carried them to undue extremes, and this is inexcusable. The irreparable damage which religious hostility has caused is incalculable. And, as if the havoc occasioned in the desperate struggle between an ascending, and a decaying, creed had not been sufficient, the barbarous Vandals came to contribute to the devastation. When we take all this into consideration, and add, moreover, the inroads of the emissaries who propagated the Coran, and bear in mind their professed abhorrence of every work of art, can we wonder at the completeness of the destruction we meet with in every direction? Or, ought we not

THE LARGER CISTERNS.

rather to be surprised that we have been able to recover so much as we did?

How many more monuments of Phœnician Carthage still form integral portions of subterranean walls will now, in all probability, never be ascertained, unless the Arabs, who supply materials for building purposes, should accidentally come upon them.

Though we left a few men to prosecute researches at this spot, we resolved, after due inspection, to take the mass of our workmen to an extramural locality. The site we fixed upon was on the beach, close to Camart. Our way to it leads us, either close by, or through the village of Moalkah, a village the habitations of which are almost entirely within the larger cisterns, which anciently received their supply of water from *Jugaar* and *Zoghwaan*, by means of the stupendous aqueduct, the immense ruins of which are seen in the vicinity.

The original and precise number of these cisterns cannot now be ascertained. In Shaw's time there were still twenty remaining. At present fourteen only can be traced; these are about four hundred feet in length and twenty-eight feet wide. They contain such an accumulation of earth that we are unable to state what their depth is.

One cistern, a fifteenth, runs transversely. Its arched roof appears a few feet higher than that of the others, but it is about ten feet narrower. It is possible that this was never intended to contain water, and may in reality only be a gallery. The water was discharged into these cisterns by a channel, remains of which are still visible.

The earth is now on a level with the imposts of the

arch of the cisterns. About six, or seven, are either entirely, or in part, still available for Arab dwellings, and these may be regarded as so many rows of houses. They are roughly divided inside, and doors have been broken through to admit each family to its division from the outside. If cleanliness, and neatness, had only been virtues of the occupants, a residence in these cisterns, particularly during the hot season, would be rather agreeable than otherwise. As it is, however, horses and cattle, women and children, asses and men, &c. &c. are all huddled together, and the result of such a promiscuous assemblage can readily be imagined.

These cisterns are more dilapidated than the other set, but are like those built of small irregular stones. It is apparent that they were constructed in a somewhat similar manner in which Pliny says the "*formacean*" walls were made, or like the watch-towers* which Hannibal erected in Spain. A wooden frame, in the shape of a long box without a bottom, was filled with layers of mortar and small stones. When the frame was quite full it was removed, and the portion of the wall thus moulded was allowed to dry. It was either left in this state, or it was cemented over. The solidity of the mortar employed in thus constructing these cisterns is astonishing. One actually sees, in numerous places, the stone worn away by time, while the mortar, though exposed to the same vicissitudes, retains still all its adhesive properties.

This mode of constructing these cisterns is Punic; we may therefore take it for granted that they are of Phœnician origin: and if these cisterns belong to that

* Hist. Nat. lib. xxxv. c. 48. See p. 211, where the passage is quoted at length.

period of Carthaginian history, the stupendous aqueduct which conveyed the waters to the capital, from a distance of nearly sixty miles, must belong to the same period also.

The objections raised against this conclusion are:—

I. That none of the writers of antiquity, who speak of Carthage, and of her public works, allude to the aqueduct, and it is alleged, that a work of such magnitude could not have escaped their notice.

II. It is said, that hostile armies would have taken advantage of such a structure, leading right into the city, by which some of their assaults would have been facilitated: had it, therefore, existed at the time of either of the Punic Wars, the historians, who detail those conflicts, would have mentioned it.

III. It is likewise stated that Scipio, who did his utmost to cut off all supplies from Carthage, in order to reduce the citizens to the sole alternative of capitulation, would, undoubtedly, have deprived them of such a luxurious supply of water, which he could so easily have done, had the aqueduct existed at the time of the third Punic War. But Appian, who gives a full and lengthy account of this final struggle, does not say a word about it.

IV. It is lastly argued, that the architecture of the aqueduct itself, particularly in the plains, where the arches are still in good preservation, clearly proves it to be of Roman construction.

These are the various objections which are advanced to show that this extraordinary structure is not the work of Phœnician Carthage. Let us examine their worth.

I. There is no writer of antiquity who professedly gives an account of the public works of Carthage. They simply

name such edifices as were connected with the particular events they record; and since the structure in question had no connexion with any of those events, it is no wonder that they do not name it.

II. If a possibility existed for hostile armies to take advantage of the aqueduct, then the Carthaginians were quite acute enough to adopt the necessary precautions for their security. It approached the cisterns from the source by the isthmus, across which, we are told by Appian, was the triple wall, thirty cubits in height, exclusive of the parapets and towers by which it was flanked at equal distances. The aqueduct then passed right over or through these walls, which were, most assuredly, additionally guarded and strengthened at this particular point, and which would, on that very account, be specially avoided by the enemy. Historians had, therefore, no motive in naming this structure in connexion with any of the conflicts which the city of Dido had to sustain against the hostile hosts which attempted her ruin.

III. Scipio, it is true, did his utmost to deprive the Carthaginians of the staff of life—to starve them into capitulation. In order to attain this object he blocked up their ports, built a wall parallel with theirs across the isthmus, whilst his cruisers swept the sea around the peninsula. These measures reduced the besieged to a most deplorable condition. All this the Roman general could do, and did do; but to deprive Carthage of water he could not: for he well knew, in the first place, that the city was supplied with ample rainwater cisterns; and in the second place, had he destroyed the aqueduct, he, and not the Carthaginians, would have suffered by it. He was encamped on the isthmus, where he had no

other means of obtaining water for his army than that brought by the aqueduct; and, had it not been for this very supply, he could never have encamped here at all. Indeed, the fact of the Roman army having kept their position on the isthmus for so long a time, where fresh water cannot be procured but from a distance of, at least, six miles, proves that the aqueduct had an existence at that time. Had Scipio (as some suppose he ought to have done if the aqueduct existed in his time) secured his own supply of water and deprived the Carthaginians of theirs (which, it is said, would have been the natural course of a besieging army, and which a general, of the skill of Africanus, would not have neglected), he would not have aggravated the condition of a persisting and obstinate enemy, but his own. He could not have deprived the Carthaginians of water, because they had an independent and ample supply, as we have seen; whereas his own camp would have become a perfect swamp—a complete inundation—by the vast volumes which would daily have discharged themselves into it. He would have fought against himself, for to the Carthaginians, he well knew, the supply of water from the aqueduct was a luxury, and a means of irrigating their gardens, with which they could well dispense at a time when the security of their homes, their liberty, and the independence of their country were at stake.

But though Appian does not actually name the aqueduct, we can gather sufficient from him to prove its existence at the time of the third Punic war. On the peninsula of Carthage there is neither river nor stream, and yet the Alexandrian historian, who describes that terrible contest, speaks of *little streams* within that part

of Carthage called *Megara.* He tells us that the Romans, soon after Scipio assumed the supreme command, made a successful night assault upon the Megara, and forced the inhabitants to retreat into the fortress. But the Roman general finding that this vast suburb was full of gardens planted with fruit trees, "and consisted of many small enclosures of mud walls, prickly hedges, bushes, and some *small streams,*"* he apprehended that his soldiers might, amidst so much calculated to mislead them, fall into an ambush of the enemy, and therefore thought it more prudent to retreat. Now, we may ask, if these streams were not caused by this immense hydraulic structure, whence came they? If they were mountain streams, what has become of them? No; they were artificial streams used for irrigating the numerous gardens, plantations, and trees within the *Megara,* and these streams were regularly, and constantly, supplied by the aqueduct in question. The streams have disappeared because the aqueduct is now in ruins.

IV. The last objection we have to notice is, that the architecture of the aqueduct, particularly in the plains, where it is yet in very good preservation, bears unmistakeable marks of its Roman origin. But in those very plains the objector will likewise observe numerous pilasters and arches, which are, undoubtedly, Saracenic. Our photographic sketch,† taken on our way to Zoghwoan, presents one of these very prominently; and, by a careful scrutiny, the hand of every nation which domineered in this country, after the fall of Phœnician Carthage, may be discovered on this stupendous structure. Is it, therefore, of Saracenic, or of Vandal

* Appian, P. I. c. 49. † See Frontispiece.

origin? We shall, of course, be answered in the negative. The magnitude and character of the construction, we shall be told, are opposed to such an assumption. But was such a work too difficult, or too great, for the Phœnician republic, whose power, magnificence, and wealth were both the terror and envy of Rome? Was Carthage, great Carthage, "the ocean's earliest queen,"—whose merchants were princes, the mistress of powerful nations, who controlled the mines and wealth of the world—unable to undertake, and complete, a work like the one in question? No. She neither lacked ability nor was she deficient in means. The mere fact of Roman architecture being found on parts of this aqueduct is not a sufficient reason to deprive Carthage of the honour of a work which was both her conception and her execution.

In the plains the masonry naturally suffered most from the effects of the weather, and hence it is here where we meet with more recent workmanship. In the plains too, hostile armies, actuated solely by wanton malice, could leave marks of destruction on a public work naturally so exposed as this was. Agathocles, and the various Roman generals whose object was to conquer Carthage, had their camps in the vicinity of the city, and therefore left the aqueduct untouched, since it was of as much service to them as it was to the enemy. But it must have suffered during the African and mercenary wars; and we know, from Procopius, that Gelimer, when he saw his hopes forlorn, and the Roman cause, under the direction of Belisarius, on the ascendant, ordered the aqueduct to be destroyed, and, most likely, where it spans valleys. As these breaches were naturally rejoined, it is no wonder that we meet here with a good deal that is of Roman architecture.

I have traced this astonishing work to its sources of Zoghwaan and Jughaar, and found its construction generally to be similar to that of the cisterns. Where it perforates the mountains there are, about every twenty yards, air holes, built like circular wells, six feet in diameter. These wells vary in depth according to the heights of the hills through which the water-course runs, just as the elevation of the arches varies according to the level of the plain which they span. Sir Grenville Temple, who had more leisure to examine the arches in the plain than I had, says, "The measurement and proportion of these different parts vary as much as the style and the materials themselves; for whilst the Punic pillars, or supports, measure along the line of the aqueduct eight feet six inches by ten feet one inch in breadth, with an open interval between them of fourteen feet one inch, those constructed of mud are fourteen feet seven inches along the line by twelve feet two inches in breadth, and the intervals fifteen feet ten inches, and some few of these arches are even as much as twenty feet." He is of opinion too that the mud pilasters were originally faced with square large stones. The arches seen in our sketch vary from eighty feet in height to one hundred and twenty-five feet. "The channel that conveyed the water," Shaw says, "is upon these arches, being high and broad enough for a person of an ordinary size to walk in. It is vaulted above, and plastered in the inside with strong cement; which by the stream running through it is discoloured to the height of about three feet. This will sufficiently show the capacity of the channel; but as there are several breaches in the aqueduct, sometimes for three or four miles together, I had no method to determine the velocity or angle of

descent, so as to ascertain the quantity of water that might be daily conveyed to Carthage." *

The greatness and glory of Carthage have passed away, her majestic edifices have perished, the din of mirth and of joy have long since ceased within her ruined walls, and the very enemies, who sought her destruction, have disappeared. The grave and lazy Arabs stroll over the remains of her once sumptuous buildings, which have become the abode of the hyæna and of the jackal. The solemn silence which pervaded her shattered ruins, hitherto only interrupted by the howling of wild beasts, the shrill blast of the wind, or by the rude and unmelodious songs of the Beduin ploughman and shepherd, are now changed for the sound of excavating tools. Entombed relics of great Carthage are disinterred, vestiges of a once mighty empire are brought to light, and nations which have been brought into existence during the long interval—during the lapse of ages—which have become mighty and powerful, and succeeded to the position which the Phœnician republic once occupied—have now an opportunity of learning a profitable lesson which the fate of that, once powerful, state presents to them. To avoid that destiny they must seek to avoid her errors and failings, otherwise their fall and their ruin will not only be doubly merited, but they will lack that sympathy which, for want of having an example before her, is so readily extended to the empire of Dido.

The excavations attracted the attention not only of the literary world, but of the speculating also. Means for turning the ruins of Carthage to account were not

* Shaw's Travels, Vol. I. p. 168.

wanting, and a very prominent feature for successful speculation presented itself in the famous aqueduct.

The Tunisian authorities were recently induced to entertain the proposal of a Frenchman, to supply the city with the delicious water from the Zoghwaan spring. Tunis is amply supplied with cisterns, and such a thing as an absolute want of water was never known. But in a hot climate water is a great luxury, and Mohammed Bey, whose chief pride was to benefit his subjects, agreed to pay 7,000,000 francs to the contractor for this work. The pecuniary portion of the agreement does not concern us. The work is now actively progressing, and, in the course of another year, it is believed, the waters of Zoghwaan will again flow in profusion through portions of the famous aqueduct, but no more to the magnificent Carthage, but to the filthy, miserable, and wretched city of Tunis.

More than three-fourths of the ancient aqueduct had only to be cleared of the accumulations of earth to be made serviceable. The intervals are not to be restored by new arches, but by iron pipes. These, we are told, are so frail and feeble that they will scarcely last three years, being only about an eighth of an inch in thickness. At the time we took our sketches of the aqueduct French labourers were busily engaged in blasting, and pulling down, portions of the masonry on the banks of the *Milyana* (the ancient *Catada*), preparatory to building a bridge across the river for the conveyance of those very pipes. A few days after our visit to the spot, the noble pillar, to the right in our sketch, and on the right bank of the Milyana, was to submit to the same destiny. The

destruction of such a work borders upon sacrilege, particularly so as the object assigned is to obtain stones for the bridge; whereas within a hundred yards of the river there are materials in abundance for the purpose from the fallen portions of the aqueduct. But the government take no interest in this magnificent relic of antiquity, and the contractor, who studies economy, and looks only to his profits, is permitted to act according to his own pleasure.

The son of Baba Ali, "the Moslem antiquarian," was with us at the time we visited this spot, and, though by no means very bright, made, on this occasion, the following remark:

"You Nazarenes surprise me. When you see us Moslems destroy any of the works of the *johala* [pagans], you are as angry with us as if you saw us commit murder; but here you come deliberately to break down this *chanaya* [aqueduct], which is so beautiful that I doubt whether, with all your wisdom and knowledge, you could build it up again. If injuring the work of ages gone by is wrong in us, why is it not also wrong in you?"

This was, of course, addressed to me as representing the whole of Christendom, and for the honour of Christendom I told Sadek that we considered such an act even more barbarous in Europeans than in Moslems; that unfortunately Christians, like Moslems, were often induced, from a love of gain, to commit acts which, under other circumstances, they would deprecate. That the intelligent portion of Christians would highly disapprove of such Vandalism; whereas among Moslems it was almost universally sanctioned.

CHAPTER XXI.

EXTRA-MURAL DIGGING—THE CATACOMBS.

THE peninsula of Carthage has been a considerable loser by encroachments from the sea, on its eastern and southern shores. On the northern shore, on the contrary, the sea has receded, and the peninsula, particularly in the direction of the isthmus, has acquired additional size. This phenomenon is easily explained.

Not many miles higher up is the mouth of the Majerda (the ancient *Bagrada*), the largest river in this country, whose deposits have accumulated to such an extent, that Utica, which was formerly washed by the sea, is now some miles from it. These incessant deposits have, very naturally, changed the aspect of the whole beach on this side of the gulf of Carthage. The isthmus, which anciently terminated at the *Salinæ*, now extends to a newly formed strip of land which leads direct to Ghella, the ancient *Castra Corneliana*, or *Cornelia*, so called because Cornelius Scipio fixed here his winter quarters. It has still the appearance of a rugged promontory, but deprived of the sea, and is, as Cæsar acquaints us, only one mile distant from Utica.

Appian's blunders (or perhaps the blunders of his copyists) as to the points of the compass, and the fact of the existence of this newly formed strip of land, has been

the cause of geographers and topographers mistaking it for the *tænia*, and hence their confusion regarding the whole plan of Carthage. It is here, in the vicinity of Camart, and near this strip of land, as we have seen, that they fix the Cothan, the ancient harbours, and, to be consistent, at no very great distance from it, all the prominent edifices mentioned by ancient writers. But not only is their theory untenable because the strip of land is of recent formation, and because, for the reasons assigned, the Cothan (the ports) could not have been on this side of the peninsula; but our researches on the heights of Camart fully proved that edifices, of the description mentioned by ancient writers, could never have existed on these hills. Here drifting soil could not have buried buildings of the strength, and magnitude, of the temples, palaces, and forts of Punic Carthage: particularly if these were situated on the summits, for we have here only to dig a couple of feet when we come upon the natural limestone. Besides, nearly the whole of *Jebel Khawi* is perforated and excavated for catacombs. We see then that the natural features of the country and everything else combine to upset the theory that the Cothan, the Byrsa, and the City proper were on this side of the peninsula.

But the suburbs of Carthage, or *Megara*, extended all this way. Squares, villas, and gardens were studded all over this level part, and on the sea there were numerous marine residences of the opulent and aristocratic citizens. It would appear that the walls on the line of beach were generally so constructed (wherever it was admissible) as to have the solid rock for their foundation. Such traces are occasionally met with up to the point

near Camart, where we limit the boundary of the Megara.

The triple walls across the isthmus, and the one approaching the sea somewhere near Camart, present some difficulty which must be explained. Strabo tells us that sixty *stadia* of the walls of Carthage "are upon the neck of the peninsula, and reach from sea to sea." Sixty *stadia* make seven miles and a half. Polybius, on the other hand, states that "the isthmus which connects it (the peninsula) with the rest of Africa, is about twenty-five stadia in its breadth," which reduces it to a little more than three miles. To reconcile this discrepancy is less difficult than appears at first sight.

Polybius was not only an historian, but a soldier, and looked upon works of fortification from a military point of view. His pupil, Scipio, during the siege of Carthage, was more occupied with the triple wall on the isthmus, near which he could easily, and conveniently, entrench himself. These walls ran from the lake of Tunis, the *Stagnum*, to the *salinæ*, the swamps, shallows, or marshes near Soukra. They were built on the *firm* portion of isthmus, which has the breadth our author assigns to it.

Beyond Soukra a single wall appears to have stretched towards deep water in the direction west of Camart, skirting, as far as possible, the shallows, or *salinæ*. A massive single wall near these natural defences was a sufficient protection, particularly so, since we may reasonably suppose that the sea which, higher up, ran to the very walls of Utica, must here, near the sand-hills of Camart, have made a deep curve towards that portion of the isthmus where the triple defence terminated. Strabo evidently includes this single wall, to the angle where it

united with the regular sea line of defence, and in this way he is very nearly right in assigning to the isthmus ("from sea to sea") the breadth he does.

The precise point where this single wall fell in with that along the sea we cannot ascertain. We believe that the catacombs on the hills of Camart were within the circumference assigned to Carthage, and, therefore, the junction must have been somewhere near where we place it.

Without entering again into the particulars and monotony of an excavation, we shall simply mention that the result of our researches in the vicinity where we suppose the land and sea defences joined (marked on our plan 24 and 25), was, that habitations extended thus far. We found the remains of several, built either upon arches, or upon pilasters through which the sea could beat freely. These were undoubtedly summer residences, and a more delightful, or a more retired, spot the wealthy Carthaginians could not have selected.

One pavement we discovered here (24) was similar in design, and execution, to that upon which we found two distinct mosaics, discovered near the sea wall, and this establishes its remoter antiquity—it takes us back to Phœnician Carthage, and permits us to assign this residence to some of those illustrious men with whose names history acquaints us. But we are reluctant to fix upon a random owner, particularly as there is a great probability that history itself aids us in pointing out the real and veritable personage to whom this marine villa belonged.

We are informed that the Romans, notwithstanding their victory at Zama, were still apprehensive of the

designs of the Carthaginian general, and that the dread of the name of Hannibal, in spite of the defeat of his army, had not ceased. It was reported that he had formed an alliance with Antiochus, with whom the Romans were then at war, and the anticipated consequences of such an alliance were pregnant with the most terrible forebodings. This consternation was so general that the Senate even partook of it; and, in order to prevent the dreaded calamities, that venerable body resolved upon sending Cnæus Servilius to Africa, with the ostensible object of inquiring into the truth of the report, but with secret instructions to assassinate the great warrior. Their minds were filled with the heroic deeds of the son of Barca, as well as with the miseries he brought upon them in Spain and in Italy, in an uninterrupted campaign of sixteen years, during which he had sacked four hundred cities, and no less than three hundred thousand men fell in their conflicts with him. They moreover remembered the terror caused by his appearance before mighty Rome. So long then as Hannibal was in existence, Rome considered her condition precarious, and upon this the *honourable* Conscript Fathers grounded their base instructions to their infamous emissary.

Cnæus Servilius arrived at Carthage. But scarcely had he time to shape his plot than Hannibal, as Justin says, *nec minus in secundis adversa, quam in adversis secunda cogitantem*, "a man accustomed to foreseeing adversity in prosperity, and prosperity in adversity," had guessed the real object of his mission. He remained the whole day in the forum, with the principal men of the country, and with the Roman ambassador, as if

apprehensive of no treachery. But so soon as night came on, he mounted his horse, and rode off *rus urbanum, quod prope littus maris habebat*, "to a villa which he had near the seashore." Justin adds, *Habebat ibi naves cum remigibus occulto sinu littoris absconditas*, "He had there ships with rowers hid in a private bay of the coast," and being supplied with a good sum of money he effected his escape. The report of this event caused great commotions on the following morning, but the one who felt it most was Servilius, who, embarking privately for Rome, *trepidumque nuntium refert*, "carries the fearful news with him."*

Now it appears to me that an unbiassed reader, who peruses this account, and then looks at our plan, will, of his own accord, point to the indicated locality, and say—*One of these must be the ruins of the marine villa of the famous Carthaginian general.* The fact of the existence of several snug little bays very close by, (and the nearest the very one we pointed out as the harbour of refuge for Æneas' flotilla), tends greatly to confirm this supposition.

From our excavation at No. 25, we recovered five mosaic bust portraits of Carthaginian matrons, set in exquisitely designed frames. Three of these, measuring about 16 feet by 5, we took up in one slab. The mosaic itself was quite loosened from the bed of cement on which it lay, so that it required the greatest attention to remove it without damaging it. We likewise recovered from these ruins a tableau representing a Triton with Nereides, or sea nymphs, and a beautiful piece of design.

The whole of this vicinity appears to have been

* Justin, lib. xxxi. c. 1, 2.

sprinkled over with summer residences, which probably extended even to that part covered by the sand-hills. But the difficulties which present themselves in excavating these are too great, and the expense would be enormous. To attempt such a work with doubt and uncertainty staring one in the face, required a greater spirit of enterprise than I possess, and hence I went in search of a fresh field, or rather, we removed to a field I had already selected.

Between the sand-hills and the cape is the village of Camart: the former has every appearance of a miniature desert, and the latter of an oasis. The village is situated at the foot of *Jebel Khawi*, the "void, or empty mountain."

Over these sands, through this village, and across *Jebel Khawi*, I rode almost daily during the time we were digging at, and near, "Hannibal's villa," on my way to my *box* at *Dowar-Eshutt*. On the hill I repeatedly observed square apertures, and had several times resolved to ascertain their nature, but, from some cause or other, had always neglected to carry my intention into execution. My attention was, however, one day directed to these openings, which impressed them on my memory so forcibly that I fully determined upon an investigation without further loss of time.

During three successive days the rain had descended in torrents, by which our men were prevented from working; but apprehending that some injury might have occurred to our diggings, I resolved on the fourth day, in defiance of the rain, to proceed to Camart. I had just reached the summit of the hill, when to my surprise a good sized hyæna stood before me, apparently

sheltering herself, under an olive tree, from the rain. She appeared as much astonished at my presence as I was on discovering her. The whistling of the wind among the trees, and the pelting rain, prevented her from hearing the sound of the horses' hoofs, and to this we were indebted for an unexpected introduction. Surprise appeared depicted on the dripping animal's face: I am sure it was on my countenance. But a few seconds sufficed for our recognition. She evidently apprehended some treacherous deed on my part, for she soon wheeled round, limped off at a moderate pace, and finally disappeared into one of those very square apertures.

The following day the weather was clear and bright, and, the necessary preparations being completed, I proceeded to Jebel Khawi, accompanied by *Kareema* and Giovanni, a Lombardo-Venetian refugee, who, among numerous other trades, professed to be a miner also. Several workmen were instructed to follow us on foot.

We examined some of these apertures, which we found were cut through the limestone, and, in many cases, neatly cemented; but although we observed that they led into regular excavated chambers, these were so encumbered with accumulated earth, which had been washed into them, that our attempts at effecting an entrance proved unsuccessful.

Our Arabs were, however, not long in reaching the spot with a supply of tools. We now set them to work, and in a short time they cleared sufficient earth to enable us to descend.

We lit our candles, and found that we were within a chamber hewn out in the solid stone. The roof was slightly vaulted, but not finished with any great precision.

I had my presentiments that we were within a chamber of the dead, but as it had still such a quantity of earth in it that we were even prevented from standing upright, I requested the men to continue clearing it. In the course of a few hours they came upon square holes cut in the sides, or walls, and when this was completed we counted ten in this single chamber, which measured about fifteen feet by twelve. The holes were nearly two feet square, and upon an average about six feet in depth. There could now be no doubt as to the real object for which this chamber was intended, although we found no human remains in any of the receptacles. Among the rubbish which we cleared out we found great quantities of bones of various animals, such as sheep and horses; and this indicated the kind of tenants which had possession of this place, and who disturbed the occupants in the various *columbaria.*

I had heard of the existence of some ancient tombs at Camart, and concluded that this may have been one, intended for a whole family. But Giovanni, whose curiosity was now roused, continued a more minute investigation, which led to the discovery that there was a communication between this and an adjoining chamber. The passage between the two was narrow, and so low that we had to crawl into it. Here we also found the receptacles, for the remains of the dead, perfectly empty, as well as the evident traces proving that the hyæna had interfered with their repose. Another passage, equally low and narrow, led from this to a further chamber, and from this to another again, all having the same feature, and only varying in size, and in the number of openings for human remains.

Through the vaults of these various halls the roots of the trees, particularly the fig, had worked their way to such an extent, that portions of it had actually fallen in, and others threatened to do so every instant. In some parts the crevices were very large, and vast pieces of projecting stone seemed so insecure, that I apprehended the whole roof might give way. Every stroke of the pickaxe, to clear the passages, increased the danger; I therefore resolved to retrace my steps. But Giovanni was so infatuated with this discovery that he was resolved to go further. He was accustomed to subterranean work, ridiculed my timidity, and was determined to proceed.

With difficulty I regained the entrance, and do not hesitate to confess that I felt quite relieved when I could again inhale the fresh atmosphere.

None of our men would follow Giovanni. They were not afraid of the fall of roofs, but dreaded coming in contact with hyænas, or with a *jin*, a ghost.

We seated ourselves at the entrance, awaiting the return of our friend. He had an additional candle, and a good supply of matches, so that my mind was on this score perfectly at rest; but the idea that the danger I apprehended might befall the poor fellow continued haunting me. We remained here some time anxiously expecting his return, but an hour had nearly elapsed without any signs of him. I descended again, and called at the top of my voice, but received no answer. We found other openings through which we endeavoured to call his attention, but all was in vain. The longer he was absent, the more reluctant were our men to go in search of him. I descended again, resolved to make an

effort to ascertain Giovanni's fate, when the sound of the pickaxe at a considerable distance fell on my ears. This was a clear sign of his safety, and therefore I ascended and patiently awaited his return.

"You certainly are cowards," I addressed the men, "not to make an effort to rescue a fellow-creature."

"Call me not a coward, master," answered one of the party; "give me an enemy in an open field, and I will encounter him. Single-handed, I rode up to scores of men and dispersed them. I have slain four Turks out of six who assailed me, and dragged the remaining two off as prisoners. In one engagement I had three horses killed under me, and in none of our struggles with our oppressors have I manifested symptoms of cowardice. *Ghoma*, our noble leader, knew how to distinguish between the brave and the cowardly, and his having selected me as his *halefa* (lieutenant), proves that I do not merit the appellation of coward. I am not accustomed to grope about in darkness, and hence alone my aversion to the task you impose on me; but a coward I am not."

The individual who thus spoke was a man apparently of seventy, and, though in rags, there was something so noble in his bearing, that he inspired every one with respect. He was upwards of six feet in height, stood perfectly erect, had a fine countenance, and very regular features, which were rather expressive of benevolence than of the daring deeds to which he alluded. He was a Bey, a prince of Tripoli, and was now a refugee in this Regency for having fought against the Turks. He is in politics a legitimist, and, hence, opposed those who subjugated his country. Poor fellow, he now suffers for

his patriotism, being reduced to toil, at his advanced age, for a daily remuneration of seven pence!

My remark was not intended for Mohammed Bey, and hence I was sorry that he felt its effect. I told him so, and reminded him of the consideration I always had for him, and which I manifested at all times.

Tunis does not only contain the tomb of the last of the Ibn Seraaj, of the Moorish kingdom of Andalusia, but it has, within the last few years, been a place of refuge—an asylum—for several Moslem princes, whom misfortune has driven from their respective states. None of them have, however, been reduced to such extremes as old Mohammed Bey. At Tunis there is now to be found the last prince of the *Garmanly*, the reigning family of Tripoli, who still hopes that England will one of these days replace him on the throne of his fathers, conformably to the wishes of the people of that Regency. At Tunis, too, dwells the last of the reigning family of Tugurt, whose state has now been appropriated by the French, and who also hopes one of these days to be reinstated in his dominion. As this personage still keeps up a kind of court, and as we happen to know something about him, it may not be uninteresting if we record it here.

Soleiman is now about twenty-seven years of age, and has an amiable and very intelligent countenance. He is above the middle stature, of a noble and commanding bearing, and looks particularly well when in full costume and mounted upon his splendid mottled grey. His features partake somewhat of the negro cast, and his colour approaches that race much nearer still. When I first visited him he received me in an oblong apartment, very

scantily furnished. A number of his attendants were present, who were extremely deferential, and respectful, towards their fallen prince. There were likewise present his treasurer, his lord keeper of the seal, and several of his privy council, composing also his executive government.

As I entered, the young Bey, or Sheikh, rose to receive me, and desired me to be seated on a chair near him. After a lengthy interchange of compliments, inquiring after each other's state of health, as if we had been intimate for years, and which he, on his part, would have continued for an hour, to demonstrate his extreme politeness, I entered upon the object of my visit, and told him that I sympathised with him in his present peculiar position. He gently shook his head, and answered—

"Such is the will of *Allah*."

I at once rejoined in the Arab style—

Wela ghaleb illa Allah—There is none victorious but God alone.

"Verily this is truth," answered both the Bey and one of his ministers.

In reply to my question, the young prince informed me that, in consequence of the treachery of some of his own subjects, he had to seek safety by flight; that he had not been really vanquished by the French; that about a hundred of his faithful adherents had followed him; that Soudani, the governor of Blad Ejjareed, had plundered them of much wealth that they had brought with them into the regency of Tunis; that his highness Mohammed Basha had received him very hospitably, and promised to see his property restored to him: and,

finally, that he was most anxious to make peace with the French—was desirous to be reinstated in his dominion, and was even willing to pay the customary tribute.

From his "lord keeper of the seal," a fine, tall and intelligent-looking half-negro, who had conducted all the negotiations of the young Bey, I afterwards obtained these particulars:—

"Some years ago, there ruled at Tugurt a prince of the name of Haj Ibrahim, who was succeeded by Sheikh Ali,* the father of Soleiman. Abderrahmaan, his nephew, rose up against him, slew him, and took possession of the throne. Soon after, the mother of Abderrahmaan poisoned the mother of Soleiman, the wife of Sheikh Ali, and Abderrahmaan ordered a negress of Soleiman to be buried alive for swearing by the head of her master.† Suspecting the intentions of his cousin, Soleiman fled to Elmezin, leaving his wives behind him.

"Sheikh Abderrahmaan came to him to Elmezin, chided him for his timidity, and coaxingly reproved him for having fled, and said—'Why have you no confidence in me? Am I not your cousin? Is not my property yours? Do I not regard you as my own son? Are you not to succeed to the throne? Whatever you ask shall be done, only return with me to Tugurt.'

"But Soleiman replied, 'I will not return with you; my mother has perished by the hand of your mother, and you have buried my black woman alive, because she has sworn by my head. How can I return with you, since I have every reason to apprehend that my own life is insecure?'

* He murdered Haj Ibrahim, though he was his own brother.

† Instead of swearing by the head of the reigning prince.

"Abderrahmaan left for Tugurt, and shortly after, messengers arrived at Elmezin bringing the news that Soleiman's wife had given birth to a son. But instead of rejoicing at the intelligence, he smote his breast and exclaimed, 'Now you congratulate me at the birth of a son; next time you will come to bring me the news of his having been murdered.'

"As the prince said, so it actually happened; for when the child had reached its eighth day, it was poisoned by Abderrahmaan's mother.

"The two princes now commenced open hostilities. But Abderrahmaan had made a compact with the French, and therefore they sent him troops to assist him.

"Soleiman was forced further into the desert, and Abderrahmaan imprisoned every one who favoured his cousin, until he paid 50,000 gold pieces for their redemption. Soleiman remained near *Argla* till the death of his enemy, who ruled in Tugurt eleven years.

"Upon the death of Abderrahmaan, his mother elevated to the throne his son, a lad only nine years of age. But the people were highly incensed at this, and demanded the rightful heir, which, conformably to ancient custom, was according to seniority in the reigning family.

"When the news of all this reached Algiers, the governor sent off a man, named Dodee, whom he appointed to administer the affairs of Tugurt, and who was also desired to take the young son of Abderrahmaan into his house.

"But Soleiman had, in the meantime, raised an army

in the desert, and appeared before Tugurt, accompanied by Shareef Mohammed Ben Abdallah. A battle was fought, in which the French party was vanquished, and Soleiman took possession of the capital.

"His first act was to revenge himself upon his enemies. The mother, the son, and the members of the family of Abderrahmaan were therefore all sacrificed.

"The governor of Algiers now despatched fresh troops, and summoned Soleiman to appear before him. The latter sent off ambassadors, proposing to adopt the same line of conduct as his predecessor had done, and be tributary to the French. But the governor was incensed against Soleiman, and against the people of Tugurt, for refusing to acknowledge Dodee, and hostilities were resumed, which continued nearly a whole year. Soleiman was betrayed by the French party in the city, and was forced to escape. The French then appointed another Sheikh, named Farhaat, and Soleiman, with his few adherents, had to escape. We reached Tunis in the middle of 1855. What the prinee greatly deplores is the separation from his own family."

Such are the particulars which have brought about the extinction of the *Ibn Gelaabs*, the reigning family of Tugurt, which wielded the sceptre of that country during a whole century. Every succession was either the result of family assassination, or it was followed by a massacre. Carnage and bloodshed appear to have been the natural, and inseparable, concomitants of a change of rulers.

Shortly after this visit, I met the ex-bey at the residence of the prime minister of the Basha of Tunis, and in the course of conversation he remarked,—

"I wish you had paid me a visit when I was in power, particularly as you were so near Tugurt; I should have honoured you in a manner becoming one who has the friendship of princes."

"You are no doubt," I replied, "sincere in what you say; but I know too well that men's opinions are apt to change with their circumstances."

"Do you then doubt me?" he asked.

"Not in the least," answered I; "but experience has proved to me the truth of the saying of Sahdy, 'One often hears the grindstone but sees no corn.'"

He laughed and added,

"It is the experience of many."

"But to tell you the truth," I continued, "I had a great desire to visit your oasis, and was induced to abandon my project in consequence of the unfavourable character I had heard of the people of Tugurt. A party of Europeans were murdered by your father, and I did not cherish the anticipation of similar treatment."

"The party you speak of," he answered, "came to Tugurt to cast cannon for the government, and were not only unable to fulfil their engagement, but in addition, defied and violated our laws, and hence their dismal end. But generally speaking we are kind to strangers."

The party here alluded to consisted of a Roman, his wife and daughter, and a Sardinian, named Batista. The latter informed me that after unsuccessful efforts to produce a single cannon, the Roman, provoked by the incessant insults from the Arabs, imprudently cursed their religion, which they had repeatedly done to him. The cry of "The infidel has cursed our religion" summoned crowds to the spot, who fell

upon the unfortunate man and literally tore him to pieces. The merciless ruler of Tugurt next gave orders that the whole family should follow his fate. The wife was accordingly half murdered, and my informant told me that he saw her, through an aperture in the place where he lay concealed, for twenty-four hours in the most awful agonies without meeting with any compassion from the inhuman Arabs. Whoever passed only heaped curses upon her head, and upon her religion. Death finally put a termination to her extreme suffering. Batista escaped, and the Roman's daughter, then a girl of about twelve years, saved her life by embracing Islamism.

Neither the Roman nor his wife were allowed burial, but were suffered to remain where they fell, as food for the dogs and jackals!

Old Mohammed Bey was the cause of this digression, and to him, and to him only, must be ascribed its culpability.

Giovanni remained several hours under ground, and when he finally emerged from the lower regions, he was one mass of mud, and his clothes were tattered and torn. He, however, appeared perfectly contented, consoling himself that he had been where no human being had ventured for centuries. He had traversed a great number of sepulchral chambers, which, however, varied but slightly from those we first examined; but he decidedly confirmed my opinion that the whole of *Jebel Kahwi* was undermined—that it was one vast catacomb.

On a subsequent occasion, Giovanni very nearly perished in these labyrinths. He entered without telling any one that he did so, and when about to

return, he missed one of the passages he had marked, and went off in a different direction. On discovering his mistake his fear was excessive, for his safety depended upon the duration of a piece of candle. In a state of desperation he now rushed about in search of the passage, with the windings of which he was somewhat familiar, and fortunately just gained it at the moment when his candle was on the point of giving its last glimmers.

The difficulty now consisted in devising a plan how to make effectual and, at the same time, safe researches within this enormous labyrinth. I had no hope of succeeding to induce the Arabs to imitate Giovanni—their ambition lay not in the same direction; and, besides, their superstition would not permit them to work amidst so much calculated to conjure up to their morbid imagination terrific and hideous apparitions, grim spectres, and ghastly phantoms. To induce them to proceed a mile under ground, through intricate, low, narrow, and dark passages, and remain, for hours, in the atmosphere of the dead, was utterly impossible. It was, moreover, dangerous, for if they could even have been induced to advance into this subterranean city of the dead, and a porcupine, or a hyæna, happened to startle and frighten the foremost, the whole band might, under the influence of terror, make such a desperate effort to escape, as not only seriously to injure each other, but actually to kill one, or more, of the party. Such apprehensions induced me to abandon this mode of proceeding.

The safest plan for conducting these researches I conceived to be by short and narrow trenches, and, as I resolved to investigate these hills thoroughly, I hired a house at Camart, and became an inhabitant of this

village. The house had formerly belonged to Haj Yonas, a minister of Hamoda Basha, and was built by Christian slaves. It was partly in ruins, but still exhibited traces of its former splendour. It was in this house that Admiral Lord Exmouth was entertained when he came to Tunis to demand the liberation of all Christian slaves, after having inflicted the ever-memorable chastisement upon the Algerines in 1817, for their barbarity and piracy. Another noble admiral who dined here was the late Lord Lyons. Being situated within the "oasis," and so close to the "Desert of Camart," we denominated this residence "Our Desert Home."

The Earl of Clarendon having, about this time, given me permission to engage Dr. David Porter Heap to assist me in my researches, this gentleman prosecuted further excavations within the "city proper," with a portion of the men, and with the remainder I continued working at the catacombs.

Jebel Khawi, when viewed from the sands, is divided into several distinct hills, separated by most beautiful and perfectly romantic valleys. The hill on which the ruin of a modern palace stands, is the one which projects into the sea and forms Cape Camart. To the right of it is what is properly called Jebel Khawi. It is the highest of these eminences, being upwards of three hundred feet from the level of the sea. This is the hill from which Venus, according to Virgil, pointed out Carthage to her "pious Æneas," and to this hill we now directed our special attention.

At some distance from the place where we effected our entrance to the catacombs, and about half-way up the slope of this hill, we commenced breaking through

several trenches. In some parts we had scarcely more than one foot of soil upon the limestone crust, and scarcely ever more than two and a half, and yet here grew some of the most luxuriant almond, fig, and olive trees, and from the intervening ground the proprietors gathered an annual crop (a poor one, it is true) of either wheat or barley. This fact, when taken in connexion with the kind of farming now prevalent in this country, where the farmer never thinks of manure, conveys some idea of the natural richness of the soil. Pliny* states that one district in this country used to yield one hundred and fifty fold, and likewise informs us that the procurator of Augustus Cæsar sent him from that very district (Byzacium) a little short of four hundred shoots from one single grain; and Nero received from his agent, in the same part, three hundred and sixty stalks, also the produce from one single grain! In the present exhausted, impoverished, and neglected state of the soil, the crops tend greatly to confirm its former reputation.

The catacombs have not suffered from the plough passing above; it has rather contributed to their preservation. The persevering roots of the fig-tree have, however, considerably damaged them by splitting the fragile limestone, which has caused many of the roofs to crumble away, until finally the whole chamber fell in. We have found some which have thus perished.

We had daily fresh proof of the vast extent which these catacombs occupy, for we did not confine ourselves to one locality, but separated our men into small parties of three and four, and dispersed them in various direc-

* Hist. Nat. lib. xviii. c. 21

tions. In this way we struck upon a good number of chambers, similar to those we had at first discovered, but all were empty, and this was rather tantalizing. Not a vestige could we recover to prove that they were once occupied by mortal remains. Are those we hitherto found new, prepared for tenants, but never occupied, or did the hatred and vengeance of the conquerors of Carthage extend even to the dead? Did they tear the lifeless bodies from these resting-places? Impossible. Is the greediness of Roman colonists and adventurers—is their love of gold and precious ornaments—the cause why these habitations of the dead are thus tenantless? Or have Nature's own laws consummated the immutable, and irrevocable, sentence Nature's Lord has pronounced upon man—"Dust thou art, and to dust shalt thou return?" But is this blending—this amalgamation—between what was once animate and the inanimate so complete, that there is nothing left by which we can discern the one from the other?

Notwithstanding our inability to solve these questions to our own satisfaction, we continued to persevere, hoping, though apparently against hope, that something would turn up which would throw light upon this mystery.

The longer success was withheld from us, the greater was the assiduity with which we prosecuted our work. Numerous disappointments had taught us salutary lessons of patience and perseverance, which we now endeavoured to put in practice. Indeed, there is no occupation so calculated radically to cure nervous and restless impatience as that of excavation. It is likewise a capital school to inculcate successfully the way

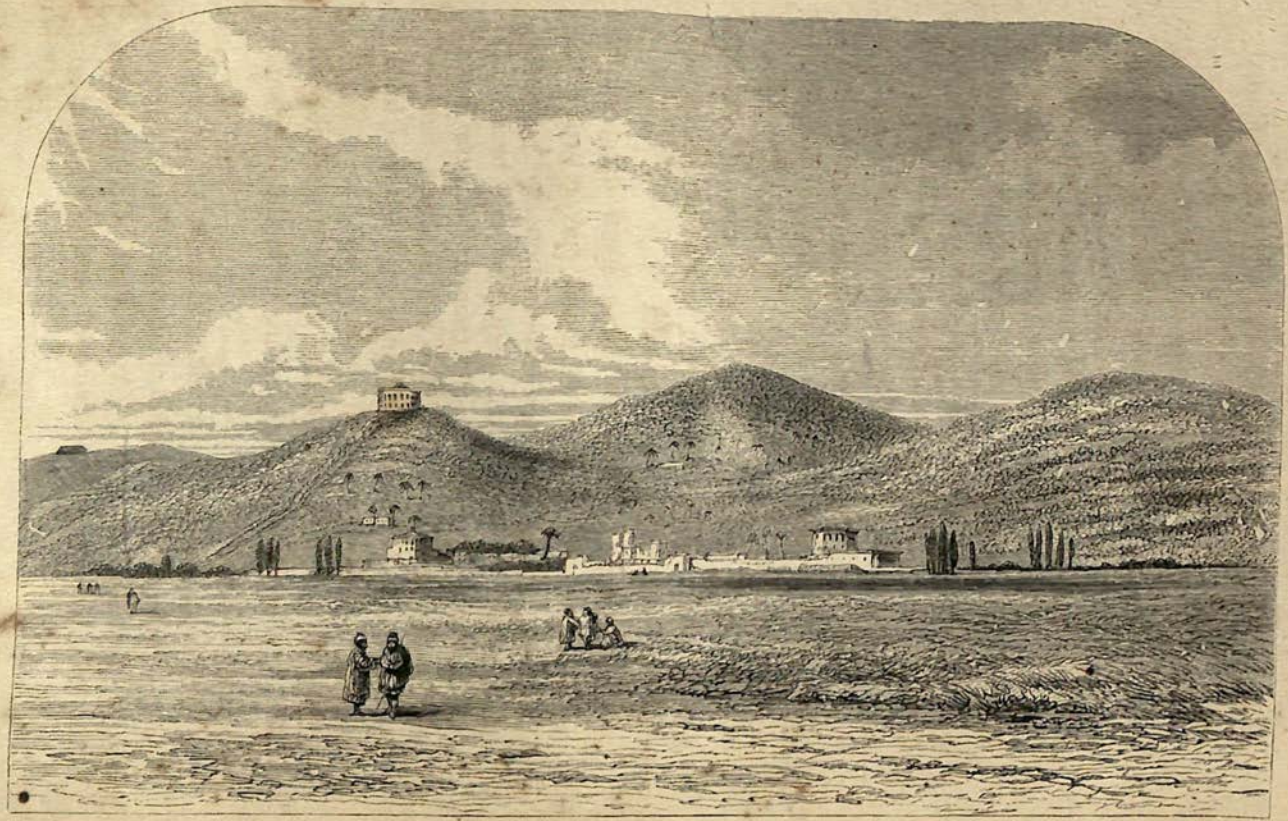
in which to entertain hopes, apparently well grounded, but which are nevertheless frustrated.

We were now gradually approaching the hill to the right in our sketch, and commenced digging on its brow, when I was informed that the men of *Jebel Khawi* proper had discovered a chamber without any niches. I proceeded to examine it, and found that the niches in this columbarium were stopped up by cement, on which the marks of the hand of him that did it was distinctly seen. On one we observed a representation of the seven branched candlestick, and on another the letters "A. P.;" the remaining eight were quite plain. We broke through the thin layer of cement, and found the skeleton just as it was deposited. It was coffee colour in appearance, and crumbled to dust so soon as touched. But no other object was visible; neither ornament, nor coin, nor lamp could be discovered.

In the vicinity of this we came again upon empty chambers, and occasionally we found one or two of the receptacles occupied. Upon examination, we perceived traces which proved that they had all been once tenanted, and that the fragile cement had been intentionally broken through, and the skeleton removed. The portions of the cement which still adhered to the openings led us to this conclusion.

But the question is, whether we are to ascribe this to the intrusion of rational man, or to the invasion of the irrational hyæna?

Those who originally perforated these hills for the purpose of depositing their dead, had, undoubtedly, secured these places against the encroachments of wild beasts. The catacombs became their resort, and place of abode,



JEBEL KHAWI, THE CATACOMB HILLS AT CAMART.

after those who were interested in them were no more able to guard and preserve them; and, by that time, most of the human remains, deposited within, had ceased to have the attraction for those animals which are known to ravage the sepulchres of man. The act of spoliation must therefore be ascribed to man.

The vast extent of these catacombs indicates that they were intended for the population of a vast city, and such a city was Punic Carthage, which counted seven hundred thousand inhabitants just before its destruction. Carthage, which, so long as she maintained her Phœnician character, adhered to the practice of interring in preference to burning the body, required spacious burial-grounds; pagan Roman Carthage had recourse to the funereal pile, and had therefore no need of such a vast subterranean necropolis. Besides, the size of the receptacles in these columbaria show that they were not intended merely to contain an urn, with the ashes and calcined bones, but the whole body. Pagan Rome had therefore no need of them. Such spoliation was, moreover, not in conformity with Rome's politics, and it was likewise opposed to the religious coalition which she sought to bring about in Africa; and in which she was, as we have seen, to so great an extent, successful. The ravages committed in the catacombs must therefore be ascribed to a subsequent period.

When Christianity became the established religion in North Africa, the oriental, and more ancient, custom of burial became universal. The columbaria were broken open, the pagan remains were removed, and the bodies of Christians took their place. The sign we found on the cement of one of the niches, undoubtedly, repre-

sents the golden candlestick which appertained to the temple of Jerusalem. This directs our attention to a period of the Vandal occupation of Africa Propria. We know that during the seventeen days that Genseric sacked Rome, he carried off, among other valuable objects, the golden table and the *candlestick* with seven branches, originally framed according to the particular instructions of God himself. These sacred ornaments had been ostentatiously displayed to the Roman people in the triumph of Titus, and were afterwards deposited in the temple of peace. At the end of four hundred years, the plunder of Jerusalem was transferred from Rome to Carthage.*

That such a relic as the candlestick should meet with reverential respect from those who professed a regard for the sacred writings, is only natural to suppose; and that, in an age of superstition, some supernatural influence should have been ascribed to it, cannot be surprising. To what variety of uses it was put, or in what way it was considered particularly efficacious, we cannot tell; but we found it on several terra cotta lamps, and here we have it in the catacombs. Accidentally such a symbol would assuredly not have been adopted.

The entire absence of lamps, and the other accompaniments of pagan sepulture, tends to confirm the supposition that the remains we found here belong to the Christian era.

In one niche only, and at a distance from those we have mentioned, did we discover a small jar and a glass lachrymatory, besides a number of corroded nails.

On the brow of the hill, to the right in our sketch,

* See "Barbary States," p. 103.

we discovered the ruins of a Roman mausoleum, from which we removed some portions of the pavement. We likewise found here a mutilated statue of a female.

Upon the whole, the catacombs, whatever interest may be attached to them, promised no hopes of rewarding our labours. At any rate, there seemed no chance of obtaining results adequate to the expenditure. We satisfied ourselves that they exist here, and that they embrace a circumference of about four miles, that they are of Punic origin,* and that Christian Carthage afterwards availed itself of them.

We might, in all probability, have prosecuted our researches on *Jebel Khawi* a little longer; but as her Majesty's steamer "Harpy" arrived to aid in excavating the ruins of Utica, the work here was abandoned.

* What also gives these catacombs an Oriental and, hence, a Punic character, is the round holes excavated in the rock, and found in various parts on *Jebel Khawi*. They are intended to collect water to refresh the soul, which was believed to hover over the place of sepulture of its body. This superstition prevails to the present day, as may be seen on the slabs in Jewish cemeteries throughout the East.

CHAPTER XXII.

THEATRES.

RE-ENTERING the city proper from Camart, we cross the ruins of the aqueduct near Moalkah, where it is in a most dilapidated condition; but its massive remains are, notwithstanding, imposing. There is something noble about it even in its humiliated state. Continuing this road, parallel with the "cistern village" above, we come to a long ditch, which contains the pipes that convey water from Moalkah to Goletta. Within a couple of hundred yards to the right of this spot, we have another prostrate monument of the once mighty Carthage.

The form of this monument proclaims its own character as the Amphitheatre, within the walls of which once rang the shouts of mirth and joy of gay spectators, intermingled with the sighs and groans of the agonizing deaths of gladiators, or of the victims, innocent and criminal, exposed to ferocious beasts of the desert. This edifice, like most of those of any magnitude, was undoubtedly originally of Punic construction, and restored by the Romans. From the present remains, we are only able to form an estimate of the solidity of the edifice and of its dimensions. But from *Edrisi* we learn that, in the twelfth century, it stood still forth as a splendid ruin. He says: "This edifice is circular in form, and is composed of about fifty arches, yet remaining. Each

of these arches embraces a space of about twenty-three feet. Between every two arches is a pillar of equal magnitude, the pilasters of which are about three feet four inches in breadth. Above each of them rise five rows of arches, one over the other, of similar form and dimensions, constructed of stone of incomparable firmness. On the top of each arch was a frieze, on which are seen divers figures, and curious representations of men, animals, and ships, sculptured with exquisite art. In general, it may be said, that the other ruins and finest edifices of this description are nothing in comparison with the one now delineated."* Such was still its condition in the twelfth century, but at present it is reduced to a heap of ponderous ruins. Its ornaments have been dispersed, and probably now decorate some edifices in Europe; whilst the columns and stones have been carted off to Tunis, and other places in the neighbourhood, where they now form component parts of some of the mosques, or some of the so-called palaces. The only remaining edifice in this country which can be compared to it, is the amphitheatre of *Eljem*—the Thysdrus, Tysdrus, or Tisdra† of the ancients—situated near Susa, the whole district of which is famous in connexion with Julius Cæsar's African campaign. Its modern name is probably derived from the Arabic word, "*jama*," to assemble, or congregate, and may either have reference to this edifice as a place where people assembled for amusement, or (which is more probable) for religious purposes, the ignorant Moslems mistaking this structure for a temple. Indeed, they speak of it

* Journ. Asiat. for May, 1828, as translated for Modern Traveller.

† Hirtius says:—"Cæsar having taken Sarsura, [the modern Sarsuff —*postero die ad oppidum Tisdram pervenit.*" § 64.

sometimes as a *Kassar*, a palace, or castle, and sometimes as a *Kaneeseiah*, a church.

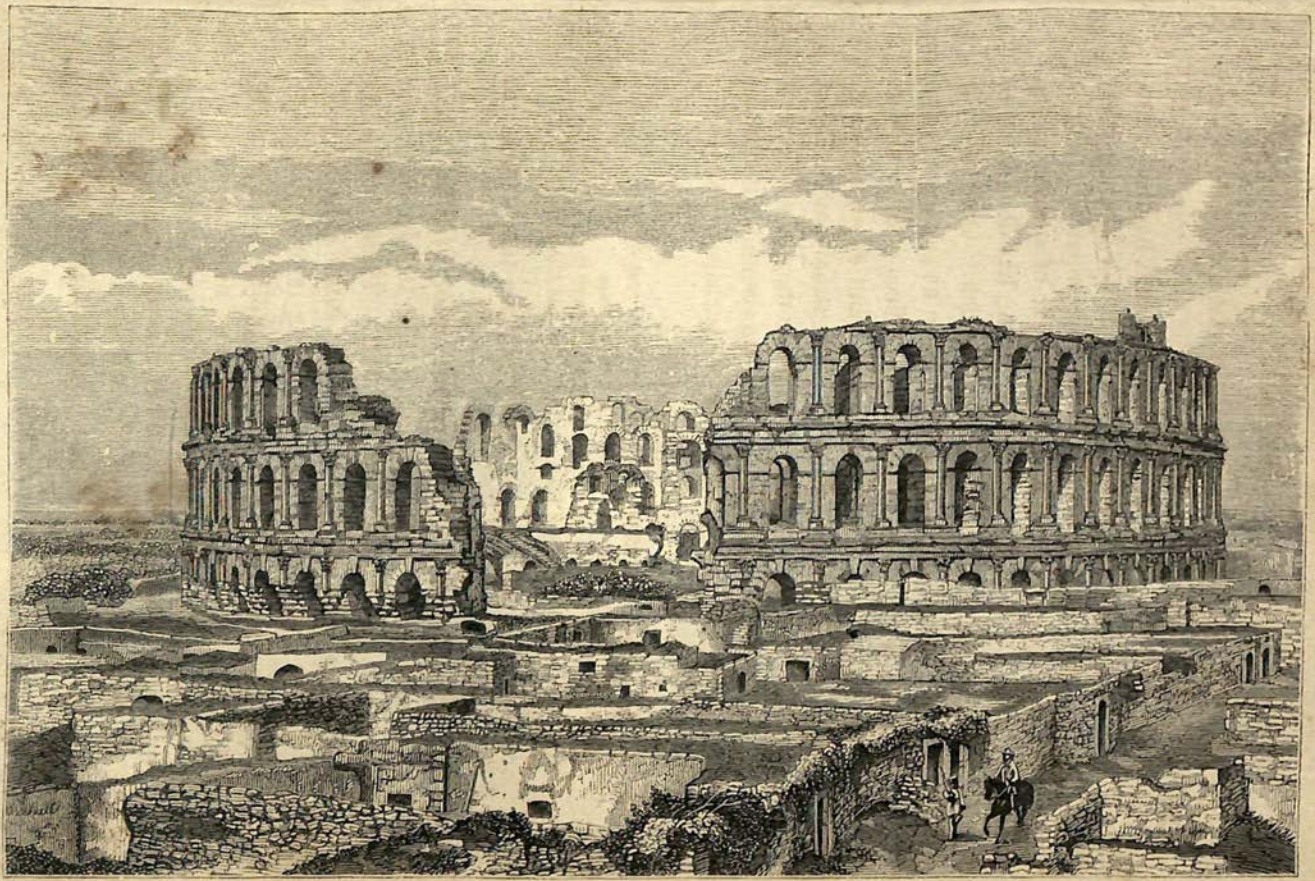
To the kindness of the amiable and highly-accomplished Marquis de Noailles, I am indebted for being able to present the reader with the accompanying photographic sketch of this astonishing relic of ancient architecture. Our artist, L. Michael, Esq., has done it every justice. This edifice has suffered much. Quantities of its massive materials have been taken away to build the residences of governors and other edifices at Susa, and at Monasteer, as well as Arab hovels; but enough still remains to call forth our admiration and astonishment. What has been said of a kindred production may be said of this —and, perhaps, with more truth—on account of its having been exposed to a ruder and more barbarous hand:—

"From its mass,
Walls, palaces, half cities, have been rear'd;
Yet, oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,
And marvel where the spoil could have appear'd.
Hath it indeed been plunder'd, or but clear'd?"

Sir Grenville Temple thus describes this stupendous edifice:—

"The length of the amphitheatre of Tysdrus, which extends nearly east and west, is 429 feet by 368; and that of the arena, 238 by 182. These two latter measurements are taken from the inner existing wall; the real boundary of the arena being entirely destroyed. The height of the level of the first gallery is thirty-three feet, and to the summit of the edifice ninety-six.

"It possesses four ranges of pillars and arches, sixty in number. On each, or rather on the three lower ones, for the fourth is a pilastrade elevated on a stylobata, with a square window in every third interpilaster. The capitals



THE AFRICAN COLISEUM.

are of the species of the composite order which we see on Diocletian's pillar at Alexandria, with a slight variation in the second range to those composing the first and third. At each extremity was a grand entrance; but the west one, together with an arch on each side of it, was destroyed, together with the same portion of the whole superstructure, about 130 years ago, by Muhammed Bey, who thereby wished to prevent the possibility of the amphitheatre being converted into a strong and vast fortress by some tribes of Arabs then in open revolt against his authority. A very small portion, also, of the exterior wall of the fourth, or upper story, remains to this day. The interior of this magnificent building is in a far more dilapidated state than the exterior, which, with the above-mentioned exceptions, may be stated to be in complete preservation; but great part of the vaulted and inclined plane which supports the seats, the galleries, and the vomitoria, is still left. The galleries and stairs leading to the different stages were supported by arches and vaults, composed, not like the rest of the building, of large *pierres de taille*, but of a mass of small stones and mortar, and have consequently in many places fallen in. Under the surface of the arena, like those of the Coliseum and Amphitheatre of Capua, are seen the same sort of passages, little chambers for containing the wild beasts, as well as square apertures opening upon the arena, up which were raised the lions and tigers, enclosed in boxes made on the principle of the pigeon traps used at shooting matches, whose sides, on reaching the summit, being unsupported by the walls of the tunnel, fell to the ground, and, working on the hinges which joined them to the

bottom of the box, left the ferocious monsters at once exposed to the view of the spectators. The key-stones of the outward arches of the lower order were intended each to have borne some figures sculptured in relief, for on one we see the bust of a female, and on the other the head of a lion. This design was, however, never completed, for on all the others we only see the projecting part of the stone, which was to have assumed the shape of different figures or devices." *

Shaw thinks that, as the elder Gordian was proclaimed emperor at the city of Tysdrus, "it is not improbable that, in gratitude to the place where he received the purple, he might have been the founder of this edifice." † But the learned traveller ought not to have forgotten that the excellent African proconsul, whom his soldiers, roused by the tyrannical reign of the Maximini, proclaimed, against his express will, emperor, was, at the time, upwards of eighty years of age; and that, before he had been six weeks at the head of the empire, he strangled himself ‡ at Carthage. To this step he was urged by the calamities, and misfortunes, which befell him on account of having acquiesced in the wishes of his troops. There was here neither motive for "gratitude," nor had the aged Gordian even the time to conceive the idea of rearing a pile of such splendour and magnitude, much less could he have completed it.

This amphitheatre yields to the Roman Coliseum in magnitude and splendour; but this is the only edifice of the kind to which the African need make such concession. The amphitheatre of Verona is larger, and,

* Researches in the Mediterranean, vol. i. p. 150.
† Travels, vol. i. p. 222. ‡ A.D. 236.

though it possesses its range of seats entire, it has only four of its arches remaining; and it is in these, and in the exterior, that the chief beauty of such kind of structures consist. The African Coliseum ranks, therefore, before it, and hence stands next to that of Rome.

But these edifices of former days, whilst by their imposing vastness, beauty, and elegance of their proportions, they elicit admiration from all who view them, are, at the same time, monuments of the ferocious and barbarous nature by which man was then actuated. We have on record, among many others, one revolting scene which was enacted at the amphitheatre of Carthage.

Under the reign of Lucius Septimus Severus (an African, native of Leptis, the modern Lempta, near Monasteer), and during the proconsulate of Timinianus, the Christians of Carthage met with the most relentless persecution. Among others apprehended for the crime of believing according to the dictates of their conscience, were two young females, of good quality, Perpetua and Felicitas. They were thrust into a dark and dismal prison, which was so crowded, that the atmosphere was of the impurest description; and it was only at the intercession of friends, accompanied by bribes, that the jailor permitted them to remain a certain number of hours, during the day, in an open place, where they could breathe freely. Perpetua was at the time a mother, so that her infant had to share the miseries of her incarceration. Her father, who was a Pagan, repeatedly visited her, and did his utmost to induce her to recant.

Upon a rumour that the day of their examination was near, the father of Perpetua came to the prison, beseeching her to abandon a faith which was so unpopular,

and the profession of which was so perilous. "Have compassion," the aged parent said, "O my daughter, on my grey hair; have compassion on thy father, if he is worthy of the name of father! If I have thus brought thee up to the flower of thine age, if I have preferred thee to all thy brothers, do not expose me to this disgrace. Look on thy brother—look on thy mother—look on thine infant, which cannot live without thee! Do not destroy us all!"

"Thus spake my father," Perpetua herself relates, "kissing my hands in his fondness, and throwing himself at my feet. In his grief and tears, he called me not his daughter, but his mistress (*domina*). Greatly affected was I on account of the gray hair of my parent, for he alone, of all our family, did not rejoice at my martyrdom. I consoled him, saying, 'In this trial, what God alone wills will take place. Know that we are not in our own power, but in that of God.'"

The band of Christians, among whom were likewise Rivocatus and Saturninus, were summoned before their judge. Hilarianus acted as proconsul, owing to the death of Timinianus, which took place shortly before.

The trial did not last long, since there was no necessity for examining witnesses to prove the charge of their being Christians. They boldly confessed it.

When Vivia Perpetua had in her turn to be examined, her aged father held up her infant before her eyes, and begged her to have compassion upon it. Hilarianus, too, seeing this, said, "Spare the grey head of thy parent; spare thine infant! Offer sacrifices for the welfare of the emperor, and thou shalt live."

She replied, "I cannot, and will not, sacrifice."

"Art thou, then, a Christian?" asked the acting proconsul.

"I am a Christian," she fearlessly replied.

Sentence was pronounced upon them. They were all condemned to be exposed to the wild beasts.

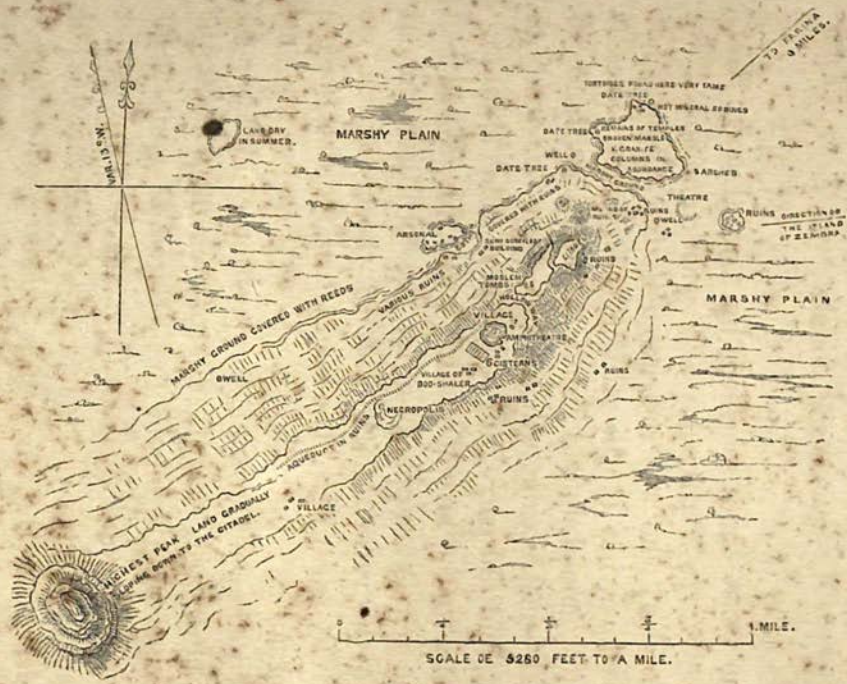
The day for public games approached. The theatre of Carthage was densely crowded with fierce spectators. The ferocious beasts were in readiness, and the gladiators were equipped for the part they were to enact. The Christians were led into the arena amidst shouts and execrations from the infuriated and fanatical Pagan assembly. On a given signal, the wild animals were freed from their cages, and speedily found themselves within reach of the defenceless martyrs. No contest ensued, for the Christians fell without resistance, while the vast multitude, though they rejoiced with savage exultation, must, at the same time, have been astonished to witness with what calmness and yet with what firmness Christians could die.

Thus fell Christian martyrs on the arena of the amphitheatre, whose ruins we now inspect, and that not during the Punic sway (which some consider the barbarous period of this country), but at the time when *refined* and *polished* Rome controlled the affairs of Carthage.

This amphitheatre being lower than the larger cisterns, and only at a very short distance from them, was easily filled with water for the *naumachia*, or naval representations. The water was then discharged into the plain, where it served for irrigating the gardens and numerous plantations in the Megara.

Leaving the amphitheatre, and crossing the ditch, we

continue our way down towards *Dowar Eshutt*, and just before we approach the village, we have, to our right, the unmistakeable traces of the Circus. It is nearly 2000 feet in length, and about 350 feet in its extreme breadth. But the rows of seats have disappeared. This circus is not much smaller than the Circus Maximus of Rome, which, according to Pliny, accommodated 250,000 persons. In the middle, we trace the masonry of the *spina*, about 1000 feet in length, in the centre of which the remains are more solid; and here, probably, was the *metæ*, or starting-point. Charioteers, as well as horse races, started from hence and returned to it. Here were, undoubtedly, also represented the various contests of agility and strength, as well as the *Ludus Trojæ*, mock fights, and other games common in Greece and Rome.



PLAN OF UTICA

CHAPTER XXIII.

EXCAVATION AT UTICA.

At the exact time specified by Lord Lyons, H.M. steamer "*Harpy*" arrived. She was commanded by Lieut. Porcher, who was instructed by the Admiral not only to convey me to the sites of the various ancient cities above named, but to render me every assistance in his power—instructions which this officer was ready to carry out, and did carry out, to the best of his abilities.

Previous to the arrival of this vessel, Mr. Wood had made the requisite application for the local government orders to the various authorities in whose districts we proposed to excavate. The *amras*, or "orders," were readily promised; but when he now sent for them he discovered some underhanded opposition. This opposition, I afterwards learnt, did not emanate from the *Moslem* chiefs, but from the Bey's *Christian* minister for foreign affairs,—and this not from any hostility to our enterprise (the merits he could not comprehend), but from a fear that the steamer at anchor at *Sidy Daoud* might cause damage to his fishery at that place. Mr. Wood, however, succeeded in procuring the necessary documents, and I had the pleasure of pacifying the late minister, by consoling him with the promise not to proceed to Sidy Daoud till the fishing season was over.

But Arfi Giuseppino, who amassed so much wealth in this country—who contrived to gather in what the poor and wretched Arabs had saved up—was doomed to sustain a loss. It was (to use Moslem phraseology, which is within reach of his capacity) *maktoob*—"pre-ordained"—that it should be so, and it was beyond his power to alter the decrees of *kitba*, "fate." What he apprehended from the paddles of the *Harpy* was effectually executed by a violent storm. His nets were rent and destroyed, and his profits from the fishery, for that season, were totally lost.

We embarked our tools, doubled Capes Carthage and Camart, and steered in the direction of the promontory of Apollo. The weather was lovely, and the sea perfectly smooth, so that we almost regretted to find ourselves, in less than four hours, at anchor before Porto Farina.

I resolved to place myself at once in communication with the chief official of the town, so as to complete the preliminary arrangements to enable me to proceed to Utica the following day. In this I was, however, disappointed. We carefully crossed the bar, and safely entered the lake which separates Porto Farina from the sea, but we were unable to discover the proper passage, or channel; and after repeated efforts to find it, we were compelled to abandon our project that evening. But before returning to the ship, we fell in with a boatman, whom I hired to pilot us to the landing-place the following morning.

The pilot was faithful to his engagement. Early on the following morning, he came on board the *Harpy*, and, for a trifling remuneration, pointed out to Mr. Porcher the direction and windings of the channel. The simplest way, we afterwards discovered, was, after

crossing the bar (upon which there is scarcely more than three feet of water), to hug the right shore, and, on coming abreast the arsenal, to run across for it.

At the landing-place, we were received by the *Halifa*, lieutenant-governor, Haj Hamda, a jolly, corpulent descendant of the family of the Prophet, as his green turban indicated. This personage felt at first inclined to go through the ridiculous quarantine forms, which I quickly cut short by shaking him cordially by the hand. The Haj laughed heartily, as did also the soldiers, and the crowd assembled to witness our landing.

I delivered the Bey's letter to the green-turbaned *Halifa*, who opened it, and examined it very attentively, whilst we watched for the effect which the "order" would produce. To all appearance, he read the document several times over, without manifesting any signs from which we could form an opinion as to the treatment we might expect. At length he looked up, and coolly asked me,—

"What is this you brought me?"

"It is an '*amra*' from his highness the Bey," I replied.

"And what is it all about?" he rejoined.

"I have not read its contents," I answered; "but surely you must know, for you have read it over three or four times."

He laughed lustily, and coolly told me that, being no scholar, he was unable to read. "My notary," he continued, "performs all the literary part of my office, and I only administer justice."

After this candid confession, he handed me the *amra*, and I informed him that his highness requested

him to render us every assistance in his power, to watch over us, and to be particularly careful that we were not molested by the Arabs, whilst prosecuting our excavations at *Bo-Shāter*, or Utica.

When I had finished explaining the contents of the Bey's *order* to this "sole administrator of justice of Porto Farina and the adjacent places," he exclaimed, "God be propitious to our lord and master! what he has ordered I am ready and willing to obey. Regard me now as your servant: command what you require, and whatever you command I am prepared to execute. Behold, we are all your menials!"

Saying this, he led us to what is called the "Bey's house," of which we took immediate possession.

Whilst the place was being put in order, I made arrangements with Haj Hamda for our departure for Utica early on the following morning. He undertook to supply us with animals of burden to transport our tents and tools.

We left Haj Hamda to busy himself about horses and asses, and set out in a boat for the Majerda, the *Bagrada* of the ancients, in the hope of finding sufficient water in that river to enable us to keep up a communication between Utica and our steamer. The mouth of the river is only a short distance from the lake. On entering it, we encountered a slight obstruction, but succeeded in finding a good and sufficiently deep passage. The river abounded in fish, and several, weighing about four pounds each, actually leaped into our boat. We were delighted at the prospect of such a pleasant mode of conveyance, when we were suddenly brought to a full stand. Five miles from the entrance, the river com-

menced to widen, and became so shallow, that our boat, which only drew a few inches of water, touched the bottom. We had to abandon our project, and to retrace our steps.

On examining maps and charts, it will be observed that, according to some, the Bagrada is made to flow through the lake of Porto Farina; and, according to others, the correct place where it now empties itself into the sea is laid down. Some, again, give both, as if it discharged itself into the sea as well as into the lake. Certain transformations of the features of the country are also pointed out, and the change of the course of the river is said to be the result of natural causes.

That the features of the surrounding country have completely changed since the time that Utica was in her glory, is an undoubted fact. According to the unanimous testimony of ancient authors, Utica was a maritime place, whereas now it is some seven, or eight, miles' distance from the sea; and in consequence of this phenomenon, the very site of that city has been a matter of doubt among the learned until the time of Shaw. The cause had been the periodical deposits of soil washed down from the neighbouring heights, as well as the accumulation of mud from the annual overflowings of the river. But the course of the river had nothing to do with this transformation, nor is the deviation to be ascribed to the new land formation.

The change of the course of the river is comparatively of recent date. It has affected the lake of Farina, and destroyed the importance, and character, of the town. The particulars, explanatory of this fact, will be gathered

from the following extract from the manuscript geography to which reference has already been made:—

The writer, who visited this spot about 120 years ago, and who resided in the Regency during the piratic days, says:—"Porto Farina is an unwalled town, and is situated at the foot of a row of hills, and near a large lake, at the extremity of which there is a very handsome large basin, for holding the men-of-war and cruisers belonging to Tunis, it being the safest and best port belonging to the kingdom. Here is a very handsome yard for building of ships, and several large magazines for holding the stores for the shipping. They have excellent water here, which comes from a spring on the hill, and is conveyed to the port to a reservoir for the use of the town. Formerly, the river Majerda ran into the lake; but Mustapha Genoese, the old Bey's brother-in-law, being told that the river, by running into the lake, and bringing down the earth more and more every year, would choke up the mouth of the lake, cut the river, and turned it into the sea. Hereby they did a great deal of hurt, for before the current of the river, running out, carried away the sand from the bar. In time, it may come to admit only of vessels of very small burden, there being now only ten feet water on the bar; and as these people take no manner of care of repairing, it will soon run to ruin. In the time of Ramdhan Bey [who commenced his reign in 1690], a ship of forty guns could easily go into the basin. Now it would be difficult to get such a ship out light. . . . . Porto Farina has three strong castles; one to the southward of the town, on the road from Tunis, which guards the town

on that side, and is near the lake, and is called Dowlatly's Castle. The second is on the side of the Marina, and only a few paces distant from it, and is called the Sidy Morat's Castle. The third is not far from the arsenal, and is called the Castle of the Diwaan. They have a garrison here, and some Christian slaves, who are employed as ship carpenters and caulkers, &c. Formerly there was a great number of them, but now only a few. They are lodged every night in the middle castle. The entrance of the port is closed every night, by a large chain drawn across, and each side is protected by small forts. The place is very strong towards the sea, but it is commanded by the high hills at the back. . . . . Round about this place are good gardens, which yield an abundance of grapes, figs, and other fruits; and to the southward are some olive-plantations, and wheat and barley fields. A little to the northward of the town is a salt-work, whence its name [in Arabic] *Ghaar Elmelch*, salt cave. . . . . When I was first there, in 1739, there were two men-of-war in port, one of fifty guns, given to the Bey by the Grand Seigneur in 1732, and the other, also of fifty guns, built by one Markam, an English builder, which has never been at sea yet, and, I believe, never will. There were also seven or eight sattias of different force, and the same number of row-boats. Near this place, about 1750, was discovered, by a Milanese, a quicksilver mine, very good, but neglected by the Bey."

From this extract of the MS. geography, which is, apparently, the production of a British consul, we see what Porto Farina was a little more than one hundred years ago. It has now dwindled into mere insig-

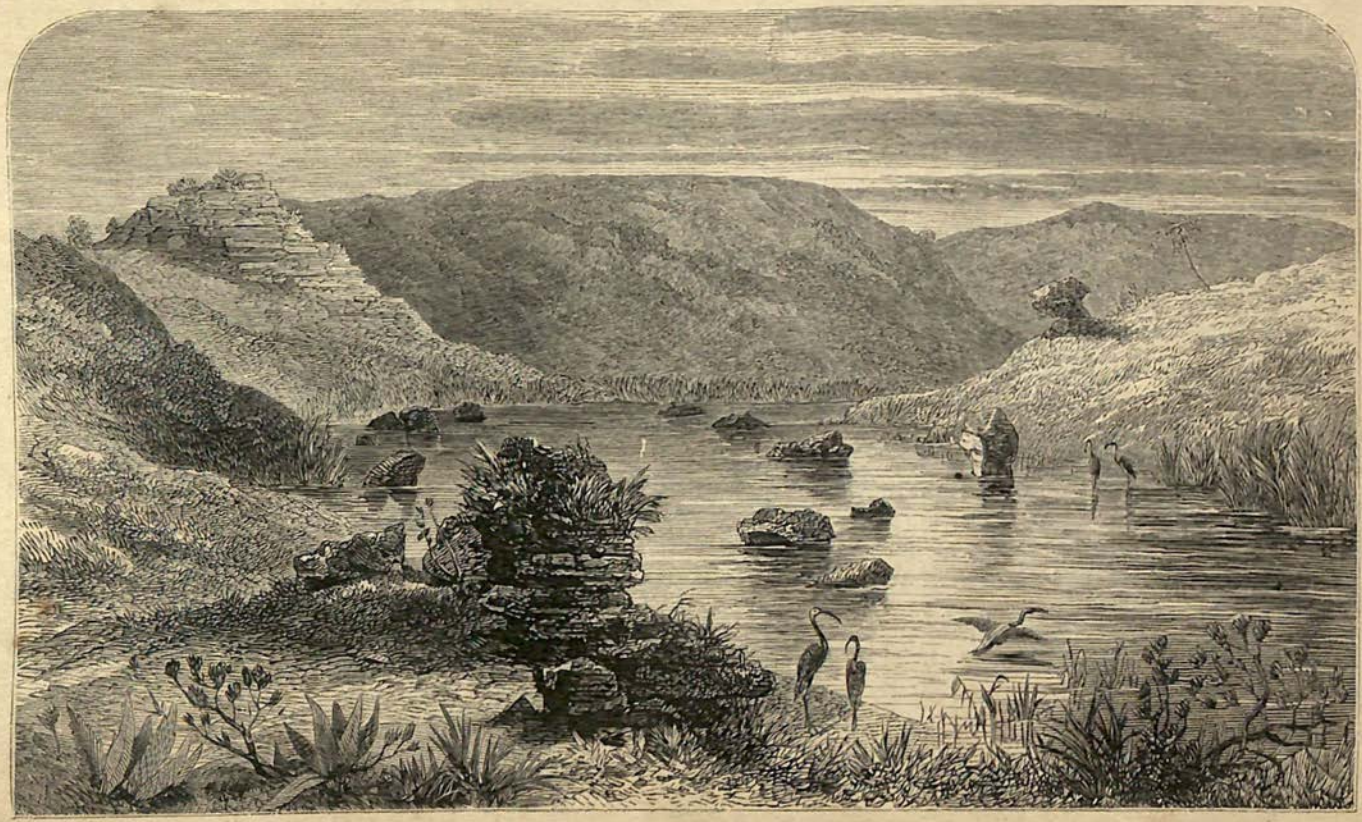
nificance. Salach Shaboob, a man in power during the reign of Ahmed Bey, attempted to restore it to its former importance. He, however, not only proved his ignorance of the only way by which this can possibly be effected—viz. by directing the course of the Majerda again into the lake—but he was degraded and exiled by Mohammed Bey, and lives now in wretchedness with some of his friends. The numerous buildings he commenced are fast going to decay, and will, ere long, be in ruins.

After some little delay, and after numerous petty altercations, without which absolutely nothing is done in this country, we reached the scene of our labour, and encamped on the site of Utica.

Scarcely had we pitched our tents, when we were joined by Lady Franklin, the widow of the great Arctic navigator, of whose generous and praiseworthy devotedness Britain's daughters may well be proud. Having despatched the *Fox*, after great exertions and personal sacrifices, her health was so far impaired that she was advised to undertake a tour, to divert her mind from the one preponderating idea —the fate of Sir John and his companions. The classic shores of Carthage and Utica proved sufficiently attractive to her; and her visits to these localities will ever be remembered by African friends with the utmost pleasure.

From our ground-plan, it will be observed that Utica occupied a long strip of land, rising towards the west to a considerable height, gradually sloping down, and tapering off into a regular cape, which mingles with the marshy plain by which the whole is surrounded.

Towards the north, we can trace the remains of the harbour of Utica, with the island (Cothon) in the centre, upon which are the ruins of what may have been the



THE COTHON, OR HARBOUR OF UTICA.

admiral's palace. These ruins are very massive, and look well when viewed from the plain, or from the Bizesta road. The harbour has, towards the land side, a semicircular form, which appears to have been supplied with seats, and may have served for the recreation of the citizens, or as a convenient locality from whence they could view the embarkation of troops, or welcome the arrival of victorious generals.

Higher up, we have the amphitheatre. It is excavated in the hill, and measures, on the summit, 320 feet in diameter. Its position was very favourable for the representation of naval fights; for the aqueduct is just above it, so that the water could easily be discharged into the harbour below. The cisterns are likewise near the amphitheatre, and their contents, in all probability, also contributed towards the *naumachia*. A double object was thus attained: the people were gratified by an attractive exhibition, and the public reservoirs were regularly cleansed. We discovered, between the amphitheatre and the harbour, a subterranean passage, upon which the Arabs look with great awe. They believe that it leads to the secreted treasure of "the former inhabitants," but they dare not venture to possess themselves of it, on account of its being guarded by hostile spirits, and by a perpetually revolving gate, armed with sharp swords. This is, of course, the passage through which the waters from the theatre above were discharged into the harbour below.

The aqueduct, judging from its remains, appears to have been a solid structure; but very little of it is only left, for it is soon lost in the hills which it perforates. It runs in a westerly direction, and, in all probability,

conveyed the waters from the *Sisora lacus*, the modern lake of Bizesta, to Utica.

The cisterns, into which the aqueduct discharged its waters, are in better preservation than those of Carthage. Six only are remaining, and these measure 135 feet in length, and about 20 feet in breadth. Their height we could not ascertain, on account of an accumulation of earth which has washed into them. They are all arched, and communicate with each other by arched openings.

At a short distance from the cisterns, and to the westward of them, appears to have been the necropolis. I say *appears to have been*, and I do this advisedly, for the report of the Arabs is my sole authority for this statement, there being nothing above ground to justify such a conclusion. They say they have repeatedly discovered graves in digging for their *matmora*, "grain-pits;" and they likewise describe, what seem to be, urns and sepulchral lamps which they found in those graves.

Leaving this part, on which stands the modern wretched village of *Bo-Shāter*, a mere collection of a few miserable huts, we pass the amphitheatre, and, traversing a hollow way, we proceed towards the cupolas of two Moslem saints, which are surrounded by the graves of numerous faithful. A little beyond, we have the site of the citadel of Utica, which was defended, towards the west, by a ditch, and on all other sides by the natural steepness of the locality.

In the direction of the cape, we have the remains of a theatre, which must have been gorgeously decorated, judging from the numerous fragments of rich marbles which are here found.

From the whole nature and extent of the ruins, it is

clear that Utica was a city of great importance, Pomponius Mela, in his *De Sistu Orbis*, speaking of Utica and Carthage, says :—"Ambæ inclytæ; ambæ à Phœnicibus conditæ: illa fato Catonis insignis, hæc suo." But the fate of Cato does not constitute the sole interest attached to Utica. Her antiquity, prior to that of the city of Dido—her prominence in all the struggles which Carthage had to sustain, and her exclusive superiority in Africa, after the fall of Rome's great rival—establish for her a sufficiently independent importance. To my own mind, however, it is neither her wealth nor her power, nor even the death of the illustrious Roman patriot, which makes Utica memorable, but her uniform faithlessness, her treachery, and her perfidy. These vices, so peculiarly her own; her baseness towards the metropolis of her country; her plots and alliances with the sworn enemies of her own kindred,—these constitute features in the character of Utica which ought not to be forgotten.

The treachery and perfidy of Utica contributed greatly towards the fall of Carthage. Rome encouraged this unnatural conduct, for she benefited by it; and at the termination of the desperate conflict, she rewarded the most audacious of crimes of which Utica was guilty, by making her the metropolis of Africa. A rich inheritance was handed over to her for a fratricidal act. But Utica proved dangerous to Rome as well as to Carthage. Marius, who converted the streets of Rome into rivers of the blood of citizens, had his direful ambition first fostered, and inflamed, at this place. Sallust tells us that when that monster was at Utica, in a subordinate capacity to the virtuous consul Metellus, during the

Jugurthine war, the haruspex told him, by means of victims, that great and wonderful prodigies were portended in his favour; that he must therefore do what he was revolving in his mind, with full reliance on the gods, and that he should try his fortune as often as possible, for all things would ultimately turn out prosperously.* He aspired to the consulship, and for it he now zealously tried. But in the manner in which he discharged its functions, when he succeeded to that dignity, and the calamities which he brought upon the city which had so eagerly sought the destruction of Carthage, we can see an unmistakeable act of retributive justice. Utica not only aided Rome in the destruction of Carthage, but she likewise encouraged Marius in his morbid ambition, and was thus instrumental in preparing a scourge to chastise the haughty victor for the unprincipled, and unjustifiable, vengeance which she took upon the great Phœnician metropolis in Africa.

We pitched our tents at a short distance from the citadel, in the direction of the plain; and whilst I was engaged in examining the *locale*, I employed the fifteen marines of the *Harpy* in opening some trenches on the part near the cape. This spot, I found, had been ransacked for building materials, and probably, also, by Count Camillo Borgio, who, some years ago, spent a considerable time among these ruins. The marble and granite shafts, capitals, and cornices, of every order, size, and dimension, which lie about here in all directions, are certainly a great attraction for antiquarian research; and if this part alone were thoroughly investigated, I fully believe the labour would be adequately rewarded.

* Sallust, § 63.

The sturdy marines worked very differently from the poor miserable Arabs. The latter could neither use the spade nor the wheelbarrow; and when coaxed, or bribed, to use either, they pretty soon relinquished the task. No wonder, then, that the Arabs, who watched our men, marvelled with astonishment at the prodigious strength of the *Ingleez*, "English." But their astonishment was not confined to the mode of digging only; it extended to the quantity, and quality, of the *Ingleez's* eating and drinking also. And well might they be astonished, for their own drink was confined to water only, and their food to a little barley-meal mixed with cold water! How could men, upon such wretched diet, be expected to toil some ten hours a day? It has always been a wonder to me how they supported such fatigue upon such scanty and poor rations. It is very doubtful whether our marines would have yielded a similar amount of labour upon so pitiable an allowance.

Haj Hamed took every precaution for our protection in this wild and solitary place. Every night he had two sentries watching our tents; and the Arabs of Bo-shāter * were, moreover, requested, or ordered, by Baron Bogo, who is the present proprietor of the village and of Utica, to render us every assistance in their power. But notwithstanding all this, we were robbed. The marines had dug up two marble heads, and one of these, the best, was stolen. All my efforts to recover it proved ineffectual, until I lodged a formal complaint

* The modern name of Utica is, as I have already stated, *Bo-shāter*. This word may be translated into English, "chief executioner." Has it any reference to Cato's suicide? Has tradition handed down to us the perpetration of that crime by the great Roman republican chief?

against the inhabitants of the village. Haj Hamed threatened fire and sword, and this struck such a terror round the whole neighbourhood, that the head was restored to its proper place without our discovering the culprit. The lesson proved a salutary one, for we were afterwards left unmolested.

The thief was evidently an agent of some European, who considered it legitimate to purloin antiquities. There are many of this stamp, some of whom I could actually name. I have been plundered, by visitors, of some very interesting objects of antiquity, among which I particularly regretted a large lead medal, with an elephant and rider on one side, and on the reverse a horse and palm-tree, with a nude Numidian on his knee before the animal. The *gentleman thief* had not left the place before I made the discovery; but, I confess, I could not screw up sufficient courage to charge him with the crime. One thing I hope, and that is, should this meet his eye, he will see the necessity of forwarding it to the authorities of the British Museum.

The amount of marble which formerly decorated edifices, and the numerous fragments of statuary which we turned up in the course of a few days' digging, certainly prove that Utica was not only an important, but also a very rich city. This cape must have been the quarter inhabited by her wealthy citizens; and here, in all probability, stood the proconsular palace, in which the republican spirit of Rome was extinguished in the death of its great representative, Cato. A Cato inflamed the Romans to effect the destruction of the liberty of Carthage, and a Cato died within a few miles of Carthage, in the very act of fighting for the liberty of Rome!

After a few days' perseverance, our labours were rewarded by the discovery of a fragment of mosaic, representing a sea scene, on which was a very curious sort of boat, and two partly-nude fishermen, with hats similar to modern wide-awakes, to shelter them from the rays of the sun. The fish which accompany this piece are very well executed.

The Arabs of the village of Bo-Shāter were literally amazed on viewing this specimen of ancient art; they could not, and would not, believe that we came upon it accidentally. "Your ancestors," they said, "inhabited this town. You have their books, which specify every object which is among these ruins; you know where the wealth and treasures are, and you have, undoubtedly, come here to remove them. Have pity upon wretched Arabs, and tell them where, at least, a small portion of money may be found."

"If you believe in the existence of treasures among these ruins," I replied, "why don't you dig, instead of loitering about idle all day long?"

"We will all dig," answered several voices, "if you will only tell us where a treasure is."

"The only treasure I can point out," I said, "is in your fields and in your lands. Dig there, cultivate them industriously, and you will soon see a rich return. Of subterranean treasures I know nothing."

They would not take my plea of ignorance for granted, but declared that the same book which indicated the locality of the *taswara*, "picture," must also point out the spot where the treasures are. "Money," they said, "is more valuable than *taswara*; and if your ancestors noted down the places where marble

heads and painted fish were to be found, they must assuredly also have informed you how, and where, they disposed of their money."

We were often greatly annoyed by these Arabs, who either troubled me with silly questions, or begged articles of clothing, or food, from the marines, so that, with all the goodwill towards them, I had repeatedly to request them to double their distance from us, as well as to limit their importunity. We certainly depended on them for various articles which in England are considered absolute necessaries, but in this solitary and deserted part of the world we regarded as luxuries; but then we always paid the full value for everything we obtained. With the order which I had from the Bey, and the ready aid of our green-turbaned friend, I might have enforced, and appropriated, much without any remuneration; but I never took advantage of such privileges, and invariably tendered an equivalent for everything. My aim was to make a favourable impression upon these primitive and ignorant people, and, I am happy to say, I was well seconded in this by every one of the expedition.

The intrusion of the Arabs we were able to restrict, and with what are considered essential comforts, we willingly and readily dispensed; but we found it hard to sustain a nightly assault of a most heterogeneous host of insects. Our visitors to Utica—and among these I would particularly name Mr. Henry Spicer—will, I am sure, long remember the desperate, and unprotected, sieges we had to sustain against fearful odds.*

* Among the insects which we greatly dreaded, was a large horse-fly, which we found in great numbers, in a little hollow between the cape

So closely did the enemy press us, that we were forced to abandon our canvas fort, and compelled to a precipitate, and ignominious, retreat, seeking shelter in a subterranean vault, actually preferring to entrust ourselves to the tender mercies of snakes and scorpions, to a capitulation at the discretion of our cruel and relentless foes.

But whilst thus mercilessly tortured at night, the insects of the day afforded us ample gratification. Such varieties as are found at Utica I have never seen elsewhere. It is a rich field for the naturalist; and any one visiting Tunis would be fully repaid for his trouble by extending his journey to this place.

Besides the discomforts mentioned, I may add, that the hungry jackals also occasionally sought to satisfy their cravings from our stores. One of these animals, whether ignorant of the precise locality of our larder, or from a particular fancy for human flesh, one night actually commenced making free with my arm, which happened to be close to the canvas wall of the tent. I awoke, and saw him distinctly, through the thin partition, by the clear moonlight. My first impulse was to seize my revolver, and kill him; but, not to rouse the whole party, I satisfied my resentment by administering

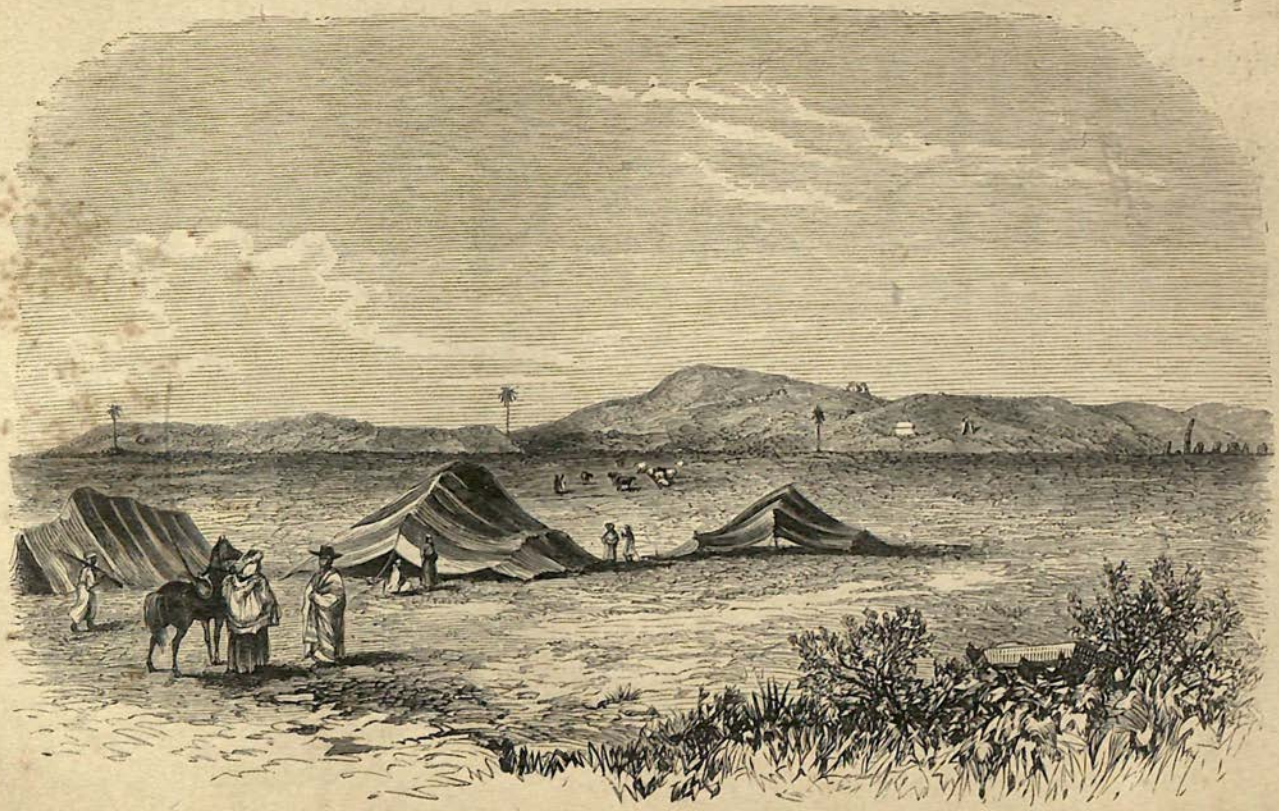
and the main ruins of Utica, which hollow gives the cape the appearance of a distinct island. Through this part, I had always to gallop at full speed; and notwithstanding this precaution, my poor animal was so fearfully pestered by them, that the blood was literally streaming from him. I have been told by the Arabs that horses and cattle have repeatedly been bled to death. This insect is also found in other parts, but no where have I seen it in such abundance as here. It never attacks men, and though so fatal to powerful animals, it is killed by the slightest touch. The mere lashing of the horse's tail deprives it of life.

a severe blow on his nose, which made him scamper off at full speed.

After careful examination of these ruins, I decided upon digging at the foot of the hill on which the citadel, the Byrsa of Utica, stood. The place faced the plain, and was at a short distance from our tents. From the hill itself, the view is very extensive, and embraces not only the heights of Carthage, with the few modern buildings upon it, but also the range of hills across the bay.

Tent life had lost its romance for me, having had an abundance of it during my former travels to the extreme south of the Regency of Tunis. I therefore generally rode, towards evening, to Porto Farina, and slept at the "palace." The road lies across a plain, evidently formed by the alluvial accumulations from the adjoining hills, and from the periodical deposits caused by the overflowing of the river. The plain has every characteristic indicative of having been reclaimed from the sea, and its level appearance round Utica shows that it now occupies the place which was once washed by the waters of the Mediterranean. During the excessive heat of summer it is, occasionally, so much broken up, that it is really dangerous to ride over it. In different parts, encampments of Arabs may be seen; and among these I shall long be remembered and spoken of as an object of great wonder.

One day, I halted before a tent, and begged the inmates to give me a drink of milk. They readily complied, and, whilst I was quenching my thirst, the men, women, and children, who collected around me, gratified their curiosity by examining the trappings of my horse;



A VIEW OF THE SITE OF UTICA.

and this scrutiny gradually extended to my articles of dress. I sat like Patience on a monument, as much amused at their primitive simplicity as they were with the various objects from *Bar-Nessāra*, "the land of the Nazarenes." A watch-chain proved particularly attractive to the fair (?) sex, and, in order to inspect it thoroughly, they had to lift one part of my coat, when a mysterious leather case presented itself to their view.

"And, *Arfi* [master], what is this?" they exclaimed.

"A pistol," I answered.

The men now pressed round me, begging to be allowed to look at it. I did so, without permitting them to touch it. They were greatly astonished at its peculiar shape, as well as strange appendages, and desired me to fire it off. I complied.

"Now," one of the young men said, "you may let us examine it, the weapon being discharged."

"But it is not discharged," I replied.

Some appeared bewildered at my answer, whilst others laughed; and all seemed thunderstruck when they saw me fire off another bullet.

"*Ajaib'! eshkoon yaghlab ennessara?*" "Wonderful! Who can conquer the Nazarenes?" they exclaimed; adding, "The pistol has only one barrel, and no one has seen him reload it, but yet he has fired it off twice!"

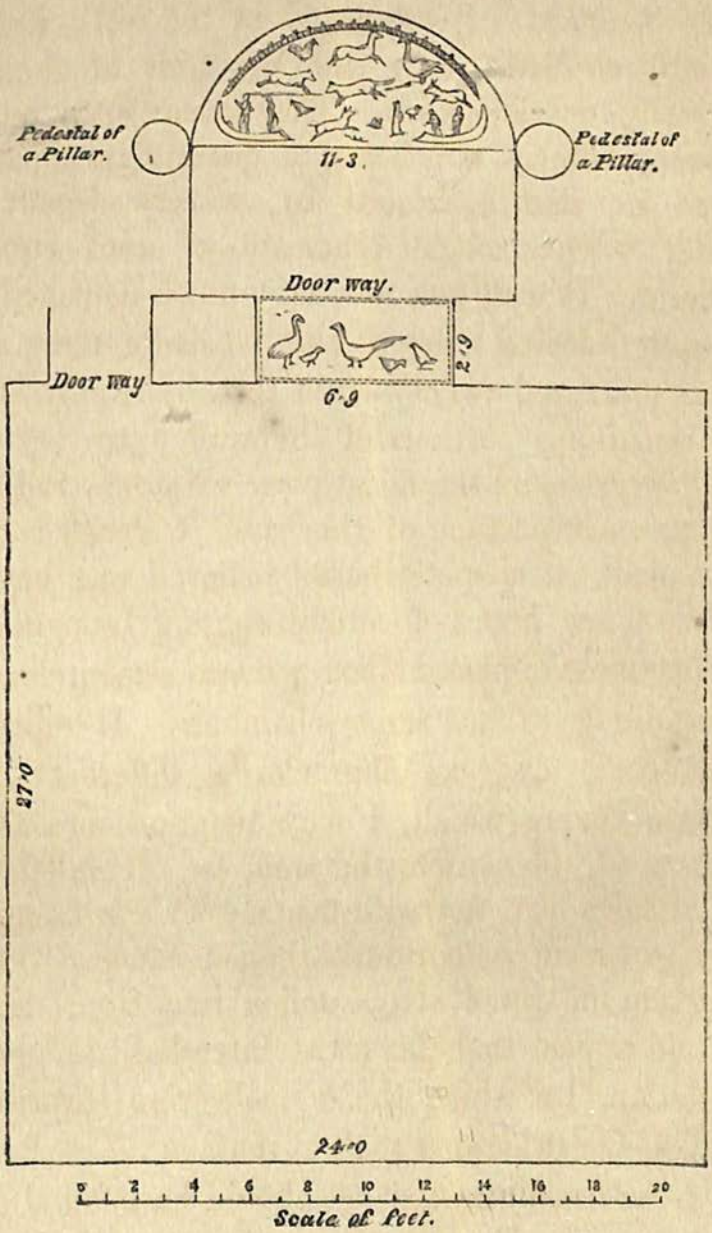
What the effect of the third discharge was can easily be conceived. As I galloped off, I favoured them with a fourth; and, when at a good distance from them—when I could only just distinguish the crowd before the encampment—I let fly my fifth and last.

Some days after, I explained to them the mystery of Colt's revolver.

Our marines were not only active excavators, but they became greatly interested in the work itself—particularly so when they saw the fruit of their labour gradually develop itself. They came upon an elegant mosaic pavement, consisting of quadrangular panels, enclosed in, and interlaced by, a very elegant twisted border. The central ornament of each square was different. It was, however, very much damaged, so that we only selected a few of the panels for removal. The room measured twenty-seven feet by twenty-four. As the remaining portions of the wall were very low, we nearly overlooked the finest piece we discovered at Utica. On close inspection of this ruin, I decided on sinking a shaft, at a spot which I believed was beyond the wall. A few hours of careful digging brought to light another mosaic, placed upon a raised semicircular alcove, appertaining to the same chamber. It represents a water-scene, and contains eleven different sorts of animals, among which, I may mention, are the boar, the leopard, the ostrich, the stag, &c. Parallel with the curved sides is a net with floats. This is being hauled in by two men, in curiously-shaped canoes. From the projection of some stems and a tree from the water, it would appear that the artist intended to represent an inundation, by which the animals were surprised, and of which the fishermen took advantage.

It is extraordinary that we should have found at Utica two mosaics, and upon each a water-scene. To my own mind, this is an additional proof that this was anciently a maritime city.

Our work at Utica was suddenly, and unexpectedly, brought to a close. The services of the *Harpy* were



PLAN OF A CHAMBER DISCOVERED AT UTICA.

required elsewhere. She had, therefore, to leave for Malta. My conviction however is, that well-organized excavations carried on during a few months would prove productive of very interesting results.

I cannot close this chapter without adding a word about our Utica friends, which have afforded us all much amusement. Beneath one of the three verdant and solitary palm-trees, there is a hot mineral spring, in which tortoises of a very large size abound. They generally dwell among the reeds which grow close by; but no sooner do they perceive any one approaching the spring, than they come rushing out from their covert, scamper through the mud, roll over the stones which impede their progress, and dash themselves into the hot water. Let it not be thought in Christian lands, as it is believed by the Moslems in the vicinity, that these are "bewitched human beings—that they are *true believers*," and that they come to protect the *holy* spring. No.—

> Holiness enters not their head,
> For they only come to be fed.

CHAPTER XXIV.

TEMPLES OF FOREIGN DEITIES.

Not very long after the close of our excavations at Utica, H.M. ship *Supply* entered our port, to remove the cases of antiquities disinterred since the departure of the *Curaçoa*. The present vessel was commanded by Mr. Balliston, to whom I am under very great obligations, not only for the care with which he had our cases embarked, but also for the willing aid which he rendered me in preparing many things for shipment. The *Supply* had on board the interesting antiquities discovered by Mr. Newton at Halicarnassus, and it was apparent that the commander, during his stay with that excavator, had learnt how to handle delicate objects of ancient art. Mr. Balliston bestowed such care and attention upon all that I consigned to him, that everything reached the British Museum without having sustained the least damage or injury, and this notwithstanding the vessel had a very rough and, indeed, a very boisterous passage to England.

Previously to starting for Utica, the ruins of the temple of Apollo, situated between the Cothon and the Byrsa, frequently attracted our attention. That it was a rich and gorgeous edifice previous to the destruction of Carthage, Appian amply testifies. It is, however, very doubtful whether, in rebuilding the city, the Romans

restored this temple to its former splendour—certainly not to its ancient opulence.

The Carthaginian religion, we have already shown, was, strictly speaking, an astronomical religion. The accommodating religious spirit then prevalent, national courtesy, and the requirements of diplomacy, often brought about an interchange of national deities. This admission of the gods of other countries was greatly facilitated, when the character and attributes of the foreign deity harmonized with the attributes which recognized theology promulgated respecting some national divinity. The friendly intercourse between the Greeks and the Carthaginians, and the hosts of Greek mercenaries in the employ of Carthage, were sufficient motives for the admission of Apollo within the walls of the African metropolis; and all popular scruples must have vanished upon examining the orthodoxy of the act. For if by Apollo *Sol* was not actually intended, as some maintain, his name *Phœbus* (φοῖβος), which expresses the brightness and splendour of that luminary, justifies the assumption of affinity: and if he was the Greek *Sun God*, he corresponded with the *Baal Hammon*, or *Sun Baal* of the Carthaginians. That this similarity was recognized is proved from an inscription* extant, which relates to a certain Artimedorus, a Sidonian, who died at Athens. He is stated to have been Ἡλιοδώρος, which is rendered in Punic—the inscription being bilingual—עבדשמש, "an adorer of the sun." Now, at Athens, what other deity but Apollo was there to whom Ἥλιος, *Sol*, "sun," could have been applied? It is, therefore, evident that the Phœnicians considered Apollo to

* Ges. Mon. Phœn. Pars Tertia, Tab. 9.

correspond with their own Baal Hammon, which fact, in connexion with the motives above alluded to, secured for the Grecian deity a welcome admittance into Carthage. But, in this act of courtesy, Baal Hammon abdicated none of his prerogatives, nor was his pre-eminence in any way infringed. In the eyes of the Carthaginians Apollo was a Greek, or foreign Baal, who might prove to them of peculiar service in case of any collision with the Grecian states. He might then be chained to his altar, according to the example of Tyre, flagellated and coerced to avert impending calamities. Such a crisis, however, never occurred at Carthage, where, it was most probably believed, his favours were secured by a sumptuous temple richly decorated and adequately endowed. As a foreign male deity, his temple stood in the district of Æsculapius.

The ruins of the temple of Apollo present a mere shapeless mass of masonry. With the exception of some vaults, every portion of its remains is prostrate, mingled with a heterogeneous confusion of stones, fragments of columns, bricks and plaster, on some pieces of which traces of fresco paintings were discernible. The work here was very laborious, and offered no indications of probable success. Everything, on the contrary, tended to prove that these ruins had been the object of diligent search on some former occasion. Walls had apparently been intentionally pulled down, and, in different parts, we came upon heaps of small stones, which seemed to have been piled up, either as useless to the excavators, or they had been collected for the purpose of being removed. Very trifling, indeed, were the objects we recovered from these ruins, among which may

be mentioned a small marble head of Apollo, and some fragments of bas-relief with which his temple was decorated.

Whilst digging here, we were now and then favoured by a strange visitor. Mohammed Bey had several large, but tame ostriches, which were allowed to roam freely over the country. Occasionally, these monsters of the feathered tribe were the innocent cause of serious mishaps to riders, and more than one carriage has been smashed through the fright with which their sudden appearance inspired the timid horses. Having frequently heard of the extraordinary power of digestion which these birds possess, I was determined to make an experiment upon our visitor. The result tended to corroborate the naturalist's account, for I entertained this ostrich upon about a dozen copper coins, of the size of an English halfpenny, and, to complete his repast with a relish, I added half-a-dozen of savoury steel pens. He swallowed all with perfect ease, and held his head up begging for more! No harm resulted from this meal, for I saw him in excellent health long after.

Another incident connected with these ruins ought not to be omitted. The Arabs in my employ belonged to different tribes, and among them were some of the vilest characters. Ali Kareema's former occupation has already been given, but he was now a reformed highwayman. I had others who, at intervals, continued their despicable calling; and more than one murder has been perpetrated by my workmen during the time they were in my employ. Of course, I learnt all this long after, when the villains were again roaming at large in their own native wilds.

Plunder is not always the motive for these criminal acts—jealousy is often the cause of it; and it was through jealousy that I lost young Hamed, who, up to within a few days of his death, had been in my occasional employ.

He was last seen, towards evening, in company of Sadek, also one of my workmen, near the ruins of the temple of Apollo. Both were natives of *Moalka;* and when the former did not make his appearance for two days, a party of his countrymen, (headed by Ibrahim, a very robust and most intelligent negro,) apprehending his fate, undertook to search for his body. Sadek accompanied the party, and seemed to manifest great concern for poor Hamed.

The cisterns, and numerous subterranean vaults, were carefully searched, and at last they arrived at this spot. Sadek came forward and volunteered to enter, and actually did enter; in a few seconds, he came out with an unsatisfactory report, and proposed to search the various wells, suggesting that Hamed might have tumbled into one of them during the darkness of the night. Ibrahim, however, who had his suspicions, resolved to examine these vaults, and did so, notwithstanding Sadek's earnest dissuasions. In an inner recess, he discovered the body, and instantly charged Sadek with the murder. In spite of his protestation, he was given into custody; but after two months' imprisonment he was liberated, partly for want of positive evidence, and partly on account of an arrangement with the murdered man's relatives, to whom he agreed to pay a sum of money—a practice which the Moslem law sanctions, even when a charge of murder has been substantiated upon positive proof.

In narrating this circumstance, I am reminded of the following particulars:—

On quitting, one day, Marsa palace of his highness the Bey, I was followed by a Moor in the service of the prime minister, whose acquaintance I had made during my visits to the residence of that personage. As we walked along, we were conversing on various topics, in which he was interested, when an encampment of Arabs, composed of ten or twelve goats'-hair tents, attracted our attention.

"How very degraded these Bedouins are!" remarked my companion, "nothing but the power of speech appears to distinguish them from the brute beasts."

"They certainly are in a degraded condition," I replied; "and I have often wondered how they manage to exist, considering their mode of life. Extreme heat, and extreme cold, appear alike to agree with them. They surpass the animals of burthen in ability to sustain fatigue, hunger, and thirst: the same thin covering is their only shelter from the excessive rays of the summer's sun, and from the chilly colds and deluging winter rains. And look at their clothing! it is the same all the year round; it serves them for a covering by day, and as a bed by night. I have seen their infants, with their shaven heads, exposed to the fierce rays of the sun, sound asleep in the open desert, and awake apparently quite refreshed by the repose; whereas inevitable death would be the consequence were any of us to attempt the same."

"It is surprising," he answered; "and yet they prefer this miserable tent life—eight and ten huddled together within a space of seven or eight feet—to living

in houses. On my estate near the river Majerda (Bagrada), I have a number of these Bedouins employed, and when I visit the place I have always one of them to sleep in the same room with me. He does it very reluctantly, and is reconciled to it so long as there is a light in the room; but if, by accident, it happens to go out, and the fellow awakes, he is instantly frantic from fear, apprehending that the whole fabric might tumble down."

"Generally speaking," I further remarked, "it appears to me that the men are rather an idle set, and that the women are by far more industrious."

"You are perfectly right," my companion answered; "and those lazy fellows teach them their duty pretty soon. When a Bedouin takes a wife, the first thing he does is to take off his shoe and give her a very severe drubbing with it, to let her know that he is her lord and master."

Observing something like doubt expressed on my countenance, he reiterated his assurance of the fact, and added, "Sometimes the poor woman is full of bruises from this initiatory matrimonial ceremony. But notwithstanding this humiliating lesson, there are some very remarkable women among the Bedouins. One of these I could have pointed out to you the other day, when you were at the prime minister's country house, at Manuba. She dresses like a man, rides astride, carries her gun, pistols, and sword; and no warrior was ever so brave as this woman. She has several children, but always accompanies the *caid* (governor) of her tribe, when it is found requisite to quell any disturbances; she is fully armed, and actually surpasses men in power of endurance of fatigue."

I was just then stepping into the carriage to drive off to Tunis, when my companion observed that he was likewise on his way to the metropolis, and that, if I had no objection, he would prefer going in the same conveyance with me—a request to which I readily consented.

We were only a few minutes in the carriage, when my fellow-traveller spontaneously favoured me with the following information:—

"I am obliged to proceed to Tunis on account of a murder committed on my estate. Four Bedouins, brothers, who lived upon plunder, settled down near the encampment of my farm labourers, and ingratiated themselves into their favour, in which they succeeded more readily through one family to which they were related.

"My factor offered them work, but they preferred the bread of idleness to that gained by honest labour. They had, moreover, adopted the base practice of those villains who prefer carrying off women, to live with them in the mountains, to legitimate marriage. On such errands they roamed about, committing likewise depredations among horses and cattle.

"Shortly before, according to their own confession, they had carried off a married Bedouin woman, whom they found in her tent with an infant at her breast. They ordered her to leave the helpless babe behind her, and threatened to murder her on the spot if she resisted, or made the slightest noise. They were deaf to her entreaties, and had a nature too blunted to be influenced by the tears she shed in leaving her infant and husband.

"Such is the character of these men, who idled away four months on my estate. During their stay, they had fixed upon a woman, a young widow, whom they resolved to carry off. With this object in view, they departed, and in about ten days after, in the dead of night, one of them stealthily approached the tent in which the young woman was. The owner of it happened, however, to be awake at the time, and perceived the villain seated on the ground, but mistook him for his own son. He inquired what he was about, and the fellow, imitating the youth's voice, replied that he was giving some grass to the donkeys, which were tethered before the tent. But the sound of voices awoke the son; and the deception being thus detected, the alarm was given, but the rogue escaped.

"On the following night, a young man, who happened to be outside his tent, noticed a human figure glide by him, at a short distance, without his being observed by the same. He knew that the fellow could not be after any good, and therefore resolved to seize him. Following him cautiously, he perceived two others, and likewise saw further off a fourth, on horseback. Nothing daunted by the number of antagonists, he rushed up to the first, and grasped hold of him: a desperate struggle ensued, in which he had to encounter the whole three, but he still kept his hold, and cried out for aid. One of the fellows then fired, and the young man fell mortally wounded. The report from the gun, and the screams and groans of the dying lad, assembled the whole encampment, but the wretches had all fled.

"The young Bedouin was carefully removed to the tent, and a kind of doctor, skilful enough to dress

wounds, attended him, but it was evident that he was dying. A notary was therefore sent for to take *sijilla chamra*, 'the testimony of the murder from a dying man,' in the presence of witnesses. He could give no information as to the perpetrators of the crime, on account of the darkness of the night; but, as it was believed that the intruder of the previous night was one of the vagabond brothers, the number mentioned by the poor lad confirmed the suspicion, and it was resolved to charge them with the murder."

The assassins were pursued by the factor and apprehended; but one of the party, the youngest, managed to make his escape whilst the others were in the act of being secured with ropes.

As the young Bedouin was galloping off, my informant states, "one of the party addressing the factor said:—

"'Let the youth escape, he has had little to do in this affair. I have fired the shot, and if Hamda is dead I am quite ready to pay the penalty with my own life. My desire was not to kill him. He interrupted me in the pursuit of my object, which was not to commit murder: I intended only to wound him, to enable me to effect my escape. Most sincerely do I deplore the act if it has terminated fatally to my cousin, from whom I have received so many acts of kindness.'

"The prisoners were brought to my estate just before Hamda expired, and were thence led to Tunis, and imprisoned in the felon's jail.

"A few days ago I was informed that a young Bedouin, answering to the description my men gave me of the brother who escaped so dexterously upon an

Arab's horse, was in the habit of visiting the prisoners at stated times. I therefore went to Tunis and managed to secure the fellow, who is now incarcerated with the others.

"The father of Hamda, and uncle to the prisoners, is willing to compromise the whole affair. The dead cannot be resuscitated, and the death of the criminals will only add an additional wound to the family; he is therefore willing to accept *blood-money*, and release the prisoners. I am now going to assist him in the management of this affair.

"One thing I must add, which is very mysterious. On the very day that I seized the third brother, the Bedouin widow, who was the innocent cause of the murder, expired suddenly. Whether her death was the act of the Omnipotent One, or whether either of this gang is chargeable with an additional crime, appears difficult to decide."

Thus far from my travelling companion. How this matter terminated I have not ascertained.

About the same time, an Arab in my employ related to me a circumstance which deserves to be chronicled.

"I once presented myself," said Barra-Barra, "to J——,* and offered him twelve head of cattle at a very reasonable price. You know he had no scruples to purchase at a low rate, of course, the particular gains of our *peculiar* business. Each head might have fetched in the market, at least, 100 reals, but as I, for good reasons, seldom patronized the public fairs, I offered them to J—— at 50 reals a-piece.

"J—— agreed to receive the cattle that very evening, an hour after sunset, and promised to pay for them in

* I regret to say an Englishman is here alluded to.

ready cash. At the appointed time I arrived. My peculiar knock and signal were quickly responded to. J—— came to the gate, and counted each bullock as it entered; and when the twelfth had passed the threshold the bag of money was handed to me.

"'Count it,' said J——; 'you will find it to contain 600 reals.'

"'By the head of the Prophet!' I exclaimed, 'do you want to insult me? Is it not enough to be constantly suspected by strangers? Are we not to exercise confidence in each other? Surely I have dealt with you long enough to appreciate your honesty and integrity!'

"J—— begged me to forgive him, and desired me to enter and take my supper with him, which I declined on account of having more important business on hand.

"From that day to this I have never seen J——, and for this simple reason:—The morning after the sale, the daylight revealed to him that he had purchased his own cattle!"

This digression serves to illustrate the moral depravities of the modern possessors of the dominions of Carthage, and as such it has its peculiar interest.—But to resume the thread of our more immediate subject.

A body of our men were occupied in digging on the hill facing the site of the temple of Æsculapius, on which stands the modern little Moorish fort called *Burj Jedeed*. Besides an elegant design, we disinterred here two gazelles drinking at a fountain. On riding one day towards the spot, I was hailed by several of our scouts, and on approaching them, I found that they had discovered the ruins of an edifice of great solidity. I at once increased the number of labourers,

and gave them the necessary instructions how to clear this ruin.

This spot is only about 200 yards from that where we made our first discovery, and is therefore within the precincts of Astarte's, or Juno's temple.

A very little way higher up, and in the direction of the hill of St. Louis, a few more of our labourers were occupied in digging. The results of these researches are connected with an event which will long be remembered in the Regency of Tunis.

On the morning of the 2d January, 1859, an English frigate was signalled from the heights of Carthage, and in the course of the day it became known that it was the *Euryalus*, having on board his Royal Highness Prince Alfred. Early the following morning her Majesty's Consul-General, Mr. Wood, waited upon the Prince, and on his return informed me, that his Royal Highness had arrived for the purpose of visiting the site of the once mighty Carthage, and that I was requested to accompany him over the ruins, and to furnish him with all the information on the subject. He likewise told me that I was expected on board the frigate the next day.

On board the *Euryalus*, I met with a most cordial reception from Captain Tarleton and Major Cowel, by whom I was introduced to the young Prince, who appeared greatly interested in the arrangement of our programme to view this classic locality to the best advantage.

Mohammed Bey, notwithstanding the ostensible object which the Prince had in visiting this part of the world, was determined to receive him with becoming dignity and honour. This Moslem potentate, who is

known to have at all times entertained most friendly feelings towards Great Britain, was resolved to embrace this opportunity to demonstrate his partiality. The Prince landed under a royal salute, and was received by the minister of marine, the admiral, and a host of dignitaries. Carriages were in waiting to conduct his Royal Highness and suite to the Bardo Palace. On reaching this ancient residence of the reigning family of Tunis, the Prince was met, on alighting from his carriage, by the prime minister, who conducted him into the presence of the Bey. The latter came forward to receive the royal visitor, and gave him a most tender embrace in token of a hearty welcome. In the meantime, the city palace had been prepared for the Prince, to which he had no sooner repaired than the Bey returned his visit. On this, as well as on the previous occasion, his Highness expressed himself in the strongest terms in favour of England; and, to demonstrate his sincerity, he begged Prince Alfred to permit him to invest him with the badge of the reigning family of Tunis—a diamond decoration, only worn by princes of the blood. The distinguished visitor and suite then returned on board the frigate.

The following day was devoted to visiting the site and excavations of Carthage. It was thought that the Prince, in consequence of his youth, could not be expected to manifest any extraordinary interest in the remains of a city of which nothing very imposing, or attractive, is above ground. But those who entertained such an opinion were greatly mistaken; for his Royal Highness possessed such a knowledge of the history of the Punic metropolis, that every object on its site had an attraction for him; and on our way to Tunis, in the

evening, he told me that he could scarcely express the delight which his rambles over these ruins afforded him. "On reading Virgil," the Prince said, "the part which impressed itself mostly on my mind was the part relating to Carthage." He then repeated, in the original, a number of those masterly verses of the great Latin poet.

On our reaching the spot last indicated, we found that the excavators had just cleared a tableau representing three sirens, with the characteristics which mythography ascribes to them, viz. wings and birds' claws. The fatal results of their music, upon the inhabitants of the deep, is effectively exhibited by several dead fish, and another, apparently listening with great intensity, is on the eve of sharing the same fate.

Ulysses, warned by *Circe*, gives these directions to his companions, previous to his approach to the siren * shores :—

"'Oh, friends ! oh, ever partners of my woes !
Attend, while I what Heaven foredooms disclose.
Hear all ! Fate hangs o'er all ; on you it lies
To live or perish ! to be safe, be wise !
In flowery meads the sportive sirens play,
Touch the soft lyre, and tune the vocal lay ;
Me, me alone, with fetters firmly bound,
The gods allow to hear the dangerous sound.
Hear and obey ; if freedom I demand,
Be every fetter strain'd, be added band to band.'
While yet I speak, the winged galley flies,
And lo ! the siren shores like mists arise.
Sunk were at once the winds ; the air above,
And waves below, at once forgot to move :
Some demon calm'd the air and smooth'd the deep,
Hush'd the loud winds, and charm'd the waves to sleep.
Now every sail we furl, each oar we ply ;
Lash'd by the stroke, the frothy waters fly.

* This word may be derived from שׁיר, to sing.

The ductile wax with busy hands I mould,
And cleft in fragments, and the fragments roll'd;
The aërial region now grew warm with day,
The wax dissolved beneath the burning ray;
Then every ear I barr'd against the strain,
And from access of frenzy lock'd the brain. *
Now round the masts my mates the fetters roll'd,
And bound me limb by limb with fold on fold;
Then bending to the stroke, the active train
Plunge all at once their oars, and cleave the main.
While to the shore the rapid vessel flies,
Our swift approach the siren choir descries:
Celestial music warbles from their tongue,
And thus the sweet deluders tune the song:
'Oh, stay, oh pride of Greece! Ulysses, stay!
Oh, cease thy course, and listen to our lay.
Blest is the man ordain'd our voice to hear,
The song instructs the soul, and charms the ear.
Approach! thy soul shall into raptures rise;
Approach! and learn new wisdom from the wise.
We know whate'er the kings of mighty name
Achiev'd at Ilion in the field of fame;
Whate'er beneath the sun's bright journey lies;
Oh, stay, and learn new wisdom from the wise!'
Thus the sweet charmers warbled o'er the main;
My soul takes wing to meet the heavenly strain;
I give the sign, and struggle to be free:
Swift row my mates, and shoot along the sea;
New chains they add, and rapid urge the way,
Till dying off, the distant sounds decay." *

Leaving these "charmers," we approached our men, who were digging at a short distance from the spot which has yielded the first fruits of our labours among these ruins. A portion of a mosaic, apparently of considerable extent, was now cleared. A building, and part of a horse and its rider, besides some fish and birds, executed in a bold style, were visible; but we could form no idea then of the nature of the subject the pave-

* Odyssey, Book xii.

ment represented, on account of the quantity of earth which covered it. It was partly on the declivity of the hill, and supported an accumulation of soil, varying from eight to twenty feet in depth. To remove all this, with the means at my disposal, was a work of many days' duration, so that I was unable to gratify the curiosity of the young Prince in this instance.

The day after, I had the honour to escort his Royal Highness and suite to view the ruins of Udina, or Oudna, the ancient *Uthina*, about three hours' distance from Tunis. The ruins of this town are very extensive, and yet we know nothing of it, except that it is mentioned by Pliny, as a colony,* and Marcello speaks of a bishop of this place. Before reaching it, we passed through a modern deserted town, named Mohammedeah, founded by Ahmed Bey, and totally abandoned by his successor. We had also to traverse the river *Milyana*, the *Catada* of classical writers, at the banks of which, we are told, Regulus slew his monster serpent.

From the heights of Uthina, we obtained a good view of the lofty arches of the majestic aqueduct. Of this town itself, which is purely Roman, we have the remains of a temple, a triumphal arch, a bridge, several public edifices, cisterns, a tier of capacious stables for cavalry and elephants, and of an amphitheatre. It was at Uthina that his Royal Highness became first acquainted with the delights of the Arab kitchen, consisting of a national dish, provided by the sheikh of the district, and to which ample justice was done, and that in a semi-Arab style. The table at the Tunis palace afforded no

* Hist. Nat. lib. v. c. 4.

such delicacies, for the *cuisine* there was under the management of first-class French *artistes*.

Part of the following day was again devoted to the ruins of Carthage, and towards evening (it was Saturday evening) the Prince returned on board the *Euryalus*, where he purposed remaining over Sunday. For cogent reasons, I had to decline the honour of an invitation to sleep on board the frigate; and being a bad sailor, it was fortunate for me that I did so. That very night a terrible gale commenced blowing, which lasted three successive days, during which eleven vessels were driven on shore. This untoward circumstance confined his Royal Highness to his ship, and prevented him from participating in a boar hunt, upon a large and magnificent scale, especially prepared for him by the Bey. The immediate vicinity of Utica was purposely selected as the hunting ground, and tents for the accommodation of the whole party, were actually already pitched amidst the ruins of that city. The object in view in giving the preference to Utica, was to combine instruction with pleasure. Had he not been pressed for time, the Prince would have had a capital opportunity of forming a very correct estimate, not only of the *ton*, but also of the various other grades of Arab life. The arrangements were purposely so contrived as to secure this particular object. The whole project had, however, to be abandoned; and the Prince, having taken leave of his Highness, (and of his ladies too,) sailed on the 15th for Malta. The impression his Royal Highness left upon the minds of the Tunisians of all classes, both native and European, was most favourable indeed.

In this very brief account of his Royal Highness's

visit to the scene of my labours, I have intentionally omitted various interesting details, for the simple reason that they are susceptible of a construction, with reference to the writer, of a very *peculiar nature*, and of which some critics are very liable to take advantage.

The day after the departure of the *Euryalus*, I resumed my regular occupation. On approaching my workmen, Ali Kareema ran to meet me, and, grinning from ear to ear, exclaimed :—

"Master, come and see the good luck the son of your Queen has brought us."

I found that our men had succeeded in clearing nearly half of the chamber at which they had been left working. The lower portion, a distinct panel, measuring twenty-eight feet wide, represented a hunting scene.

"I can understand this," said Ali Kareema, "for here are horses, and men, and animals; but the other one, which we discovered the first day the Prince came here, I certainly do not understand. Who has ever heard of women with wings, and with feet similar to those of the ostrich? That animals, in olden times, could talk, I have always heard, and this every one of us believes; I am therefore not surprised at what you say that the fish are listening to the music: but women with wings and birds' claws! This is wonderful indeed."

The proverb says, "The legs of the lame are not equal." In a moral point of view, the force of it can nowhere find better, or more numerous, illustrations than in Moslem countries. The things these "faithful" could understand were, to me, always far more incomprehensible than those which their dormant capacities could not perceive. But, in the present instance, the belief

to which Kareema gave utterance finds its counterpart, in this enlightened age, in civilized Europe.

In the Palazzo Borghese, at Rome, we have a picture by Paul Veronese, representing "St. Anthony preaching to the Fishes." The painter has in this work transferred an *historical fact* to his canvas, for the sermon itself is printed, and commences in the most affectionate manner, *Cari et amati pesce*, "Dearly beloved fish." The effect of the homily was stupendous; for we are told that, at its conclusion, the fish bowed to the saint, *con gesti di profonda ultima e con reverente sembiante di religione*, "with profound humility and a reverent semblance of religion." The artist evidently endeavoured to exhibit this happy impression of the saint's sermon, as may be seen from the upturned eyes of the fish, their humble posture, and their sanctimonious demeanour.

The subject of the mosaic just discovered is highly interesting. We have here the costume of Carthaginian huntsmen and the trappings of the horses; the kind of animals which were found in the vicinity of the city, and the means employed to secure them in the chase, are all faithfully represented. This tableau, it would seem, is commemorative of an event recorded by Virgil. The reader will, no doubt, remember the poet's glowing description of the splendid hunt the Queen of Carthage prepared for her Trojan guests. Before the arrival of the royal pageant, we are informed, the more sturdy sportsmen were already collected at the gate. Virgil's words are:—

"Oceanum interea surgens Aurora relinquit:
It portis jubare exorto delecta juventus,
Retia rara, plagæ, lato venabula ferro,
Massylique ruunt equites, et odora canum vis." *

* Æn. lib. iv. 130.

Which lines Dryden has thus rendered :—

> "The rosy morn was risen from the main,
> And horns and hounds awake the princely train:
> They issue early through the city gate,
> Where the more wakeful huntsmen ready wait,
> With nets, and toils,* and darts, beside the force
> Of Spartan dogs, and swift Massylian horse."†

The building to the left in this tableau appears to be a "gate," and, for aught we can tell, there may have been another chamber in this edifice, with representations of the more important personages which took part in this *chasse*.

The costumes of the riders are certainly not Roman, but the mosaic itself is of a Roman date. The Phœnicians at the time Carthage was restored must have been so thoroughly Romanized, that it is not very probable that they would have retained the costume of a Punic age. The artist's aim must therefore have been to perpetuate what was either regarded as an historic fact, or what was viewed as a traditional myth. In either case, it must have been a popular subject both among Romans and Phœnicians; and such works of art were well calculated not only to cause party prejudice to vanish, but they had a tendency to cement the union which then subsisted between the descendants of the two nations.

This mosaic was found within the precincts of the Astarte district, and at a very short distance from the site of the temple of the famous goddess herself. Now, bearing in mind the fact, already stated, that chapels of female deities were found near her temple, I may not be far wrong in the conjecture that this mosaic

* *Plagæ*, rendered "toils," is applicable to the lasso.

† Book iv. 182.

appertained to the chapel of Diana. The chamber itself measured forty feet by twenty-eight. Other chambers have existed here, upon tracts of which we have come, whose remains, had they been perfect, might have proved this to a certainty, but our researches have only verified their previous destruction.

We were still occupied in digging at this place when I received an intimation from the Foreign Office to stop the excavations. Mr. Hammond, writing to me by the direction of Lord Malmesbury, says that her Majesty's Government "fully acknowledge the pains that you have taken to turn these researches to the best account; but they do not feel justified in authorizing any further expenditure for that purpose. . . . . Lord Malmesbury, however, gladly avails himself of this opportunity to express to you his thanks for your services, and for the interesting contributions which, through your agency, have been obtained for the British Museum."

Horace said, *Principibus placuisse viris non ultima laus est*, or, in other words, "one who has given satisfaction to the great, merits no small degree of praise." According to this principle, I ought to consider myself most fortunate, for my labours have not only met with the approbation of her Majesty's Government, but all parties connected with them, or interested in them, directly or indirectly, have expressed their unqualified approval of the result.

I at once took the requisite steps to bring the excavations to a close. A number of men were employed to fill up the pits and trenches we had opened in different parts of the peninsula; for I was under obligation to the various proprietors to restore their land in an unmuti-

lated condition, and to give it up in the same state in which it was when I obtained their permission to excavate in it.

Another batch of men I had with me, and these aided me in removing the antiquities discovered since the last shipment. My carpenters were likewise actively engaged in preparing cases and in packing the different objects.

From the nature of the occupation, the Arabs had now a good deal of leisure time, which I employed in continuing a small excavation in the field adjoining the cemetery at Dowar Eshutt—the very field in which we first broke the ground of Carthage. Here we discovered the remains of the temple of Neptune, to which allusion has been made in the chapter entitled, "*The Ports of Carthage.*" At a depth of eighteen feet, we came upon a mosaic pavement, with an elegant design, very similar to what one sees at Pompeii. It was disposed in square panels; and, at intervals of about ten feet, there were inserted tableaus representing marine deities. At the extreme end, beneath a fane upon which were clear traces of fresco paintings, we discovered a plain marble pedestal, about four feet and a half in height, but no traces of a statue. The panels representing Tritons and Nereides were in a direct line with the pedestal. We traced this mosaic, by a narrow trench, to a distance of twenty-five feet, and beyond it we came upon a very rough pavement, which extended thirty-five feet further. The real length of this temple we did not ascertain, not having reached the opposite wall.

The execution of the Tritons and Nereides is very poor indeed, and yet they attracted the special attention of the princes and nobles of Tunis. Carriages were

daily driving up whose occupants begged to be permitted to see the marvellous *tasweeraat*, "paintings." Some actually came twice, or three times, a week to gratify their curiosity.

That these representations belong to a Pagan period of Carthage will be readily admitted; and that they do not manifest a high state of art is very apparent: yet they convey a proof of the decline even of that low state of art, since it is evident that the damaged portion of one of the figures had to be restored by a clumsy imitation of the design, thus showing that the artist was incapable of handling the simplest portions of the figures themselves. The reader may either see these marine deities at the British Museum, or else wait for our "Carthaginian Remains illustrated."

CHAPTER XXV.

RAMBLES OVER RUINED CITIES.

My work at Carthage was now completed, but I felt reluctant to leave this country without visiting the western district of the Regency, of whose numerous remains I had, at different times, received such conflicting reports. The American consul had long expressed a desire to accompany me whenever I should determine to carry my contemplated tour into execution. The time being now favourable, we procured the necessary escort and *amra* (an order for the supply of provisions and lodgings) from the local government, to the various governors through whose districts we were to pass, and made all the other indispensable arrangements for our trip to the far-famed lion district. Before starting, our party was strengthened by the addition of an English officer, who had a peculiar propensity for Nimrodian exploits, and by Mr. Henry Ferriere, the son of the late British vice-consul, to whose artistic taste I am indebted for several illustrations. Our escort consisted of an American dragoman, the son of "The Moslem Antiquarian," naturally dull, and now peculiarly stupified by the fast enjoined by the Prophet; two mounted police, one of whom, named Othmaan, turned out to be a mere drone and a useless appendage, and the other, Salach, very

obliging, and in stature a perfect Hercules. Besides these, we had with us three Maltese, and, before our journey was completed, we were favoured by two more mounted police. Our party, therefore, consisted in all of twelve individuals.

In these latitudes, the month of April is a most charming season of the year, and the morning of the 14th, on which we fixed for our departure, was truly lovely. We soon left the "verdant" city of Tunis behind us, galloped past the Bardo, the residence of the reigning prince, traversed the plain of Manouba, and leaving its beautiful gardens and whitewashed country houses to our right, we ascended the hills, from the summit of which the prospect is truly grand. The sea, the peninsula of Carthage, with the modern town and villages built on it, the lake of Tunis, the rugged grey lead mountains with the "double-peaked" Hammam Eleuf, Goletta, and the shipping in its vicinity, a portion of Tunis and the forts on its heights, could all be embraced in one view, whilst to our right, in the distance, loomed the sombre and stately mount Zoghwaan.

One turns with regret from such a landscape, every object in which is a separate study for the artist.

Winding now our way down the hills, we came into a most extensive plain, in which is situated one of the country residences of the late Mohammed Bey, and not far from it, to the right, we have the famous Marabout Sidy Ali Elkhattab. This saint was a poor wood-cutter, as his name indicates, "but it pleased Allah," said our simple and fasting dragoman, "to raise him from a most humble condition to the dignity which he now enjoys in heaven and in earth." Of his merits no one appears to know anything, save that the enlightened prime minister

added, within the last few years, considerable property towards the endowment, and maintenance, of those who subsist upon "the wood-cutter's" reputation.

In something less than five hours from the time we started, we reached Burj Elaameri, a kind of caravansary, where, after some slight altercation, we induced the proprietor to provide us with coffee. He appeared to hesitate as to the propriety of providing us with refreshment during the holy fast of the month Ramdhaan. But upon reflection, the "true believer" consented to comply with our request. He no doubt came to this decision on observing our quadrupeds enjoying their barley, and from this circumstance reasoned thus:—since it is not considered sinful during this holy month to feed a horse or an ass, the faithful follower of the prophet of Mecca concluded that it could neither be sinful to satisfy the craving appetite of his "infidel" guests, between whom he, and his co-religionists generally, can see no very great distinction.

We halted at Elaameri about an hour. From here there are two roads to Mezaaz Elbaab; the one to the right has several very difficult passes, but is shorter, and presents some objects of antiquity as well as some very bold scenery. The other leads through the plain, and is free from all obstacles. We preferred the former, and after travelling an hour and a half, we came to a spot called *Sbabeel*, "the watering places," thus named from several ancient circular fountains which appear to filter their contents into wells built near them. The cattle drink from the fountains, whilst the Arabs supply themselves for their own use from the wells, the water of which is much clearer.

At these fountains, we met several good-natured Arabs,

who told us that the district was called Bar Elwaati; and one of them, turning to the Maltese, exclaimed, "O! *Maaltee,* this was originally your country! your progenitors were driven from it and became Nazarenes: your ancient creed was the creed of Islaam." The parties thus addressed seemed far from considering it a compliment, but they took it good-naturedly, and all laughed heartily.

Eight miles further brought us to Kareesh Elwaad, situated very picturesquely on the right bank of the Majerda, and occupying the site of an ancient town. Massive square blocks of stone, fragments of columns, and remains of ponderous walls, are still seen on the hill this side of the village.

Cries of extreme distress suddenly attracted our attention, and, on reaching the spot, we found a poor fellow on horseback struggling in the river. His horse had evidently come upon a quicksand, from which it made unsuccessful efforts to extricate itself. The impetuous waters contributed considerably to the difficulty under which the poor animal was labouring. The horse fell, and when relieved from his heavy burden, as well as the weight of the rider (who made his way to the bank with perfect ease), had no difficulty in saving himself. The rider turned out to be a poor fellow who had kept near us, for his own protection, during the greater portion of the day.

We now made our way to our night quarters at Mezaaz Elbaab, which is only four miles from the last village.

This small and dilapidated town is built a couple of hundred yards from the river, and derives its name from the remains of a Roman gate which possesses no peculiar

architectural beauty. On the key-stone of the arch, on both sides, we have *alto relievo* busts so defaced that they have more the appearance of roughly executed Malta crosses. At the base, the Arabs point out a *damoos,* a cistern, but which appears to have been a bridge across a ditch, which in all probability surrounded the town. Crossing the beautiful stone bridge, constructed of the old materials, and turning a little way to the right, we obtain a beautiful view of Mezaaz Elbaab, and of the only standing relic of antiquity. Near this spot, there is a large stone, from which I copied this inscription—

INIPRIX . . . . AOI . . . . . ICIV . . .
ORATO F . CAI . O SP . RAN . IO . . MIN . .

On another stone, which now forms a seat before one of the best houses in the town, we have a long inscription, portions of which are so defaced that I had to abandon the idea of copying them. The following I have been able to decipher—

. . IVISAC PROPITIIS . D . D . D .
. . IA . OVALENTINIANO THEODOS . .
. . INVICTISSIMI . . PRINCIPIBVS
. . CIEX . MORE . ONDI . . . . .
. . . . . VA . MAIRAI . . . . .
. . . . . NTPIMODA . IOD . . . .
. . . V . . PROCONS . FINVNC . . .
. . . . . MHIANOV . . . . . .

Our accommodation at this place was wretched, the allowance of food was scanty, but the nuisance from vermin plentiful. Mr. Nicholson, the American consul, paced the limited floor nearly the whole night, seeking consolation in a mental game of chess and in the fumes of Latakeah. Early in the morning, he gave us the

benefit of his restlessness by rousing us, much against our inclination.

A very officious, but kind-hearted, deaf and dumb citizen volunteered to act as cicerone during my rambles through the town. His pantomimes were so intelligible that I had no difficulty in comprehending every idea he wished to convey. He informed me of a stone which had an inscription, exquisitely executed, and which pointed out the locality of the treasures which the ancients secreted when expelled by the force of Moslem arms. This stone, he said, was removed, some years ago, by some Christian traveller. He continued to supply me with a variety of similar information, when one of his countrymen joined us, and very adroitly gave the poor fellow to understand that he was acting most culpably by telling me all that the town contained; that the object I had in view was to collect all sorts of intelligence, which I would communicate to the "infidel world;" and that, in the course of time, our hostile armies would expel the "faithful" from their rightful possessions. The poor man was so intimidated by this bigot, that all my efforts to persuade him to disregard these foolish remarks proved ineffectual. He literally ran from me and kept out of my way.

Our Arab visitors talked a good deal about the game found in this part of the country, of which, however, we saw but little. One of them, speaking of the extraordinary strength of the lion, observed, "How marvellous it is that that monster should possess sufficient power to carry off a bull, or a camel, and yet be unable to lift a sheep!"

"But is it so?" I asked.

"Most assuredly," the man replied; "and this is the result of his self-reliance. 'I can do all things,' the haughty brute said, 'without the aid of God.' The Omnipotent One replied, 'I shall humble your pride by showing you that you are not even able to carry off a weak lamb.' The lion made the attempt, but failed; and this weak animal has ever since defied the might of the infidel monster."

It was eight A.M. before we started from Mezaaz Elbaab, and in an hour's time we reached the remains of a very extensive old city, called by the Arabs Shahood Elbaatel, "the false witnesses,"—perhaps the *Hidibelensia* of the ancients. Here we have still the remains of large public structures, but there is nothing about it to justify any conjecture. Huge masses of stone, and numerous friezes and other ornaments, lie about in every direction.

Eight miles from this brought us to the banks of the Majerda, where we experienced great difficulties in fording its rapid waters and treacherous bed of quicksands. There is no absolute danger so long as the animal is in motion, but so soon as he halts there is a risk of life both to the horse and his rider. An hour was lost before we reached the opposite bank, where we halted for breakfast.

The locality was lovely. Before us we had the charming little village of Eslogeah, with its neatly whitewashed mosque, crowning a height and overlooking the river; and the hills, which in this vicinity begin to rise to a considerable elevation, are covered with wild trees. The river too is fringed with the oleander, the willow, and numerous kinds of shrubs, whilst the waving green corn formed a most agreeable foreground.

Eslogeah has some slight Roman remains. On the declivity of the hill on which it is situated, and in the direction of the Majerda, there is a square tower which it seems was intended to ornament a mosque, but which was never completed. Its base, to the height of about seven feet, is built of ancient materials, and the remainder is of bricks.

Portions of the road from this to Testoor are in a very high state of cultivation. The olive groves present the appearance of parks. More attention has evidently been paid to the trees, for they are loftier and more symmetrical than those I have hitherto seen in this regency. The distance between Eslogeah and Testoor is only about six miles.

Our order from the Tunisian authorities being directed to the governor of Kef, we experienced some difficulty in obtaining supplies from the officials of the intervening towns. We had some troubles at Mezaaz Elbaab, but they were nothing compared to the ordeal we had to undergo here. The lieutenant-governor was a fine-looking, venerable old man, with a most benevolent expression of countenance, but he possessed an extraordinary amount of obstinacy, of which, it is surprising, there was no external indication. Whilst expressing his readiness to serve us, he literally refused everything we asked for. A wretched hovel in which I would reluctantly have placed my horse for the night, was the only shelter he offered us, and yet the town possessed some very good houses. Finding that gentleness was only wasted upon him, we were compelled to have recourse to threats. He now took us to another house, from which he proposed to eject the tenants for our

accommodation; but, on discovering that the poor inmates were Jews, we declined his offer, and told him that we were the guests of Moslems, to whom the country belonged, and not of Jews, who were strangers here like ourselves. We expected hospitality from the masters of the country, and not from those who sojourned among them upon sufferance. Our escort left all the quarrelling to us, and we were at last compelled to give in to the obstinacy of the head official of the place, and to the entreaties of the Jews themselves. Indeed, there appeared no other alternative, but either to accept these quarters, or else sleep in the open air. We made a virtue of necessity, but insisted upon dividing the house with the Jews, to which there was no objection.

Travellers should avoid visiting Moslem countries during the month of Ramdhaan. The "true believers" have naturally no great predilection for Nazarenes. They are taught, from their very infancy, to despise us, and it is only the force of peculiar circumstances which compels them to tolerate us. Their antipathy towards "infidels" is no doubt vastly increased by being obliged, by their rulers, to provide us with the food of which it is considered sinful to partake during the prescribed hours of this "holy" month. Every drop of water with which they supply you to quench your thirst, and every morsel of food to which they help you to recruit your spirits, tend only to bring forcibly to their mind the grand religious distinction which exists between us. According to their idea, we are hateful to God, and hence also hateful in the eyes of *Abaad Allah*, "the servants of God."

The city of Testoor, the ancient *Colonia Bisica*

Lucana, contains scarcely any remains of antiquity in the shape of standing structures. On the post of a house there is a stone, about five feet in length, on which there is this sepulchral inscription—

RVBRICVS RO
GATVS BEIA
LITANVS . SA
CER . CA . . VIX
. . AN. . . . XX
. .CSIT . EST .

Not far from this spot, there is another stone of the same kind, from which I was only able to copy these words—

DIIS MANIB . SACR.

Near the principal mosque, and within the place assigned to the "faithful" to perform their lustrations and ablutions, prior to their devotions within the sacred edifice, there is a large column which appears to have contained a long inscription. It is now so defaced that it is impossible to decipher any portion of it, with the exception of these numerals, LXIX.

Before a large house there are three contiguous stones, so placed as to serve as a seat; the middle one bears these remains of an inscription—

. . . BICIVIVMSVOR . . . . .
. . . ATVISMARMOREISÑSEXSET .
. . . ETOMEMMIORVFOFORTV . .
. . . RVNT . AD QVORVM REMVN .
. . . RI . FORVMET CAECILIA .

Testoor is situated on an eminence close to the Majerda, and is surrounded by hills. It appears to have been built by Andalusian Moors—at any rate, whatever now remains of the town, certainly belongs to the archi-

tecture of the Moslem fugitives who escaped the zeal of the most Catholic Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain. The inhabitants are particularly, and justly, proud of their mosque, which is an elegant specimen of the architectural skill of the Moors of that period. The town, which has a population of about four thousand souls, is laid out with regularity and order, and the houses have gable roofs, covered with the large "grasping tiles," similar to those of the Alhambra. "At one period," an aged citizen told me, "Testoor was one of the most flourishing towns in the regency; but the *baatel* (injustice) of Beneyad has been the cause of its present degraded condition." Beneyad was Ahmed Bey's treasurer and monopolist, who had his agents throughout the country, whose particular business it was to involve the people in charges for contraband, for which heavy fines were imposed. Hides, and tobacco, and gunpowder—contraband articles—were secretly deposited in the premises of some wealthy individual. These articles were, of course, easily found. The owner of the house was at once dragged off to a dungeon, from which he was only liberated when he had parted with the last farthing in his possession. Rich families were thus reduced to a state of beggary, and not a few lost, with their property, their lives also.

It was only during the mild, but brief reign of Mohammed Bey that the poor and oppressed people of Testoor, and of other places, were enabled to recover themselves from the slavery in which the diabolic monopolist had held them for years.

At seven in the morning, we took leave of our Jewish host, and directed our course towards Tunga, the ancient *Thignica*. We crossed the *Silyana* not far from

C. Jeens sc.

RUINS OF DUNGA, OR TUNGA.

LONDON: BELLAIRE, BENTLEY 18[illegible]

Testoor, and found but little water in it. This river, which is perhaps the *Muthul* mentioned by Sallust and others, empties itself, in this vicinity, into the Majerda.

Tunga is only four miles from Testoor. It appears to have been a town of considerable importance. The object which first presents itself to our view on account of its magnitude is the fort, which measures 414 feet by 357 feet. It has several towers, and is built of the materials of the more ancient town. The square inside is full of prickly pear-trees, so that it is with difficulty that one is able to traverse it. Besides this obstacle, there are also piles of large square stones, intermixed with capitals, cornices, and columns, thrown together in the greatest confusion. On two stones in the middle of the square, I found these inscriptions—

. . . SSIMOSAECVLO D . D . D . N . N . N .
. . . IHOLITORIINDVLTAPA . . . . .
. . . CIPIT HI . NICENSIS PROCON . .

CONST . NTINIMAXIM . . . . . .
NIA . . VNDAMENTISET . . . . . .
VLATVDOMITI . ENO F . LIC . . . . . .

In the south-east corner of the wall, and about fifty feet from the ground, we find the following—

. . RO PIO FELICE AVGV PONT MAX . . . .
. . CIPIUM SEPTIMIVM AVRELIVM A . . . .
. . VITITEMOVI DEDICAVIT

But by far the most attractive object is decidedly the ruin of a prostyle temple of the Corinthian order. Its portico was supported by six columns, four in front, and two lateral. The columns measure upwards of three feet in diameter. To the left of the portico, we

discovered a fragment of the inscription which ornamented the façade. It is in large letters—

MAXIM . . . . . .
BIICAMVNIC . . . .

Not far from it we found this inscription—

. . . . . XTRIB . POT . . .
. . . . HONOREMELAMO . . .
. . . OMNI . IOVE CVLTVEX . .

From this temple, which was most likely dedicated to Jupiter, we have a very magnificent prospect. Tunga is situated on an elevated ground, and within an amphitheatre of hills. From the heights beyond the temple, the view is more extensive, comprising Testoor and the lofty mountain of Zoghwaan, whilst the course of the *Majerda*, and of the *Silyana*, can be traced in the distance, bounded on one side by the lovely hills of *Afregeah*, and on the other by the gentle heights of the range we have just traversed.

Besides the remains we have named, *Thignica* has a theatre, of which the shell (measuring two hundred and fifty feet across) alone is preserved; a smaller temple, and traces of numerous other buildings are found within its circumference of about three miles.

We halted near a spring on the road, close to which Mr. F. took the accompanying sketch, and were soon surrounded by a number of Arabs who live in the vicinity. One of them, who had evidently observed me copying some inscriptions, approached me, and said,—

"Now you think you have seen all the *khajaar maktoob*, stones with inscriptions; I tell you you have not, for I can show you many more: and one of them, the

most important of all, is close to where you now are, and notwithstanding you have your *book* in your hand, you know nothing about it. The stone I speak of is very valuable, inasmuch as it tells everything about this old town. Now, follow me, and I shall show it to you."

I obeyed. Only a few yards from where we sat, under the shade of a silver beech, near the spring, was the stone from which I copied—

DIVISIVERIPIINEPMAVRELLIO
NATVSETPATRIAEMACEILVMVEIVSIA
VMINIMAIES ; TATIOVEEORVMPEC . .

Whilst I was engaged transcribing this inscription, the loquacious Arab observed to his fellow-countrymen, who were looking on,—"You see I know a good deal about these things, having been a drummer in the Bey's army." In my simplicity, I could see no connexion between a drummer and an archæologist, except that certain archæologists often endeavour to drum things into our heads which are opposed to reason and common sense; but the Arabs perceived no difficulty in the drummer's remark, and apparently regarded him as well versed in all that relates to antiquities.

Travelling about eight or nine miles further brought us to the ford of the Waad Challaad—the scene of the depredations of the Oulaad Arfa, an offshoot of the Druid tribe, a band of lawless assassins, whose deeds of blood and murder were cut short by Ahmed, the late Bey's predecessor. That prince, with a view to check the daring exploits of those murderers, resolved to execute, indiscriminately and without any trial, every one of them who should be brought before him, accused either of theft, highway robbery, or murder. The effect of this severe

sentence was, that after the execution of some twelve, or fourteen, of the band, the passes, which yielded them such enormous revenues, were abandoned by them. They were forced to turn their attention to industrial pursuits, and the traveller is now at liberty to proceed on his journey unmolested. The monuments of their fearful deeds alone remain. In descending a ravine near the river *Challaad,* one of our men called out to me, "Look here, at this mound of stones to your right, the traces of a diabolic murder of the Oulaad Arfa. Eight of us were on our way from Tubursuk, and, when at the bottom of the ravine, we heard fearful screams of murder; we rushed forward, and when we reached the summit, we found, at the very spot now marked by these stones, a fine-looking young fellow on the ground, on the point of death. His throat was cut from ear to ear. On our approach, the assassins fled, and it was vain for us to attempt to pursue them among these intricate and dangerous ravines, known to them alone." Several other mounds and trees, covered with rags, only too distinctly proclaimed the same truth.

The scenery about here is wild; but just before approaching the rivulet, which winds its course in majestic solitude amidst hills and dales, we came upon a lovely valley, called *Bachairet Essayoda,* "the lion's valley," which Sir Grenville Temple justly characterises as the very scene adapted for the *paysage* of one of Vernet's pictures of a cavalry *bivouac.* Four evenings before he passed this spot, the kaid, or caid, of Tubursuk told him sixteen lions had been seen here together!

There was but little water in the Challaad when we crossed it; but in winter, when swelled by the heavy

rains, travellers are compelled to make lengthened detours, since it is too dangerous to attempt fording it, on account of its additional depth and increased velocity. At no great distance from the Challaad, just where its banks are very steep, another of our party informed me, that on passing this way, some six or seven years ago, he found four men murdered on the spot.

As we advance towards Tubursuk, the beauty of the scenery, whether artificial (of which there is, however, but little) or natural, increases at every step. The hills and dales, the ravines and valleys, through which we wind our way, are constantly so varying, and are at all times so admirable, that we forget the toil and fatigue of the journey, and find ourselves entertained by an ever-changing and always charming succession of landscapes.

Tubursuk, as seen from the plain, is situated on the brow of a hill. A vast olive plantation separated it from us; and, to avoid the circuitous approach to it, our men led us through this plantation, instead of following the beaten track. But, close to the town, we were brought to a stand, by an impassable barrier of rocks. The party was therefore compelled to retrace their steps, whilst I worked my way into the town on foot.

The town was hid from me by a hillock, and my party could not be seen, on account of the dense olive-grove; so that the Arabs, whom I encountered, believed that I had arrived by myself on foot. One of them addressed me,—

"Where do you come from?"

"From Tunis," I answered.

"And did you come through the dreaded valley of *Challaad* and *Bachairet Essayada?*"

"I did."

"Have you no weapons?"

"None, as you see."

"What is your object in coming so far?"

"To see the *Cherbaat Ejohala*, pagan ruins, and the *Chajar Maktoob*, stones with inscriptions."

"Did you actually come such a distance for such a purpose?"

"Most assuredly."

"Well, you Nazarenes are a strange people; these things are ever before us, and we scarcely ever look at them; and if we even do, we are perfectly careless about them. By the head of the Prophet! this is more than we can understand. What we consider of the utmost importance, you are perfectly careless about; and what we regard with indifference, you set a high value upon. Verily, in this world, everything is *makloob*, distorted. Do those stones, then," he continued, "point out to you the treasures the *Johala*, Pagans, have hid?"

"Our object," I replied, "is not to look for treasures, as you imagine; we do not take all things for granted, as you Arabs do. We test everything which relates to the past: and the inscriptions on these stones either tend to confirm what historians have recorded, or they correct the mistakes which they may have handed down to us."

We were now in the middle of the town, followed by a dense crowd, and sometimes actually hemmed in by them, so that our progress through the narrow and ruined streets was greatly impeded. Curses from the "faithful" were unsparingly heaped upon my head, to which I listened with indifference. "The fire is kindled for you!" "Oh, you unbelieving son of hell!" "Despiser of the Prophet, doomed to eternal fire!" "Filth of the

earth, your haughtiness will soon be brought low!" and a host of similar charitable expressions were constantly assailing my ears, to which I paid no attention. But one fellow, whom we met, bearing a pitcher of water on his shoulder, coolly turned to my guide, and said to him, "Are you not ashamed to lead this dog of an infidel about our town, showing him what he will not fail to use to our injury, if not to our ruin? Leave the accursed infidel to himself! May Heaven's malediction descend upon the father of his grandfather! Leave him, I say, and be not contaminated with such unclean, such despicable haters of the Prophet."

I was in a mood peculiarly suitable to test my patience and forbearance, but this, too, had its bounds. I rushed upon the fellow (who hitherto appeared to be under the impression that I was ignorant of the language of the country), grasped hold of him, and insisted upon his accompanying me to the lieutenant-governor. The crowd seemed thoroughly amazed at my daring, and perfectly astonished when they heard me express myself with fluency in the vernacular tongue. A number of Arabs pressed around me and the wretch, of whom I had a firm hold, some entreating me to pardon him, whilst others endeavoured to rescue their co-religionist by force. At this juncture, one of our escort, the Hercules Salach, arrived to inform me that my companions were at the house the lieutenant-governor had assigned us. I ordered him to conduct the fanatic to the judge, informing him, at the same time, of the treatment I had experienced. A whole host now approached, vociferating to such an extent that I made a most determined, but vain, effort to escape the discordant sounds which assailed me.

"Pardon him! pardon him!" cried a thousand tongues, not one of which attempted to utter a syllable to check the abusive and insolent language of the fellow, who now stood trembling from fear. I pardoned him, and was extolled for my forgiving disposition. Every one was now loud in my praise.

Having finished this business, I proceeded in search of the few remains this place contains, and was accompanied by nearly a hundred of the idle population, every one of whom now manifested an ardent desire to act as my guide. On the way, an aged man came near me, and said, "You have shown that you are indeed a good man, by having forgiven that fellow, and thus saved him from, at least, five hundred bastinadoes."

"I have only done my duty," I rejoined, "for we Christians are taught to forgive injuries; whereas your creed appears to inculcate the infliction of them. You take for granted (without ever examining the evidences upon which it is based) that yours is *the only true religion*, and hate and despise every one who differs from you. Surely the Almighty knows which religion is most acceptable to Him, and there can only be one, the true religion, with which He can be pleased, and yet He is benevolent and merciful to all. He showers down blessings upon Moslems, Pagans, Jews, and Christians. Now, it appears to me, that those whose acts resemble, or approximate, those of the Deity, must be more acceptable to Him than those who breathe only hatred and vengeance."

"*Ma andi ma n'kool*, I have nothing to say against this remark," he replied; "and *inshallah*, please God, we shall have no similar occurrence."

They conducted me to the little streams caused by the surplus waters of the Raas Elâin (source of the fountain), of which the people are very proud, and to whose excellence every traveller will readily testify. Here, at the back of an oil-mill, I found the remains of an arch, filled up with large stones, so as to form one solid wall of the mill. From those stones I copied the following :—

SALVIS DOMINIS NOSTRIS XIANISSIMIS
ET INVICTISSIMIS IMPERATORIBVS
IVSTINIO ET SOFIA AVGVSTIS HANC MUNITIONEM
TOMASE . CELLENTISSIMVS PRÆFECTVS FELICITER ÆDIFICAVIT

This inscription brings forcibly to our mind the period when Christianity flourished in North Africa, and with it one of those tragical incidents with which the Diocletian persecution is so replete. Galerius, one of the four among whom the Roman empire was divided at the end of the third century, urged Diocletian, who had raised him to the dignity, to issue most severe edicts against the professors of Christianity. Magistrates were ordered to force Christians, without distinction of station, age, or sex, to deliver up the sacred books and to sacrifice to the gods. Lactantius informs us of the cruelties perpetrated against those who refused to comply with the imperial mandate. Church historians name one case which occurred at Tubursuk, anciently called Thibursicumbure, or, abridged, Thiburia. A person of the name Felix was requested to deliver up the Scriptures. He boldly confessed that he possessed them, but declined handing them over to the government officials. Sentence of death was passed upon him for his obduracy, and, when he heard his doom pronounced, he exclaimed,—

"I thank thee, O God! that I have lived fifty-six years, have kept my virginity, have preserved the gospel, and have preached faith and truth. O, my Lord Jesus Christ! the God of heaven and earth, I bow my head to be sacrificed to Thee, who livest to all eternity." He was then beheaded.

Thus died one of the martyrs of Thiburia.

To the right of this inscription, and at a little distance from it, we have the following:—

. . . . ELISIVERIAL . . ANDRIPII
. . . . MO . SENATVS ET PATRIÆ
. . . . PLCATA PECVNIA FECIT
. . . . DECVRIONIB . ET POPVLO

And, on a stone in one of the walls of a private house, are these letters:—

. . S . PROCSI . . . . . .
. . . V . M . PVBLI . . . . . .

Tubursuk is now partly in ruins. Formerly, or rather a few years ago, it numbered 350 houses. At present, I doubt whether there are more than 150 which are inhabited. In the town are the remains of two large edifices of solid construction, but whose nature and character we have no data to define. These tower majestically above the paltry ruins of the modern town, and appear to proclaim most intelligibly the superiority of genius and intellect of the former occupants of this country. Indeed, the very stones of the Punic* and Roman city, which form component parts of the walls of the present dwellings of the inhabitants, appear to put their modern

* The similarity of the name *Thiburia* to *Tabaria*, or Tiberius, in Syria, sufficiently indicates the people who originally founded this city. No doubt, research would bring some Punic remains to light here.

architecture to the blush. If this town were abandoned for a single century, not a vestige of Moslem architecture would survive, whilst the masonry, masses of stones, broken capitals, and columns of the ancients, would alone continue to mark the site of Tubursuk.

Messrs. Baxendale and Nicholson ascended the summit of the rocky eminence, which is crowned by a paltry building, dedicated to Sidy Sharara. From here the view is extensive. The town built on the brow of a hill, the vast olive plantations, and magnificent plain, are all comprised within it. At the foot of this rocky eminence are the quarries from which the ancients obtained the materials for building Thiburia. Near the quarries and on the hillock, which at first hid the town from my view, Mr. Ferriere selected a site for a very correct sketch of the town.

The hillock was soon crowded by the inquisitive populace, and every one manifested the greatest anxiety to obtain a peep at the artist's production. Threats were in vain, so that at last one of our sulky, and otherwise useless, guards, exclaimed, "Oh, Moslems, withdraw! By the head of the Prophet, I bid you retire! He who loves the Prophet will hearken, and leave these strangers to themselves." This lecture had the desired effect. The party squatted down on the grass, and we were relieved from their importunities.

At Testoor we had to fight for everything: here, on the contrary, whatever we asked for was cheerfully granted. We were lodged in a large house, partly, of course, in ruins, which belonged to one who was, a few years ago, a governor, and a most wealthy citizen. Benayad has ruined him too, so that he is now reduced

to beggary and his children to a state of starvation. We only occupied one room, built in the form of a cross without the base. It had a dingy and dismal aspect, not having been whitewashed for some years, and lighted only by a couple of rushlights. The side recesses, which converted the ground-plan from the form of a cross into an oblong square, had the appearance of a couple of dungeons. The whole looked like a ruined palace of the Inquisition. We lay, indeed, stretched on the floor, but it was optional on our part, for we did so on mattresses provided for us; and, though bones were actually broken, they were only bones of chickens (not over tender, it is true), which constituted an integral portion of our ample supper. The sbirri, and other diabolical agents of that "holy office," were represented by a number of Arabs, but who were ever ready to obey our commands.

Still, the gloomy aspect of the chamber had an air of the awful and the marvellous about it; we seemed to be in the very abode and atmosphere of what is vulgarly called ghosts. No wonder, then, that even the bravest amongst us,—the very one who travelled thousands of miles with the intention of bearding the lion in his own den—upon whom the cloak of Nimrod himself appeared to have descended—whose daring and courage can consequently not be doubted,—should have indulged in entertaining us with one of those incidents which have frightened, and will continue to frighten, little children and unreflecting adults.

"A gentleman," he related, "took a fancy to a certain elegant villa in a charming part of one of the loveliest counties in England. On inquiring about the rent, it seemed to him so extraordinarily low that he objected

to take it, suspecting that there must be something radically wrong in the building. The proprietor assured him that there was nothing of the kind, but informed him that the objection in the neighbourhood to the villa was, that it had the reputation of being haunted. He laughed at the vulgar superstition, and at once accepted the terms and moved into the cottage. He was not very long in it before his domestics informed him of strange noises which they had repeatedly heard in the night. They had distinctly listened to the opening of a door, and heard the steps of a man ascending the stairs. Another door was then opened, water was poured out, and the sound of washing of hands was unmistakeably audible. After a short time, the window was opened, and the water thrown out; the window was then closed, and, shortly after, steps were again heard descending, and the house-door opened and closed. This, the servants declared, they had severally and collectively witnessed numerous times. The gentleman could not gainsay their statements, for himself and his wife had, at different times, listened to the same unaccountable proceedings. On one occasion particularly, on the arrival of the ghost at the house-door, several persons went out to meet him. He ascended, as usual, the staircase, went through his regular ablutions and departed, as was his custom. But though they followed him, their ears alone were convinced of the presence of some being. They could see nothing, notwithstanding every one of the party was provided with a light. These nocturnal visits were continued so regularly, that the gentleman was finally compelled to abandon the villa for the simple reason that no servant would stay with him."

Here is a poser! We may laugh at the credulity of those who are frightened of ghosts, and at mysterious sounds; but how are we to account for them? I remember having heard that, at Petersville, in the county of Meath, the sound of Colonel Tucker's footsteps periodically terrified, and, perhaps, still terrify, the present inmates, although the veteran, to whom the property belonged, has departed this life many years ago.

The only rational explanation of these phenomena was adduced by our fellow-traveller, the American consul. According to him, apertures in the ground, or subterranean cavities, forming natural tubes, often act as conductors of sound, so that what may be done in one house, at a distance, will appear audible in another. He remembered, in an hotel in his State (Delaware), the sound of the trampling of horses in a stable, which was situated some 600 feet off, was heard as distinctly as if the horses had occupied the chambers of the hotel. Many ghost stories and mysterious rappings can, no doubt, be explained upon the same principle.

We were not, as I have said, in the hands of the brethren of the "*holy office*," nor had our mysterious hall any connexion with the *holy* Inquisition; but we were, notwithstanding, tortured all night, and sought in vain for refreshing repose. It appears our quarters were usually occupied by a numerous family of Arabs, who were expelled to make room for us; but, with their departure, the filthy drones neglected to carry off their fertile colony of vermin of all descriptions. We were left to their mercy, which is nearly akin to the mercy which reigns in the breasts of the brotherhood founded by the famous Ignatius Loyola.

C. Jeens sc.

RUINS OF DUGGA & REMAINS OF PUNIC MAUSOLEUM.

LONDON RICHARD BENTLEY 1861

Three miles to the south by west of Tubursuk is Duggah, for which place we started early the following morning. This is the Τούκκα or Thugga of Ptolemy, and from its vast remains it is apparent that it was a very large city, and from the nature of its materials we may conclude that it must have been once both flourishing and opulent. The Arabs, it will be observed, have retained the ancient name with but very slight alteration; but they have certainly not inherited the ingenuity of their predecessors. The contrast between the miserable, wretched, and filthy hovels in which they live, compared with the extant remains of the magnificent edifices of the Thuggans, is the same as to compare the height of civilization with the most degraded savage existence. These poor people were, however, very civil to us; and I doubt not, but that, under an enlightened and equitable government, they even might be raised from their low and degraded condition.

Duggah is situated on an eminence, and the edifice, which is seen from a distance, and is the most attractive when one approaches the ruins, is decidedly the temple which crowns its summit. It is of the Corinthian order, and its portico is supported by six highly-finished columns, two in front and two lateral, whose shafts, measuring upwards of thirty feet in height, are fluted monoliths, and eleven feet in circumference. The pediment was ornamented with an *alto-relievo*, but is so defaced now that we could not decide whether it represented an eagle or a lion: indeed, one of our party was under the impression that it was a winged lion. I am, however, inclined to believe that

it was intended for an eagle. Bruce, who visited this place, states that it represented the apotheosis of Trajan, to whom, according to that eminent traveller, the temple was erected by Hadrian. It was, no doubt, less defaced in his time, and he was, therefore, in a condition to come to a more correct conclusion. If, however, from the present remains, I am right in tracing a lion on this pediment, then Sir Grenville Temple is undoubtedly correct in stating that it represented the rape of Ganymede. In his time there was, moreover, an inscription on the entablature, which commenced with "JOVI OPTIMO," and this certainly confirms his opinion as to the character of this *alto-relievo*.

Over the gate of the *cella*, we read—

L MARCIVS SIMPLEX ET M . . .
CIVS SIMPLEX REQILLIANVS S.P.P .

The remains of this temple stand forth preeminently as monuments of the exquisite taste of the former inhabitants of Duggah. Their beautiful proportions, and highly-finished execution, are so striking that they call forth the admiration of every one who beholds them. But there are ruins here which to me had a far greater attraction. They are not so imposing, nor is their locality so prominent, but the architecture and their whole character carry you back to the period prior to the Roman conquest—they belong to Phœnician Carthage.

I allude to the ruins of a mausoleum situated to the south of the modern village, and in the midst of an olive plantation, just at the base of the eminence on which the temple stands. Sir Grenville Temple saw it in 1838, and describes it thus:—"It measures at present forty-

one feet in height, but was originally much loftier, and at the base it is twenty-eight feet seven inches square. It consists of two stories and part of a third, the lower of which contains four double rooms, or receptacles for the bodies, and has two entrances, one on the north, the other on the east, which were closed by a sort of portcullis or stone working up and down in a groove. The second story has two rooms, and one entrance closed in the same manner as the lower ones; and above this, rose either a dome or a pyramidal succession of steps, crowned by a statue or some other ornament. On the eastern face are two inscriptions, the one in Punic and the other" in Numidian. . . . "The exterior of this monument is decorated with fluted Ionic pilasters. . . . The form and proportions of this mausoleum, and the beauty of the *locale* render it a very beautiful subject for the pencil of an artist."*

The present condition of this structure, whose massive stones and peculiar ornaments at once indicate an Oriental origin, differs greatly from this description. Our sketch shows the fearful wreck it has suffered since the period when Sir Grenville Temple saw it, and this not through the malice of Goths or Vandals, nor through the fanaticism of Moslem iconoclasts, but through the avarice of Europeans, solely actuated by pecuniary considerations. In order to secure the bilingual inscription, and to dispose of it to the British Museum, the greater portion of the mausoleum was barbarously pulled to pieces, and reduced to the present shapeless heap of ruins! But the crime (for a crime it was) met with its due reward. The Museum at first

* "Excursion in the Mediterranean," vol. ii. p. 72.

offered, I believe, 1,000*l.* or 1,500*l.* for it, which sum was indignantly refused. Various vicissitudes, however, to which antiquities are peculiarly subject, finally secured this relic for the authorities of our great national repository of ancient art for the small consideration of 5*l.*!

Among the ruins in the immediate vicinity of this mausoleum, we observed a portion of a small equestrian statue, two headless female statues with wings. The latter probably ornamented the angles of the lower story. We also found here a quadriga, with part of the charioteer in *alto-relievo*, and not at all badly executed.

Gesenius, the late learned Oriental professor of the University of Halle, has translated the inscription (it is in Punic and Numidian), from which it appears that the mausoleum was erected for Ma-oloam, a man of noble descent, by his son.*

To the left of the temple, and at no great distance from it, is the theatre. It faces nearly south, and measures about 150 feet from one side-door to the other. The stone seats are still in good condition; and along the line of scene there was a row of columns, some of which are still standing. The view from the theatre is truly magnificent. The olive grove is in the foreground; next to it is a portion of the lovely and extensive plain, bounded here to the right by the heights of Eja, chequered with patches of cultivation and wild trees. The whole of this is encircled by a chain of very fascinating hills.

Leaving the theatre, we passed by the back of the temple to the seven cisterns, which are about half the size of those found at Carthage, and very similarly constructed. We continued our walk towards a triumphal

* "Exstruxit in pietate filius patri."—Mon. Phœn. p. 187.

arch, with niches on the sides. It now forms an entrance to an olive grove, which is protected by a continuation of a low wall, composed of the ruins, among which are several stones bearing inscriptions. From one of these I copied,—

D . M . S
CMAI . . .
VSPVLLAI
INUS . BILLI
CVSPVALV
H . S .

Another has

D . M . S
MMANIVS . . . . .
MIARN PVI . . . .
. . INVSPHIICVS
PVA . XXHISI

And in very large letters, on a massive block near the arch—and this is probably a portion of the inscription which originally belonged to it—we read,—

IMP . CAES DIV . . A . . . .
PIIFI . . . DIVISEPT . . . .
MAVRELISEVER . AI. . . . . .
. . . . AVGPP . . ONTI . . .

Within this olive grove, the Arabs pointed out to us two large stones, both of which bore lengthy inscriptions, well executed and very legible; but to transcribe them would have involved some digging, as well as the necessity of reversing the ponderous masses, for which we had neither the means nor the time. The inscription on one of the stones commenced,—

L . IVNIVS . FELIX OVPVIANVS

One of the inscriptions related to a certain CVRIO; and on hearing this, one of our party *naïvely* observed, "We must suspend our CURIOsity, since the day is drawing rapidly to a close.

In quitting Dugga, I felt a particular reluctance to leave the mausoleum so soon. It reminded me so forcibly of some of the ruins of Baalbec, of the "wall of weeping" at Jerusalem, and of other remains of ancient architecture met with in the East. But we had still to visit Eja, and then to proceed for night quarters to *Burj Massoudi*.

The Arabs of Dugga would not permit us to start without partaking of a dinner, which they had kindly prepared for us. The ramble among the ruins had sharpened our appetites, so that we were very thankful for their unexpected hospitality; and, though they themselves were fasting, they persisted on sitting by us, according to ancient custom, whilst we did ample justice to the repast.

Eja is only three miles from Dugga. It seems to have been a town of some extent, but its ruins, though numerous, are very insignificant, with the exception of a large fort, apparently built of the materials of much older edifices; and it even possesses no architectural merits. The fort has four square towers at the angles, one of which has still its staircase in good preservation.

On approaching the fort from the road, I observed a broken lid of a sarcophagus, without any inscription, masses of broken columns, and numerous small square pilasters, resembling altars, all huddled together in the greatest confusion. At the back of the fort, I found, in the wall, the following inscription:—

MAGNIS ET INVICTISS . D . D . D.N . N . N. DIOCLT . . MAXIMIANO
PERPETVIS . . . . . .
CONSTAN . . . . MAXIMIANO NOBB CÆSARIBVS
. . . SPVBL . . . VNICIPII AGBTENSIVM DIDICANTI
. . . ROCONSPAMA . ESTATI FORVM DICTO

The stone with this inscription was certainly not originally intended for this building; but if it belongs to this locality at all, which is more than probable, we are justified in concluding that *Agbitensium* was the ancient name of Eja.

Below Eja, and on the Dugga road, there is a broken column, which also bears a lengthy inscription, partly obliterated; and at Eja itself there are several other inscriptions, which I was prevented from copying from want of time.

We crossed the narrow channel of *Waad Lubba*, where we saw the remains of an ancient bridge. It dries soon after the rainy season is over, and at this time even there is but little water in it. We now skirted a vast plain, having to our right the gentle declivities of the Eja hills, and in less than an hour's time we passed Sidy Bo Attela, a marabout, or saint, whose cupola is enclosed by a whitewashed wall. Near this place, we again saw a broken column, the inscription of which the Arabs apparently amused themselves in obliterating. Very little of it is now left. A few miles further, we passed the tomb of another saint, known as Sidy Ali Ben Amor, near which there is a vast grotto, hewn out in the solid rock; and an hour more brought us to the famous Sidy Abd Rubbi, whose renown, according to the Moslem phraseology, "is as great in heaven as it is on earth."

CHAPTER XXVI.

BATTLE-FIELD OF THE SECOND PUNIC WAR.

MOSLEMS care but little about history. They tell you "What is past cannot be redeemed; the future alone is important to us." They draw but few lessons from the past, and are, I fear, as ignorant of the future as they are of the past. Had they, however, been otherwise minded, they would have appreciated the locality, not on account of Sidy Abd Rubbi, but because in its immediate vicinity were engaged two hostile armies, commanded by two of the most renowned generals of antiquity. We are here in the plain of the celebrated Zama, ever memorable for the famous battle between the veteran Hannibal and Publius Scipio, the first Africanus—a battle which decided the fate, and future destiny, of a powerful and great empire, and placed Rome at the head of all then existing states.

My reasons for taking this to be the plain of Zama are, in the first place, because it corresponds to the distance from Carthage as mentioned by Polybius. He says, that Zama stood about five days'* journey from Carthage, towards the west. Secondly, because in this very plain we have an Arab village, built upon the ruins of an ancient town, which is, to this day, called Jâma, and

* It took us four days to come here from Tunis, which is nearer than Carthage. It is true we might have made the journey in a shorter time; but when we bear in mind that an army had to convey heavy war machines, over bad roads, we shall not be surprised at the distance which Polybius assigns.

a nearer approach to the name of the celebrated city we can scarcely conceive.* Again, the whole *locale* corresponds with the description given of it by the Greek historian, and this will appear evident from an attentive perusal of the details.

The Carthaginians having been harassed by Scipio's army, which laid waste everything in its march, and destroyed numerous towns which attempted any resistance, found themselves reduced to the extremity of recalling their great general who had, for years, been the terror of Rome. He reluctantly obeyed the summons, and landed at Adrumentum, the modern Monasteer, and, after some days, he marched and encamped in the neighbourhood of Zama—a city which, Sallust says, "was situated in the plain, and fortified more by art than by nature."

Where Scipio at that time was we are not informed, but he appears to have been at some distance; for, to reconnoitre his position, Hannibal was under the necessity of sending out spies, who were instructed to examine into the situation, and condition, of the Roman camp. The spies were discovered; but instead of dealing with them according to the laws of war, Scipio facilitated

* It is more than probable that the Punic name for Zama was Jama. We know that the Carthaginians built three cities in the island of Minorca, and called them after the names of three of their generals—Mago, now Mahon; Labon, whose site is not ascertained; and Jama, the modern Ciudadella. St. Severus, Bishop of Minorca (in his famous epistle, dated 13th Feb. A.D. 423, and printed in Dameto's "History of the Balearic Kingdom"), calls Jama *Jamnon*, which proves that in his day it had but slightly changed from the original designation. The African city was therefore, most likely, likewise called after the same general, and the Arabs, in this instance also, as they have done in most instances, retained the ancient name.—See Armstrong's "History of the Island of Minorca," lib. viii. pp. 79, 80.

the object of their mission and dismissed them, furnishing them even with provisions.

The magnanimity and confidence of the Roman general induced Hannibal to demand an interview, hoping, if possible, to come to an amicable compromise, and avoid a conflict which he appears to have foreseen would prove unfavourable to his own country. Scipio agreed to the request, and shifted his position to the neighbourhood of *Margurus*, a town situated near Sidy Abd Rubbi, extensive ruins of which exist to this day. Here he was on the edge of the vast plain, had a plentiful supply of water, and, in case of need, he could easily have fallen back on the heights behind. Hannibal likewise decamped, and approached to within thirty stadia (about four miles) of the Romans, and took up his position on a hill in the plain. This hill is one, or both (for they are united), of the *Achwaat*, "brothers," and this corresponds precisely as to distance. In this, Hannibal made a grand mistake, for though in other respects the position of his camp was well selected, he was too far removed from water, for the Silyana flows near Jama, a great distance off, and in the plain none is to be found.

The following day, the two commanders came out from their respective entrenchments, attended by a few guards, and with these they even dispensed so soon as they were near each other, leaving only an interpreter, whose service appears to have been absolutely necessary. The conference was lengthy but fruitless, and the generals separated, resolved to leave the issue to the force of arms.

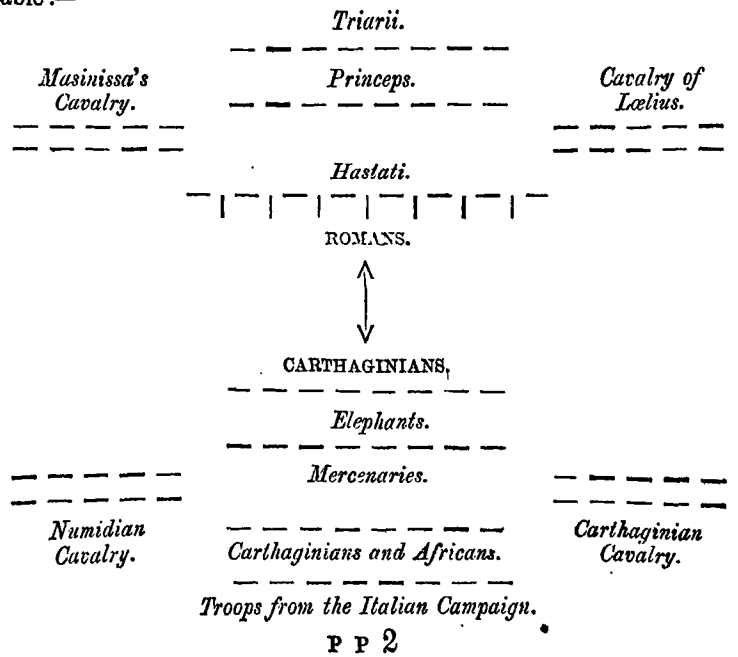
At dawn on the following morning, the two armies were summoned to the conflict. They were harangued

by their generals—the one to fight for the safety of their country; the other to avenge the wrongs Hannibal had inflicted on Italy, as well as to subdue the great rival of Rome.

Hannibal's disposition of his troops did credit to the name he had acquired for generalship. His elephants he placed at the head of the army, and formed his first line of the mercenaries, composed of Gauls, Ligurians, Balarians, and Marusians. Behind these were the Carthaginians and African tributaries. The third line was composed of the veterans he brought from Italy. The Carthaginian cavalry was posted on the right wing, and the Numidian horse auxiliaries on the left.

Scipio, on his part, placed* in the first line the Hastati, and in the second the Princeps, but posted their cohorts,

* The order of battle will, perhaps, be easier perceived from this table:—



not according to the usual custom among the Romans, opposite to the intervals, but behind the cohorts of the former line, and at a considerable distance from them; and this he did on account of the great number of Carthaginian elephants. His third line was composed of the Triarii. Upon the left wing, he stationed his friend Caius Lælius with the Italian cavalry, and upon the right the sworn enemy of Carthage and the faithful ally of Rome, Masinissa, with the Numidian horse. The light-armed troops, who were ordered to commence the action, were placed in the intervals of the Hastati.

So soon as the signal was given, the elephants were led against the enemy; but some of these monstrous brutes, not sufficiently trained, were so terrified by the shouts of the troops and the sound of the trumpets, that they wheeled round, and not only caused disorder in Hannibal's lines, but trampled hosts of his men under foot. The mercenaries quickly cleared themselves of this unforeseen obstacle, and manfully continued to deal heavy blows among the Roman legionaries. But this accident caused a terrible confusion among the Numidian cavalry, whose chief hope of success appears to have been concentrated in their elephants. Of this confusion Masinissa took advantage, and dispersed the whole of that body with comparative ease. The remainder of the elephants coming in contact with the light-armed Romans, were so infuriated, by constant goading, that they became perfectly unmanageable, and, in their maddened condition, made equal havoc among the two armies; they were finally driven from the field altogether, by the united efforts of the hostile troops. Lælius also embraced the opportunity, which this disordered state

of things offered him, to charge the Carthaginian cavalry, and succeeded in putting the whole of that body to a precipitate flight.

The heavy-armed forces now approached to the combat, and these fought with such spirit, and determination, that they soon became so closely joined that they could scarcely use their weapons.

> "Shield stuck to shield, to helmet helmet joined,
> And man to man; and at each nod that bow'd,
> High waving on their heads, the glittering cones
> Rattled the hair-crowned caspus: so thick they stood."*

The mercenaries fought bravely and nobly. Their boldness and dexterity secured for them great advantages. Their steady progress and daring deeds were seen by the heaps of the enemy's dead and wounded in their trail.

But the Romans were supported and encouraged by the troops of their own army, whereas the mercenaries were not only abandoned, but actually impeded by the panic-striken line of the Carthaginians and Numidians immediately behind. These raw recruits became perfectly paralyzed on observing the fate of their cavalry and elephants, and shamefully suffered their companions, overpowered by the enemy, to fall back. In their retreat, the mercenaries, exasperated at this act of cowardice, and enraged at the situation in which they found themselves, through those who had it in their power to prevent it, fell upon them with fury, and slew vast numbers. The Carthaginians, roused from their stupor, and finding themselves attacked not only by the Romans, who pressed

* Iliad, xiii. 131.

hard upon them, but by their own men also, became perfectly frantic, and made not only a vigorous defence, but a promiscuous slaughter of friend and foe.

The desperate struggle of the Carthaginian and African troops not only checked the progress of the Hastati, but quite overpowered them; and had not the Princeps been brought up to their assistance, they would have been completely routed. But now the struggle assumed a different aspect. The united forces of the Romans made such an onslaught on the mercenaries and Carthaginians, that the greater portion of them fell on the spot. Those that escaped towards the third line, were forced back by the command of Hannibal, at the point of the spear, and were compelled to retire, along the wings, into the open plain.

The generals having again reorganized their forces, the action was recommenced with redoubled ardour; and as the numbers were now nearly equal, and the courage and weapons of the troops the same, the engagement was most obstinate, and for some time very doubtful. But just at the critical moment, when one party would have been forced to yield, Lælius and Masinissa made their appearance from pursuit of the fugitive cavalry, and attacked the rear of Hannibal with such spirit, that the fate of the day was speedily decided. The greatest part of the Carthaginian troops were slaughtered in their ranks, and those that contrived to escape were pursued so closely that only a few saved their lives by flight. Nearly two thousand Romans fell on that day, whilst the Carthaginians lost upwards of twenty thousand, and as many more were made prisoners. Hannibal made his retreat with a small number

of horsemen, first to Adrumentum, and thence to Carthage. The victory at Zama terminated the second Punic war, which forced the Carthaginians to accept most humiliating terms of peace, and gave to the Romans the sovereignty of the world.*

Polybius (the chief authority from whom we draw these particulars), the tutor and friend of the Roman general, had no motives for partiality towards Hannibal. But this militant historian, as he may be denominated, so well able to form an opinion of military affairs, does ample justice to the Carthaginian veteran, by frankly stating, that he contrived the most effectual obstacles, which reason could possibly devise, to counteract all the advantages of the Romans. With his elephants, his object was to disturb the order of the enemy and to disperse their ranks. Placing the mercenaries where he did, he hoped to exhaust the Romans by fatigue; whilst with his third division, full of vigour and courage, he expected to bring the action to a successful issue. His generalship is also seen from his posting the raw Carthaginian and Numidian troops where he did, for, as was actually the case, he

> "Forced them by strong necessity to fight,
> However loath."†

Having therefore employed every precaution to secure the victory, it is no disgrace to him if he was now for the first time defeated.

Scipio had the advantage of having bold Roman troops, who fought for the national honour; whereas Hannibal had mercenaries, undisciplined natives, and

* Polyb. lib. xv. 1. Liv. lib. xxx. 28.
† Iliad, iv. 50.

untrained elephants to deal with. His only hope was concentrated in the troops of his Italian campaign. Indeed, when all things are duly considered, it is a question whether Hannibal does not merit more praise for his skill in this unsuccessful conflict, than for some of his victories in Italy. The great general foresaw the fatal result of the Zama engagement, as is manifest by his recourse to diplomacy, in which he had more confidence than in the valour and efficiency in most of the forces he had to oppose to the veteran troops of his antagonist. It is therefore not true, that

"A brave man by a braver was subdued;"

but an efficient to an inefficient army was opposed, and hence, who can be surprised at the result?

Zama is not alone interesting and notorious for the sanguinary engagement between Hannibal and Scipio. Its fame is connected with another important feature in the history of the territory over which Carthage had the sway.

Jugurtha, by the foulest means—among which was the criminal act of fratricide—contrived to make himself master of the greatest portion of the territory of Masinissa. The Romans were bound in honour, and from gratitude, to wage war against the usurper and murderer of their famous ally's heirs, and to avenge their death. But the crafty Numidian not only managed to prolong the struggle by his adroit tactics, but he furthered his cause by bribing the generals, and influential members of the Roman senate. At length, the consul Metellus, a man whom Sallust gives the character of "great and wise," was sent to cope with the Numi-

dian king. He certainly was proof against corruption, and therefore Jugurtha had recourse to the most harassing stratagems. He would now show himself with his swift and light Numidian horse to Metellus, and soon after to Caius Marius, his licutenant—the same who afterwards, as Roman consul, brought such direful calamities upon his country. He would attack the rear in the march, then immediately retire to the hills, and very soon after threaten the army from another quarter. Thus, ever fighting but never engaging, he never allowed the Romans any repose, and steadily prevented them from their purpose. Metellus at last resolved to attack the "great city" of Zama, the stronghold of that part of the kingdom, hoping that Jugurtha would come to its assistance, and engage in a general battle. But before the Roman general had matured his plan, Jugurtha was already at Zama, exhorting the citizens to guard their walls, and to make the necessary preparations for a desperate defence, promising to return with a large army to their assistance. Metellus laid siege to the city, and gave the necessary directions to his officers how to act. Upon a given signal, the Romans set up a tremendous shout, and the Numidians commenced their defence. The troops of Metellus fought according to the best of their ability, some from a distance with bullets and stones; others, nearer, either attempted to scale the walls, or to undermine them; whilst, on the other hand, the Zamians exerted themselves to the utmost to repel the besiegers. They rolled down immense masses of stone upon those who were nearest, and hurled sharp stakes and lances, besides lighted torches dipped in pitch and sulphur, upon the enemy at

a distance. And even those who were further off still were mostly wounded from the javelins projected by powerful engines.

Whilst the defence was thus nobly sustained by the Zamians, Jugurtha unexpectedly appeared with a large force, and attacked the Roman camp. No sooner did the Numidians show themselves, than a panic seized hold of the enemy, who were unprepared for such an event. Some fled, others made but a feeble resistance, and vast numbers were either wounded or slain. A small band of Romans, forty in number, alone sustained the honour of their country in this action, by a most brilliant defence against overwhelming odds. When Metellus perceived the precarious position of his affairs in the rear, he implored Marius, with tears in his eyes, to do his utmost not to allow any disgrace to stain the honour of the army. That officer speedily executed his orders, and forced Jugurtha to betake himself to his fortified position. The Romans, too, when night came on, had to retire to their camp without having effected their object.

On the following morning, the Roman general left the cavalry to guard the camp, and resumed his attack upon the city. But scarcely had operations commenced than the king suddenly made his appearance, and rushing furiously with his cavalry upon the enemy, threw a portion into temporary confusion. Finding, however, his charge vigorously repulsed, he mixed his infantry with his cavalry; and the latter, relying upon the former, did not, as was the custom in Numidian cavalry engagements, charge the enemy and then retire, but they mingled together, and in this way broke the Roman

line, causing thereby great havoc. Jugurtha's attention was not confined to any particular locality. By his adroit diversions, a portion of the Roman troops was always somewhere occupied in repelling the Numidian king, while the bulk of the army proceeded with the siege operation, in which the defenders and assailants alike exhibited the most vigorous exertion. Shouts were mingled with encouragements, exultations with groans; the air was thick with the projectiles from both parties. Marius, at length observing that the Zamians were not only busy about the defence of the city, but likewise occupied in watching the feats of Jugurtha and his cavalry, designedly acted with less vigour, as if apprehensive of the consequences of the engagement, and then suddenly attacked the wall with great violence. The ladders, by previous arrangement, were quickly planted, and the soldiers had almost gained the summit, when the citizens rushed to the place, and poured down upon them stones and fire, besides innumerable darts. The Romans at first stood firm; but then, when several of the ladders were capsized and broken, and the men either killed, or dangerously wounded, the courage of the rest failed, and the attempt was abandoned. This second day's operation, without any favourable results, induced Metellus to abandon the siege of Zama.*

Not long after, this city is again brought before our notice. Jugurtha having finally met with the end his ambition, ingratitude, perfidy, and barbarity merited, the throne of Numidia fell to Juba, a great grandson of the famous Masinissa. Zama was the ordinary place of residence of the king. This unfortunate monarch

* Sallust, Jugurtha, cap. lvi. et seq.

joined the partizans of Pompey, who, after the famous battle of Pharsalia, raised the standard of liberty in Africa. The complete overthrow of this party at Thapsus, forced Juba to make his escape to Zama. Here his wives, children, and treasures were, and in consequence of which he had the town strongly fortified at the beginning of the war. But the Zamians, having heard of Cæsar's victory, and anxious to ingratiate themselves in his favour, now refused to admit the king. They were, moreover, induced to take this step, because Juba, upon declaring war against the Romans, had raised a colossal pile of wood in the middle of the forum of Zama, with a view, in case of a defeat, to destroy, in one general conflagration, all the citizens, as well as his own family and himself. When he found that his entreaties and his threats were alike disregarded, he retired to one of his country seats, with Petreius, who had accompanied him from Thapsus. Here the two fugitives having supped together, the king proposed an engagement, sword in hand, that they might die honourably.

Petreius fell, and Juba, by dint of entreaties, prevailed upon one of his slaves to aid him in completing the diabolic act of self-destruction.

The Zamians, meanwhile, ignorant of the fate of their king, sent ambassadors to Cæsar, who was then at Utica, to inform him of what they had done, and to request his relief. Cæsar received the delegates with great cordiality, commended the conduct of the people of Zama, and promised to come to their assistance. The next day, he set out from Utica, with his cavalry, and was met on his way by many of the king's generals, who entreated his cle-

mency. Having given them favourable answers, they attended him to Zama, to which place the whole of the Numidian cavalry flocked, chiefly attracted by the universal report of the conqueror's generosity. Here Cæsar exposed the king's effects to public sale, confiscated the estates of those Romans who had borne arms against the Republic, and conferred rewards upon those Zamians who had been concerned in the design of excluding the king. He also abolished all the royal tribunes, converted the kingdom into a province, and, appointing Crispus Sallustius proconsul, he returned to Utica.*

Zama, like most cities of Punic, or Roman Africa, has only a few vestiges above ground to mark its site. As elsewhere, so

> "Here where the sloping hill and verdant plain
> Have oft resounded with the sports of May,
> Stalks the gaunt lion now, with proud disdain,
> And yelping jackals seek their scanty prey.

* De Bell. Afr. lib. xxix.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE WESTERN STRONGHOLD.

SIDY ABD RUBBI is not the only sanctuary in this vicinity. Several other marabouts are in sight, who participate in the privileges claimed for him. Some are in the plain of Zama, and others on the hills by which it is bounded. We have here Sidy Saady, Sidy Halefa, besides other saints. Each claims some peculiar prerogatives, and each has his votaries, but all are alike respected by the "*faithful.*" But these holy shrines have no charm for the "benighted Nazarene;" he turns from them, and manifests a greater partiality for the *Kharbat Ejohala,* Pagan ruins. Moslems pity his delusion and blindness, but he sees no reason why he should regret his choice.

Close to Sidy Abd Rubbi are the ruins of what we take to be *Margarus.* It appears to have been a town of some importance and extent. Among its present remains are two gates, a mausoleum, and numerous other structures, as well as many stones bearing basreliefs of busts and designs, but none of which merit special notice. From one stone I copied—

SINAFLAMET . . FVLVIVSIASTVSFVL . . .

We now traversed an angle of this partially-cultivated and fertile plain, and soon came upon higher ridges,

intersected by charming little valleys, some of which had the appearance of variegated flower-beds. In less than an hour, we were again in the plain, and, passing several minor ruins, we reached, after a considerable detour, the inhospitable, and savage region, of Burj Massoudi—*the abode of the lion.*

We arrived here just a little before sunset; and notwithstanding we had sent a man ahead to clear the chamber in which we had to pass the night, we found it in the most filthy condition. The Burj, or château, as the word may be rendered, is, in reality, a *Fonduk*, or inn, and was built in this wild region to afford shelter and protection to travellers, as much from banditti as from ferocious animals. The *F'naadki*, or "innkeeper," was one of the most degraded specimens of humanity I ever set eyes on. He was one mass of filth, and to look at him was sufficient to cause the most craving appetite to vanish. It was utterly impossible to have him in view, and think at the same time of securing our supper. Indeed, I could not help substituting *Kh'naadki*, scavenger, for his title *F'naadki*, when I was compelled to speak to him. We begged him not to make his appearance in our restricted quarters—a request with which he strictly complied.

The day was fast drawing to a close. A bleak northerly wind was whistling through the holes and crevices in the walls, and through the glassless windows of our chamber. We were just reconciling ourselves to our wretched quarters, when one of our attendants made his appearance, to ask what we desired for supper. We named several dishes, when he coolly replied, "But I can find nothing here; there is not

even bread, nor eggs, nor chickens to be obtained. The *F'naadki* has nothing, and where else can we go in this wild and inhospitable region? The Arabs here are borderers, and care as little for the Bey as they care for his police agents. To-day they are in the regency of Tunis, to-morrow they are in Algeria, and defy alike the law of both countries, being subject to neither, or rather they avoid the severity of both."

Here is a fine plight to be in! Cold, hungry, and fatigued, surrounded by misery and filth. We had the means to obviate some of the evils; we could, as indeed we did, clean our chamber; we could wrap ourselves up in our cloaks, and defy the bleak and piercing blasts of a northerly wind, as well as the dense mist; but how to secure a dinner in a locality where "nothing can be obtained," as our messenger stated, was a serious obstacle. Man

> "May live without books,—what is knowledge but grieving?
> He may live without hope,—what is hope but deceiving?
> He may live without love,—what is passion but pining?
> But where is the man who can live without dining?"

A little knowledge of Arab character, and particularly of the character of Arab banditti, proved very useful. We at once proceeded, armed with our guns and revolvers, to the encampment, which was close by Burj Massoudi. Within a few paces of the tents, (about twelve in number,) several of the men met us, and after scrutinizing our deadly weapons (none of which I believe were loaded) they asked us, in the politest manner possible, what we desired. We replied, in a determined tone, that we wanted barley for our horses, and fowls, butter, eggs, and bread for ourselves.

The women were at once ordered to produce all we requested, and we separated, apparently mutually satisfied.

The lion's stronghold has for years been in this wild locality. A few years ago, they were obliged to increase the height of the walls of the *fonduk*, "inn," on account of the constant depredations perpetrated among the cattle by those ferocious beasts. Men repeatedly fell victims to them in their attempts to protect their animals, and numerous are the tales of heroic deeds to which some of the Arabs lay claim, in the struggles which they sustained with the bravest of the brute creation.

A poor woman and her child having been torn to pieces only a few weeks previous, it is no wonder that the circumstance still formed a subject of conversation among a people naturally fond of the marvellous, and in a country wherein there necessarily exists a lack of general news. The same incident, or occurrence, is repeated so often till it is literally threadbare.

To the traveller, the chief "*lion*" of Africa is, undoubtedly, the veritable lion himself; and yet, comparatively speaking, how few are the African tourists who have been so fortunate as to obtain a peep of the *Saharan* majesty, pacing over his extensive realm, exhibiting his native bearing and self-reliance? Here and there his footprints are traced, or marks of his deeds are discovered; but seldom is he encountered, and few indeed are those—however great their predilection for the marvellous, however lofty their ambition, and however desirous for the society of the exalted—who would particularly long for an introduction to his *lionic* majesty. There are, indeed, exceptions to this, as there are to every other rule. Gordon Cumming, in South

Africa, and the Zouave, Gérard, in the north of the same continent, have revived, what may be termed, Nimrodian sports. Cumming's field appears to be prolific enough, but it is at an inconvenient distance. The Barbary coast is therefore more attractive, and hence the exploits of the French lion-slayer have attracted numerous *amateurs* of the chase. Persons who have shot at pigeons, killed a hare, or have followed the hounds, consider themselves quite competent to encounter the lion. If *Punch's* artist could only have obtained a glimpse of some of the *brave-hearted* youth who have traversed land and sea with the determination to beard the lion in his den, he would have chuckled at his own production, and would have conferred a lasting benefit upon sporting clubs.

Devoid of all the requisite qualifications for such an enterprise—deliberate courage, perfect coolness, extreme patience and perseverance, as well as a robust constitution, capable of enduring privations of no ordinary kind —it is no wonder that they do not meet with the success either of Cumming or of Gérard. With the exception of Sir Sandford Graham, I have not seen one of the would-be lion slayers who impressed me with the character of an ordinary African sportsman. Mr. Gregory, his fellow traveller, was certainly fond of the chase, but I doubt very much whether his fondness for it extended to the sacrifice of certain little comforts.

After our evening repast, two of the Arabs of the place paid us a friendly visit, and favoured us with some very extraordinary lion stories.

The following is descriptive of the much-dreaded animal's gratitude, vouched for by a personage of no less standing than Abobaker-Ben-Ibrahim-Sifsafi :—

"A certain Ismael, a Bedouin Arab, was once travelling in the vicinity of Baja. He apprehended no danger, and therefore walked on carelessly, when, to his utter amazement, an enormous lion, amidst a cluster of wild olive-trees, presented himself to his view. The man trembled from head to foot, and though he had a gun slung across his shoulder, his terror prevented him from using it. He stood staring at the animal, which was, indeed, one of the finest of his kind. His coat was like gold, and his huge mane was so regularly arranged, that it looked as if the comb had frequently been passed through it. Perceiving that the animal remained passive, Ismael concluded that he must have had a good meal, and therefore had no evil intentions towards him: hence he attempted to proceed on his journey. But no sooner had he taken a few steps, than the lion uttered a thundering roar. The traveller's blood grew cold in his veins, his legs refused to support him, and he fell to the ground.

"'Where is your magnanimity, O king of animals?' said Ismael, 'so much lauded among men, when you take advantage of a timid traveller who has no ill designs towards you, and who has never harmed any of yours?'

"The lion roared again, but continued stationary; and Ismael, addressing him a second time, said—

"'O bravest of the brave, and most generous of the generous, show thy clemency towards me! If you slay me, I have a wife and five children who will starve for want of the common necessaries of life. Pity them, and spare me for their sakes. If hunger compels you to a cruel act, then, I swear by the head of the Prophet, I will run and quickly supply you with one of the finest sheep you have ever set eyes on."

"The lion now uttered several undertoned roars, and the cowardly Ismael, imagining that his last moment had arrived, folded his hands, and, looking up to heaven, uttered the most horrible invectives against his murderer; and then, addressing him again, said—

"'I call you to witness that I die a true believer, bearing testimony that there is only one God and that Mohammed is his prophet! My blood be upon your head!'

"Harrowed with the most dismal apprehensions, he closed his eyes, which he never expected to open again. But a gentle tap on his head, repeated several times, induced him to alter his opinion. He looked up, and the lion stood by his side, holding up one of his fore feet, and growling at the same time in a very low key. He thus appeared to rebuke Ismael for his extreme cowardice, and to point out, in an unmistakeable manner, the particular cause why he detained him.

"'Pardon my dulness, my lord!' exclaimed the Bedouin; 'your venerable appearance overawed me, and your renowned heroism stupified me. I now see,' he continued, 'what your lordship desires, and your wish shall speedily be gratified.'

"Saying this, he rose, and taking out a string from his pocket, he fastened it carefully round the head of a nail which was imbedded in the lion's pad, and extracted it.

"No sooner was this operation performed, than the noble animal manifested the most expressive signs of gratitude. He capered about as playfully as a young kitten, brushed himself by the *doctor's* garments, and licked the hands which had relieved him from the agonizing pain. Then, by rushing up to Ismael, and again running some paces ahead, he clearly pointed out the direction

which he would have him take. The man obeyed. After travelling together about two miles, the lion made the Arab sit down in a place sheltered by an immense rock, and scampered off at an exceedingly quick pace. In thrice five minutes, he returned with a live lamb thrown across his shoulders which he held fast by his teeth, and laid it gently down at the feet of his benefactor. But look at the intelligence of the animal, how well he knew that a true believer dare not eat anything unless its throat be cut in the direction of the Kibla (Mecca), and the words *bismillahi* pronounced during the time that the incision is made!"

"Wonder of wonders, they can neither read the Koran, nor have they any Imaams (priests) to instruct them, and yet you find even the brute creation have a knowledge of our religion!"

"Ah!" answered the one who had hitherto scarcely opened his lips, "the curse of God has reduced many to the brute creation, who, in olden times, were men just like ourselves. Who can tell whether we may not one day be changed into lions or reptiles? and surely, if such were to be our destiny, we are not likely to forget the principles of our religion. Undoubtedly, that very lion had within him the soul of a true believer, as his act amply proved."

But the narrator, impatient to proceed, soon put a stop to the interruption and to what he regarded as unreasonable deductions; he therefore continued—

"Ismael killed the lamb; and making a fire, he roasted a portion of it for himself, and the lion made his meal of the rest.

"After this repast, the lion accompanied the Arab to a neighbouring encampment, and departed.

"In process of time, Ismael obtained an appointment under the government which required his constant presence at Baja. In consequence of a criminal act, the governor had to apprehend him and send him a prisoner to Tunis. No doubt could have existed in his mind as to the issue of the trial before the Bey, since the charge against him was the murder of a man and a woman.

"Having acquired a good deal of wealth during his stay at Baja, the *hambas* (police) extorted large sums of money from him on the way, as you well know is usually the case when officers are sent to conduct a prisoner. They tightened the ropes, and, for a certain sum, loosened them; they fastened the rope by which he was led to the pommel of the saddle, and galloped, he being forced to keep up with them; but, for another sum, they slackened their pace. Pretending that they apprehended his escape, they fastened a rope to one of his feet, and, by running the horse, the poor prisoner was easily tripped up. These cruelties were repeated over and over again, until their avarice was satisfied, or rather, till their arrival at Tunis prevented them from further extortions.

"On being led to the hall of justice, the prisoner passed the lions' dens, and in one of them he espied a fine large animal, superior in proportions to the rest. He gave a glance at him, and wished, in his heart, he had been killed by the one in whose power he once was. The lion, at the same instant, manifested signs of recognition, and there was no doubt left on Ismael's mind but that that very one was the identical lion. A glow of hope was at once kindled in his breast; he sighed, and said to the jailer, 'If his highness does condemn me to death, would that he threw me to that lion!'

"'O son of death!' answered the jailer, 'you little know what you wish for. A more ferocious monster never had his abode here; but a prisoner on the point of expiating for his crime, as you now are, will not have such a request denied him. Your sentence is sure to be death, and it matters very little by what means you die.'

"Ismael was placed before Hamoda Basha (all this occurred in the days of that sovereign), and the witnesses gave such clear evidence, that the prince had no hesitation in passing sentence of death upon him. The jailer now stepped forward, and said,—

"'Highness, may God prolong your days! The prisoner upon whom you now pronounced so just a sentence, as indeed you invariably do in all cases, has expressed a wish, which, as he is now on the verge of the next world (where may mercy be his portion!) I consider my duty to make known to you.'

"'Say on, my son,' answered the bashaw.

"The jailer then related the occurrence which I have already mentioned, and the famous Hamoda rejoined,—

"'Blood for blood, life for life. But let justice be ever mingled with mercy; besides, it matters little whether the lion or the ordinary executioner give the requisite effect to the law. Let his request, therefore, be gratified, and let him be thrown to the lion.'

"The hall of justice was immediately cleared. All rushed to witness the uncommon kind of execution. Ismael was taken to the top of the den, to be let down by means of a rope, round his waist, through a small, trap-door, the crowd eagerly watching the terrible result. The ferocity of the lion was fully exhibited as soon as the little door was opened. When the descent commenced,

the 'faithful' all devoutly repeated the *Fatha* (first chapter of the Koran), for the benefit of Ismael's soul, and narrowly scrutinized every movement of the animal. The lion roared and leaped, eager to receive him, but it was only to give him a cordial welcome. He fondled Ismael as if he had been one of his whelps, and manifested every demonstration of good will towards him. The joy and exclamation of the crowd was immense. Some shouted that Ismael could not possibly have been a murderer; others that he was a saint, and others again that he was some great prophet.

"After looking on, in great amazement, for a considerable time, the jailer and other officers thought it their duty to report this wonderful occurrence to the prince. Hamoda was astonished, and ordered Ismael to be again brought before him.

"When the prisoner was informed of this, he requested to take the lion with him, assuring all, if they only kept at a proper distance, the animal would not hurt them, as long as he was mounted upon him. Having gained for himself such an extraordinary reputation, his request was readily granted. The large iron gate was unlocked, and Ismael issued from it, borne by his noble and grateful friend.

"On the prisoner's reappearance in such a marvellous manner, the prince asked him,—

"'I adjure thee, tell me, art thou a *dervish*, a saint, or a *sachaar*, magician?'

"'Illustrious prince, protector of the faithful,' replied Ismael, 'I am neither. I am here an humble suppliant before your throne. This noble animal, the monarch of ferocious brutes, has spared my life, may I now crave from you, prince of the faithful, a like clemency?'

"'Fear not,' replied Hamoda, 'I will not suffer myself to be vanquished in generosity by a dumb animal: thy life is spared. But explain how comes it that you possess such stupendous power over the wildest of wild animals?'

"Ismael recounted all the circumstances which led to his intimacy with this lion, with which Hamoda was highly pleased.

"'It is extraordinary,' observed the prince; 'kindness is repaid by kindness, and generosity by gratitude—the lion has now saved thy life for thy kind acts towards him. Am I, a true believer, a prince of the faithful, to be surpassed by thee, or, which would be worse, by a brute beast in acts of mercy? No, by the head of the Prophet! such shall not be recorded of Hamoda. Not only do I pardon thee, but I bid thee return in peace; resume the office which, through thy indiscretion, thou hast lost, and discharge it in a manner becoming a man who has had so narrow an escape from the fangs of death.'

"'Heaven reward you, noble and generous prince, the model of true believers, for this great act of clemency! but permit me,' Ismael added, 'to ask the additional favour of interceding for the liberty of my benefactor, whom I would most reluctantly leave a prisoner.'

"'Quite right, my son,' Hamoda rejoined; 'I admire thy sentiments: the lion has procured thy liberty—thou hast now procured his. Depart in peace.'

"Ismael left the hall of justice with his extraordinary deliverer, followed by shouts of joy from the congregated multitude. In the open country he gave the lion his freedom, whilst he himself returned to Baja."

Amidst wretchedness and discomforts, we passed a very merry evening at Burj Massoudi. Cold, bad, and "*saltless*" food, hard beds, or rather hard boards, had not the effect of absolutely damping our spirits; but whether our philosophy would have sustained us very long under such circumstances is very doubtful.

We rose early on the following morning. The hills were covered with a dense fog, which had the appearance of thick smoke. As the sun rose, the reflection of his rays gave them a tint resembling flames, so that we seemed to be encompassed by an immense and terrific conflagration. But no sooner was the sun above the horizon, than the whole was dissipated, and the hills stood forth in all their bold and wild beauty.

None of us regretted leaving this despicable hovel, with its wretched owner. We passed a ruin close by, which the Arabs call *Khanoot Elkhajam*, "the barber's shop," and then crossed a stream not far from it, into which our herculean hamba tumbled, his horse slipping whilst in the act of drinking. "This lord Ramdhaan [the name of the month] has been most unpropitious to me. A very little more and I might have met with my death. O Apostle of God! grant that no greater harm may befal me on this journey." Such was his brief soliloquy and petition on rising from his watery bed. A roar of laughter from our other attendants speedily changed his gloomy mood, for his own risible faculty was agitated at the idea of having apprehended the danger of being drowned in a stream which was scarcely more than two feet in depth!

Eight miles from Burj Massoudi, we forded the *Waad Elkalh*, and then ascended the higher ground and the

hills amidst which it flows. Here, the Arabs told us, a few years back lions used to be found very plentifully; but since the taking of Algiers, many of the *faithful*, who would not submit to the rule of the *infidel*, settled down in these inhospitable wilds. Stragglers from the *Fadlawa*, *Kalâa*, *Dreed*, and other tribes, have since taken up their abode among them, and obtain their livelihood chiefly by burning charcoal. At first they were obliged to keep up constantly blazing fires to prevent the approach of the lion, but now it is only seldom that he appears in this vicinity. Their flocks can therefore graze in perfect security.

Emerging from this wild pass, we found ourselves again in a plain, whence we had a view of the range of hills of Kef, or Keff, in the distance. One chalk hill was pointed out to us in particular, and in connexion with it we were told a rather strange story.

The lion being unable to disguise himself in garments, has recourse to a rather undignified contrivance which serves his purpose. He proceeds to that hill and rolls himself in the loose chalk till he is perfectly white. He then ascends one of the heights near a path, whence he beckons to the unsuspecting traveller, who, mistaking him for a Bedouin Arab, readily approaches, and only discovers his mistake when it is too late to make his escape. The lion, our informant told us, exercises such an influence over a man, when near, that he perfectly mesmerizes him. The poor traveller who advances falls an easy victim to this monstrous piece of deception. We heard a great deal more about the *white lion*, but as we regard it all in the light of a *white lie*, we refrain from chronicling the particulars.

In this plain we observed numerous ruins, some of Roman stations and some of a more extensive nature. From a prostrate column, we copied the following:—

. . . . . CATISSIM
IMP . CAESA. . . .
CLAVD . . O
TACITO PIO
FE . . ICI . AV
NOSTRO

CXXIII

We gradually neared the rocky range of bold hills, on the western declivity of which stand the city of Keff. Distance lends enchantment to all the Barbary cities, and, of course, to this stronghold also. But it must be confessed that Keff looks pretty well even when viewed from inside of the walls, whence our sketch is taken. Details must, however, be disregarded; we must not be fastidious in our scrutiny, but view the town, with the determination to divest ourselves of our knowledge of the particulars of which it is composed. For Keff, which ranks as the second, or third, city in this regency, is built without system or order; the greatest portion of its houses are in ruins; its streets are irregular, unpaved, and filthy. Its citadel, however, is not to be despised. It is vast, and is built of good solid stone, gathered from the various ruins of edifices which remained of the ancient city. It mounts, we are told, upwards of one hundred pieces of cannon, and is regarded as the chief defence of the regency on its western frontiers. The garrison is, however, small; and when we presented ourselves before its gate, we found the two sentinels fast asleep. When we awoke them, they informed us that we could not enter without an express

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KEF, ANCIENT SICCA VENERIA.

LONDON, RICHARD BENTLEY 1861

order from the Bey. We told them playfully that we would report their inattention to duty if they did not admit us. One of them replied, "If you do, we may, and may not, be chastised, and if we admit you we are sure to be chastised; but you will gain nothing either way, for if we even permit you to enter there is nothing inside worth looking at. The outside is the best part of the fortress." Judging from our experience of similar places in this country, there is little doubt but that this account is true.

The vice-governor of Keff gave us a very flattering reception, and provided us with very good accommodation.

Keff is the ancient Sicca, or *Sicca Venerea,* which name has been assimilated to *Succoth-Benoth**, the Assyrian Venus, mentioned in 2 Kings xvii. 30. This town was abandoned to the highest degree of immorality and baseness connected with the worship of that deity. The affinity between *Benoth* and *Venus* is easily perceived, and the first portion of the name the Arabs appear to have retained to the present day. *Socca* signifies a tent, a booth, or covering, and *Kef* or *Kaf,* is kindred with *Khaf,* which is derived from خف, means to cover with a garment; and in its sister, or cognate language, the Hebrew, it means a *covering,* a *canopy,* &c. The sense of tabernacle is thus retained in the modern name of the city. Succoth-Benoth may therefore be rendered either "booths of daughters," or "canopies of daughters," or

* "Sicca Venerea, urbs Numidiæ ob lascivum Veneris cultum (Val. Max. 2, 6) nobilis. Jam Seldenus et Vossius id סכת tabernaculum scripserunt, coll. סכות בנות 2 Reg. xvii. 30, quod non reprobo."—Mon. Phœnic. Gesen. lib. iv. c. 3.

else "booths or canopies of Venus," which I believe to be the preferable derivation.

During the Jugurthine war, Marius, while still serving under the excellent Consul Metellus, had a very narrow escape of being either captured, or slain, by the Numidian king, at this very city. The Roman army was on its march to lay siege to Zama, and, being in want of provisions, the future tyrant of Rome was sent to Sicca, with a few cohorts, to fetch a supply of corn. Jugurtha had notice of this, and, though Sicca was the first town that revolted from him after his unfortunate flight, he selected a number of his best cavalry and presented himself before its walls, very early in the morning, just as the Romans were on the point of leaving, and were actually beginning to pass through the gate. Jugurtha approached the wall and entreated the citizens on the top to make an effort to liberate themselves from the Roman yoke, and to commence by assailing the cohorts in the rear—that fortune had given them an opportunity of performing a noble deed, in aiding him to re-establish himself in his kingdom, and to secure for themselves liberty, independence, and happiness. Had not Marius made a desperate effort to escape from the town, the Siccensians (naturally fickle and unstable) would undoubtedly have changed sides, and complied with the request of the king. Had they done so, it is very doubtful whether Jugurtha would have been re-established in his kingdom; but it is probable that Rome might have been freed from her future tyrant, and saved from the fearful calamities in which the monster Marius afterwards involved her.*

We reached Keff on the very day on which the tele-

* Sall. Bell. Jug. § 56.

graph was opened between it and the metropolis of the regency. This line will connect Tunis, by way of Algiers, with France and Europe generally. We are told that it is to be continued, *viâ* Tripoli and Benghazi, as far as Egypt. It promises well to be a losing affair, and, unless the promoters of this project have some ulterior object in view, the speculation does not recommend them as possessing much business ingenuity or talent. But, independent of all these considerations, we must look upon an electric telegraph in the city of Keff, and in this part of Africa generally, as a monument of the height of civilization, reared amidst the most degraded ignorance and barbarism. It must have a tendency of convincing the savage Bedouin of the superiority of the intellect of the Nazarene over that of the Moslem.

The telegraph office was crowded to excess by the people of Keff, some "to see the letters arrive," and others "to see them start." "But what language is this? It is neither Arabic nor does it resemble that of the Nazarene. All we hear is tick, tick, tick—tick, tick, tick."

The individual who asked this question was "the vice-governor of the city of Keff and of all the places adjacent." We endeavoured to explain to his excellency the *modus operandi* of the telegraph; but he only smiled, being evidently under the impression that all this tick, tick, was only a trick. His idea of a telegraph had been (as well as that of all the Arabs), that veritable letters would be transmitted either way. How this would be effected they could not comprehend; but that actual messages, "real talking," could be forwarded by an invisible agent, upon a mere wire, appeared to them incredible.

To convince the governor of the reality of all this, we sent off a messenger to Mr. Wood, her Majesty's consul-general at Tunis, and within a short time we had the reply—

"Let me have all the skins of the lions you have killed."

Answer—

"Don't you wish you may get them?"

"All this," his excellency remarked, "is very good, but what positive proof have I that your message actually reached Tunis, and that what you tell me is really an answer from the consul?"

After reflecting a few seconds, the vice-governor exclaimed, "I have a sure way to convince myself; I will put a question to my chief in Tunis."

Four days before, he had sent off a messenger to Tunis with some money to Sidy Farkhaat, the real governor of this part of the regency. He now asked when the man had arrived, and hoped, at the return of the messenger, to convince himself of the truthfulness of the telegraph. But Sidy Farkhaat's answer at once produced conviction in the vice-governor. It was to this effect—

"He arrived this morning. You do not explain in your letter why you only send 15,000 piasters instead of 20,000 as I requested."

The man stood aghast, and seemed perfectly overpowered by amazement. This was a business matter, known only to himself and his chief. What greater proof of the power of the telegraph could he have?

"Verily," he exclaimed, so soon as he recovered himself, "this is astonishing! You Nazarenes can, indeed, do all except conquer death."

Some years ago the French government requested M. Houdin, the famous conjuror, to proceed to Algiers to perform before the principal Moslem chiefs, in the hope that he might succeed to shake their confidence in the dervishes and marabouts, who were continually exciting insurrections by their pretended miracles.

On the night of the first performance, some sixty chieftains, in their red mantles, were assembled, and gazed with stolid amazement on the *kafer*, "infidel," who was about to defeat their prophet. Their attention was not aroused until Houdin began producing cannon-balls from a hat. Then came the horn of abundance, which gave an opportunity of presenting small gifts to the chiefs, which they accepted very suspiciously; but when "the inexhaustible bowl" produced fragrant mocha, they could not resist the temptation. The next striking experiment was that of the box that becomes light or heavy at the will of the operator. A muscular Arab came forward to lift it; he did so with disdainful ease, but when requested to try again, he found it impossible to move it. Again and again he essayed, when suddenly he uttered a yell, and fell on his knees—a tremendous shock of electricity had been passed through the box, and he was rendered helpless as a child. This experiment produced various shouts of "Shaitan!" "Djenoun!" (devil! spirit!) and the chiefs began to grow uncomfortable.

One of the methods employed by the marabouts to increase their importance was to induce a belief in their invulnerability. One of them, for instance, would load a gun and order a spectator to fire at him; the sparks might fly from the flint, but the charge did not explode

—of course, the touch-hole had been stopped. To destroy the effect of this, Houdin declared he possessed a talisman rendering him invulnerable, and defied the first marksman in Algeria to hit him. In a second, an Arab leaped on the stage, and expressed his desire to kill the magician. He had no compunction, so Houdin handed him a pistol, bidding him see that it was unloaded. Then he was ordered to put in a double charge of powder, and a ball he had previously marked. He fired, and Houdin produced the bullet in the centre of an apple he held on the point of a knife. A general stupefaction was visible on the faces of the audience; but the marabout suddenly caught up the apple and rushed away with it, feeling convinced that he had obtained a magnificent talisman.

The last trick was performed on a Moor of about twenty years of age. He was led to a table in the centre of the stage, after mounting which an extinguisher was placed over him. Houdin and his servant then lifted up the table bodily, carried it to the foot-lights, and turned it over—the Moor had disappeared! The terror of the Arabs had reached its climax, and they rushed frantically from the theatre. The first object they saw on reaching the street was the young Moor.

Such an effect having been produced, the interpreters were set to work explaining to the chieftains that all these tricks were performed by human means; and they were soon so convinced of it, that they treated Houdin most kindly. They presented him with an address, testifying to their admiration of him, and Houdin was much pleased with the effect he had produced. He then proceeded on a tour through Algeria, being always

welcomed with great kindness by his Arab hosts, and repaying their hospitality by exhibiting some tricks; but on one occasion, he could only save himself from a most serious dilemma by his presence of mind.

While M. and Mme. Houdin were staying with the chieftain Bou-Allem, a marabout looked with supreme disgust on his tricks. When the séance was over, the marabout said—"I now believe in your supernatural power—you are a real sorcerer, so I hope you will not fear to repeat a trick you performed at your theatre." Then, producing a pair of pistols from under his burnous, he said, "Come, choose one of these pistols; we will load it, and I will fire at you. You have nothing to fear, as you are invulnerable." This was certainly a staggerer, and Houdin hardly knew how to escape; and the marabout smiled malignantly at his triumph. Bou-Allem, who knew that Houdin's tricks were the result of address, was very angry; but Houdin would not be beaten. Turning to the marabout, he said that he had left his talisman at Algiers, but that he would, for all that, allow him to fire at him the next morning. During the night he made his preparations, and the next morning the pistols were loaded with all due solemnity, the marabout putting in the powder, Houdin the balls. The marabout fired, and the ball appeared between the wizard's teeth. Then, taking up the other pistol, Houdin fired at a newly-whitewashed wall: immediately a large stain of blood appeared on it. The marabout was overwhelmed—at that moment he doubted everything, even the Prophet. Such experiments, however, must be dangerous, for if the marabout had been anything of a conjuror himself, he might have slipped in a bullet

unawares, which would have been attended with fatal consequences. The balls in this case were made of wax, blackened with soot, and cast in a bullet-mould.*

M. Houdin's exhibitions have undoubtedly had some effect in lessening the Arabs' confidence in the pretended miraculous powers of their saints; but nothing (true religion excepted) can so effectually eradicate superstition as the progress of education and genuine science in these benighted regions. We hail the establishment of this telegraph in Africa as a standard of civilization. It tends to rouse the dormant mind of the Moslem; it convinces him of his inferiority, and compels him to look to the European—to the Nazarene—as his superior. It creates in him a submission, and willingness to learn. His faculties once developed, ignorance and superstition will vanish; and the descendants of those who have once been the repositories of arts and sciences, during the dark ages, will again unfurl the flag of moral liberty—of mental emancipation—and proclaim, throughout the wilds of the desert, that a knowledge of the laws of nature is not in antagonism with the knowledge of God, but, on the contrary, that it leads to nature's God. Baneful fanaticism, which makes them now regard every non-Moslem as their foe and legitimate prey—which acts as a veil over their hearts and eyes, so that they are unable to recognize the tie which unites mankind in one common brotherhood—will be rent in twain and consigned to the regions of oblivion. The sons of the desert, and all of Afric's clime, will then be alive to their true independence; the limits of their fraternity will be

* Bentley's Miscellany.

extended to every one of Adam's race; and they will likewise fully comprehend that equality consists not in mutual plunder, but in reciprocal advantages.

With the exception of the vast citadel, the modern city of Keff possesses no building worth notice. The ruins of the ancient town have nearly been exhausted in the construction of the stronghold, so that very little now remains. Near the western gate, called Bab Menaneen, I copied from a stone, forming part of a modern ruined house, the following:—

SERVIIAC . . F . . . .
. . . . .VENVSIA . .
. . . VIX . AN .
XXXXHS

Near the *Ras Elâin*, "the source of the spring," are the remains of what appears to have been a temple; and, in the higher parts of the town, near the marabout, *Sidy Abdelwaahed*, we have the ruins of a very extensive ancient edifice, probably the forum of Sicca, now converted into stables. Shafts, entablatures, and capitals (chiefly of the composite order), lie hereabout in every direction. From a large block, close to the saint's tomb, I copied—

ADRIANI NEPO

The remainder of the inscription is illegible. I have every reason to believe that patient investigation would here be productive of satisfactory results. The Arabs' search for building materials for the castle has been superficial. The interior portions of houses, temples, and other public edifices, have been left untouched, and present a lucrative field for excavation.

A few hours after our arrival at Keff a report reached

the vice-governor that some Arabs, under his jurisdiction, had killed a large lion.* This was a source of great encouragement to the hunting portion of our fellow-travellers. Arrangements upon a large scale were at once made for their departure.

* This lion did not die unavenged, for we afterwards learnt that he killed one of the Arab hunters.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE NIMROD OF SICCA.

TRAVERSING the streets of Keff, I was accosted by one of the agents of the vice-governor, who expressed his surprise on finding that I had not accompanied the hunting party. He appeared astonished to hear that I was no sportsman, and could not imagine why I came all the way from Tunis if the chase had no charms for me.

"But," he said, "all are not really sportsmen who profess to be such, and often, those who talk least about it are the best."

"This is true of every profession," I observed.

"In this country," he proceeded, "every one boasts of being a sportsman, and yet I only know two who merit the name. One, Haj Hamuda, is now dead, and a similar shot it will be difficult to find. The next is Mustafa, who, for bravery and courage, surpasses all I ever heard of. His exploits are truly astonishing."

"And where is he?" I enquired.

"He is here, in Keff," he answered; "and if you like to accompany me this afternoon to a coffee-house, you can see him, and I will induce him to recount some of his extraordinary encounters with the wild beasts."

I agreed to do so. At the time specified, my guide

met me, and we proceeded together to meet the great *Nimrod of Sicca.*

We entered the dingy little coffee-house, where we found about eight persons assembled, sipping the black beverage amidst the fumes of tobacco.

"Which of these," asked my companion, "do you take to be the great lion-slayer?"

I scrutinized the assembly for a few seconds, and then pointed out one who appeared to me to be the most vigorous of the party.

"You are wrong," he remarked; "you have not guessed, and do you know why? because Mustafa has not yet arrived."

"And will he not come?" I inquired.

"He is sure to be here," my companion answered, "for I have been to his house, induced him to postpone a journey which he was about taking, and made him promise to come to this coffee-house. He will not be long."

We seated ourselves, and, before we had finished our first cup of coffee, the brave Mustafa made his appearance.

He is now verging on fifty, is of rather slender make, and only just above the middle stature, but very muscular. His features are mild, but his eyes are very vivacious, and expressive of great daring and courage.

Mustafa placed himself between my companion and myself, and his first remark to me was—"You did well not to accompany your friends on their wild expedition. Lions are not hunted like wild boars, by numbers; they only increase the danger. Single-handed is the preferable way; and, if you must have companions, then let them be tried men, and never more than two or three. Such, at least, is my idea of lion-hunting.

Your friends, however, are not exposed to great danger, for they will not even see a lion. The caution of this animal is very great, and it is only by superior caution that he can be tracked. A number of Arabs, dogs, and horses, will never accomplish this. It is only by some extraordinary coincidence that a lion is occasionally killed by a large party."

"You," I observed, "have, according to report, a great deal of experience in lion-hunting, and have obtained the name of '*the lion-hearted;*' will you have the goodness to favour me with the recital of some of your adventures?"

"I have killed," our Nimrod replied, "thirty-seven lions in the course of my life, so that, though I am willing to comply with your request, I scarcely know where to begin."

"Begin with the first," answered my companion, "and the rest will follow."

This advice met with the approval of the other Arabs present, and Mustafa, without any further hesitation, commenced—

"The so-much dreaded lion, with whom I have had so many conflicts, has, it would appear, always entertained a most inveterate hatred towards me, by invariably throwing himself in my way. When only ten years of age, I was sent by my father to fetch two camel-loads of barley from a neighhbouring encampment, and on winding my way homewards, among the ravines of our mountains, the camels, all of a sudden, halted and exhibited marks of terror, the cause of which I could not conceive. I belaboured them with my stick, but they would not proceed. I then collected a quantity of

stones, when a fierce roar of an animal, about twenty paces ahead of the camels, attracted my attention. I stepped forward, and instead of pelting my beasts of burden, as I had intended, I attacked the monster who thus impeded their progress. He took to his heels, and I ran in pursuit of him, till he disappeared in one of the ravines, and the dusk of the evening prevented me from further chase. On returning to the camels, I found them trembling from fright, but we proceeded without any further molestation. It was only when I approached my tent that the idea crossed my mind that the animal must have been a lion. My father met me and confirmed my conjecture. He had heard the roaring, and had been very apprehensive respecting my safety. I afterwards ascertained that what I had done accidentally was the most effectual way of ridding oneself of the lion. It cannot be from fear of the stones, but I am inclined to think that he considers it beneath his dignity to make any resistance against such mean weapons. The pride of these Kofaar (infidels), cursed be their progenitors! is beyond all conception. I, moreover, think, when once thus contemptibly treated, the same lion will never venture to expose himself to it again; for soon after the above occurrence I was out in search of porcupines, and, in my rambles, I found myself in a thick brushwood, in which I was occasionally so entangled that I was forced to crawl on all fours. I was just in such a position when I heard something approaching me, and consequently remained motionless. In a few seconds, I perceived a gigantic *possessor of tusks* (a boar) clearing his way with his monstrous weapons, by working his head from side to side. I immediately

turned my eyes from him to convince him that I had no evil intentions towards him, and he brushed by me with just one or two gentle grunts, signifying that he was likewise peaceably inclined. I took advantage of the path cleared for me by the boar, and he did the same of the one I had cleared for him. Scarcely had I time to think of my escape when I was again startled by sounds of intrusion ahead of me. I was now prepared, as I thought, to meet the *chaloof's* dame, and made ready to receive her in the manner I had done her lord. But, lo! a huge lion stood within six arms' length of me. I resigned myself to my fate, by bearing testimony to the unity of the Deity and the apostleship of Mohammed, during which time the lion's eyes were intently fixed upon me. 'Cursed be your religion!' said I; 'if you are intent on mischief, why do you delay?'* These words were lost on him, for neither would he despatch me, nor leave me. It then struck me that it must be the very lion whom I had pelted with stones, and this thought revived my courage. Addressing him again, I said, 'You monstrous pumpkin, you vile and unbelieving son of hell, you giant among lambs and coward among the brave! do you want to exhibit your courage now, because I am unarmed and the hood of my burnous not filled with stones? Fie upon you, fie! Depart, and leave the path to a true believer, or . . . . !' Scarcely had I finished my sentence than he turned his head from me, evidently ashamed, and, instead of following in the track of the black-bristled infidel, he made a fresh one for himself, and I was

* From Pliny we learn that it is an ancient belief in Libya that the lion understands what is addressed to him.—See Hist. Nat. lib. viii. c. 19.

enabled to continue my course without any further adventure."

An aged Moslem, who had joined the circle, and, whilst sipping his black beverage, had at the same time been listening to Mustafa, here remarked, "It is your deliberate courage, Sidy [my lord], which gives you such power over the bravest and fiercest of animals. Have you ever been worsted by the lion?"

"Only when entirely unprepared, and then even not always, as you have already heard. On one occasion," Mustafa continued, "a lion was very nearly the death of me. I had resolved upon shooting some wild ducks, which congregate in the Wad Elkabeer.* Close to the banks of that river, I had a favourite spot and a small hut, made of reeds, where I used to watch for the game, and at the same time it served me as a store-house for my stock. Never did a sportsman turn out such four intelligent dogs as then accompanied me, and never was I more proud of them than that very evening as I was passing through the town to my hunting-ground. The dogs evidently understood that they were the admiration of the crowd, and appeared to rejoice in the gratification of my own vanity. On entering my reed hut, I found that my dogs would not follow, and, moreover, I discovered by the disturbed state of my effects that an intruder had been there. But things were soon arranged, and I commenced making preparations for my nightly sport. I was just loading my gun when my ears were greeted with the roar of the lion, evidently

* The *Rubricatus* of Ptolemy: it takes its rise in the neighbourhood of Keff, and empties itself into the Mediterranean Sea, near the island of Tabarca.

in closer proximity than I wished him at that moment. Another roar, and sure enough, the monster was before me. I was bewildered, and felt quite stupified. My dogs had fled, and my gun was only loaded with shot, perfectly useless for such an antagonist. I used the most abusive language I could muster, but the fierce brute would not stir. His fiery eyes were fixed on me. By the lashing of his tail I perceived that he was about to dart forward and make a spring at me; I therefore forestalled him by plunging into the river. He followed, but so soon as he found himself out of his depth he made at first a stand, and then gradually retreated to the bank, where he took up his position crouching, and occasionally uttering one of his hideous roars. Emboldened by his aversion to the water, I said to him, 'Is it you, whom men call both courageous and generous? Are you not ashamed, you hideous monster, to bring such disgrace upon your species? Red-haired coward! do you take advantage of me being alone and unarmed? where would your courage have been, had my gun been charged with ball?' The animal remained motionless. Finding that abuse was ineffectual, I tried to coax him. 'King of the vast brute creation,' said I, 'your praises are sung by women, and men often applaud your mighty deeds; what will be said of you when your present conduct towards me becomes universally known? Did I commence hostilities with you, or did I intrude on you? If you are hungry, I will supply you with ducks; but relieve me from this position, for it will be the death of me.' But the hard-hearted monster was alike deaf to praise and to blame. Knowing the character entertained of us Arabs among all unbelievers, I thought

it best to prove my sincerity on this occasion, and, therefore, firing my piece on a flock of ducks, floating at a short distance from me, I threw some which I killed to him. The report of the gun startled him, but the sight of the ducks evidently pacified him, for he took possession of the evening meal with which I had supplied him. I now commenced gradually to approach the bank, with a view to supplying myself with balls from my store, but the cursed infidel—the son of a dog!—no sooner perceived this than he left his supper, and approached to menace me. Driven back into the water, I was forced to remain in this position till the dawn of day, when two fellow-sportsmen, having found my dogs returning without me, guessed the kind of enemy with whom I had to contend, and came to relieve me from my critical situation. Emboldened by such aid, I called upon them to fire without mercy. Haj Ali, one of the best marksmen in the locality, speedily lodged a ball in the right temple of the brute, which produced a kind of somerset, and almost instantaneous death. That very day, I had the gratification to return home with the skin of that lion, and with a whelp, probably belonging to the same inveterate infidel. My night bath, however, brought on a most dreadful fever, which confined me to my bed for nearly six weeks.

"I had only just recovered from this fever when, one day, I mounted one of the finest steeds I ever possessed, (and, in those days, I owned some of the most magnificent in the country), to visit a sheikh of a tribe, encamped a few miles west of Keff. My gun was slung behind my back, my pistols were secured in my

sash, all ready-loaded, and my large *sloghi* (greyhound) trotted along by my side. I ascended a hill by a narrow path, singing one of our national ditties, and thinking only of the delicate business I had before me, which, I may as well tell, was to make an offer to Sheikh Mohammed for his daughter Hadeja—or rather, to conclude the bargain—for he had then already written to me, intimating his willingness to accept the stipulated sum. Such was the mood in which I was. I reached the summit of the hill, and commenced the descent into the plain, which was covered with stunted trees. When I arrived at the outskirts of this diminutive forest, my *sloghi* exhibited marks of fear; the horse pricked his ears, his step became less firm, and he trembled like an aspen leaf. I urged him on, and, at the same time grasping a pistol in my hand, I carefully scrutinized every step before me. My efforts to advance were now unavailing, for the horse would neither listen to my voice, nor would he obey the spurs, but stood as firm as a rock. The leap of an enormous lioness, to within twenty ells of me, at once explained the cause of my animal's fear; but, unfortunately, at this very instant, my horse wheeled round so suddenly that I became unseated, and, after unsuccessful attempts to regain my saddle, I fell to the ground, while the animal galloped homewards with incredible fleetness. But a second was sufficient for watching my steed: my business now was with the cause of this mishap. There the sleek monster lay, with her nose upon her pads and her furious eye fixed upon me, as if contemplating my ridiculous position upon the ground, or, perhaps, sharpening her

appetite for a human morsel. 'We are now both alive,' said I; 'but, judging from your present disposition, it is evident one of us must either go to *jenna* or *jehennem* [heaven or hell]. Upon the word of a Mussulman, I'll not hurt you, if you let me pass on unmolested; but if you are mischievously disposed, I shall carry your skin as a present to my intended. If you know me at all, you must be aware of the havoc this gun and these pistols have made among your kind.' The rage and fury which took hold of her upon my naming the words, 'gun,' 'pistols,' and 'skin,' is beyond all description. She raised herself on her hind legs, lashed her tail with dreadful rapidity, and roared at the top of her voice, 'Revenge! Revenge!' 'I presume,' I replied, 'you are the mother of the whelp I have taken; it is safe and happy with me, and if you will be pacified, I swear, by the head of the Prophet, I will bring it you to-morrow, to this spot, at the time of noon prayer. Let us be reconciled; my business is urgent, and it is a time when I am not inclined for an engagement, the issue of which must be doubtful.' The cursed infidel would listen to no terms. She made one spring and another, and I fired one pistol after the other. She fell and I rose. I now levelled my gun at her whilst she was rolling and growling in agonies on the ground. I was just preparing to fire, when she made a last convulsive dash at me, and actually managed to get the muzzle of my gun into her mouth, which she literally flattened with her enormous grinders; I, however, pinned her to the spot, and she expired. 'God be praised,' I exclaimed, 'for this delivery! What it is to be obstinate and too

confident!' She spurned every one of my overtures with a diabolical haughtiness, and forced this fate upon herself.

"I now made my way to Sheikh Mohammed on foot, whence I sent a servant for the skin, and had the gratification of presenting it to my future wife. On returning the following day to Keff, I found two hyænas feeding on the carcass, one of which I killed, the other made its escape."

Our Nimrod having once got into the humour for lion tales—to him, evidently, the most interesting theme—a fresh supply of coffee was ordered, and he continued to narrate as follows:—

"On one occasion, I had a very extraordinary scuffle, in which my good fortune was of more advantage to me than my strength. We made the discovery that the figs in our plantation were daily decreasing, and our suspicions fell on several of our neighbours, whom we charged with the depredation, which they, however, stoutly and indignantly repelled. So convinced was I that it was a certain Bo Hamda, famous alike for his cowardice and his thieving propensities, that I informed my father that I was resolved to detect him.

"At dusk on the following evening, I managed to proceed, unobserved by any, to the plantation, and took up my position under a wide-spreading tree, where I determined to keep a strict watch. The night was dark, and this circumstance made me more positive that the thief would not fail to make his appearance, and the stars shone sufficiently bright to enable me to seize him. I sat under the tree for some time, listening with the greatest intensity, until sleep overcame me, and how long I was in that state I cannot tell. A noise, at about

twenty paces from where I sat, awoke me; I quickly started on my legs, and was all attention and anxiety. A thief was undoubtedly there.

"I plainly and distinctly heard the fruit being plucked. 'Base scoundrel,' thought I, 'you shall soon pay for your trespassing upon other people's property.' I laid myself on the ground, and gently crawled in the direction of the thief. His dark shadow was now before me, whilst I was still invisible to him. Approaching nearer still, as noiselessly and as stealthily as possible, I stood up behind him, and clasping my arms round his waist with all my might, I screamed out, 'Oh, Bo Hamda, you thief, at last I have you!' A desperate struggle quickly ensued. I fell to the ground, but held my grasp with greater energy, straining every nerve, for I had discovered my mistake. It was not Bo Hamda with whom I had to contend, but a *TREMENDOUS LION*. The struggle was, however, quickly over, as I discovered that the brute was as much alarmed as myself, and his only anxiety was to escape. I let go my hold, and he instantly decamped. Thankful, indeed, was I to have escaped from such an unequal combat with only a few wounds and tattered garments. But strange to say, the figs were left undisturbed during the remaining portion of that year."

"*T'barek Allah*, blessed be God!" ejaculated one of the listeners, "how very courageous you are! A man to contend with a lion!—How wonderful too that the lion should have been intimidated by you so as not to repeat his depredations!"

Mustafa has an inexhaustible stock of lion adventures; and his kindness in favouring his friends with

the recital of them is in the same proportion. He has now entirely abandoned all dangerous sport, and contents himself with small game; but he has evidently even now his *game and sport* out of those who are too inquisitive, by describing to them how

> "Dreadful is the lion's lair,
> Though he is no longer there."

It is scarcely necessary to add, that our Nimrod was listened to, throughout, with intense interest and adequate applause. I very much doubt whether there was another of the party present, besides myself, who had any misgivings as to the truthfulness of these extraordinary details. The Arab mind is peculiarly constituted, and is well adapted for the reception of the marvellous. It annoys *the true believer* when hints are thrown out which are calculated to neutralise the effect of such a sweet and enchanting draught, which he has imbibed to the very dregs. These tales will be transmitted to future generations through the medium of tradition, which will, of course, be subject to all the vicissitudes such channels have been, are, and will be; but, unless some very extraordinary change passes over the Arab mind, the genuineness and authenticity of whatever tradition may convey will neither be doubted, nor questioned.

The unsuccessful efforts of our lion-hunters was the cause of our altering our intended route. We had proposed to return to Tunis by way of Baja; but as sport, and that of the highest order, was the primary object of one-half of our party, and since it was evident that the lion would not condescend to be made sport of in

his reputed home, it was concluded that there was no great chance of his exposing himself to the insult of muskets and rifles in territories which he but seldom visits. Our visit to Baja was thus abandoned. I regretted this decision very much, on account of some interesting antiquities which I was informed were to be found in its vicinity, as well as in the town itself.

Baja is the ancient *Vacca*, which was one of the first places to which Metellus sent a garrison during the Jugurthan war. It was then the most celebrated market-town in the kingdom, and was frequented by Italian merchants. The Numidian king did his utmost to regain this city, which had revolted. He held out great hopes of his final victory over the Romans, and likewise tampered with the very persons who were in charge of the garrison. Unable further to resist the solicitations of Jugurtha, the people determined to comply; and accordingly, on a day universally celebrated as a festival, the principal citizens invited the centurions, the tribunes of the soldiers, as well as the prefect, Titus Turpilius Silanus, to their respective houses, all of whom, except the last, they murdered at a preconcerted time. The populace generally then fell upon the soldiers, who rushed to the citadel for their arms, but that was already in possession of the enemy. Women and children even took part in this horrible massacre, by hurling down from the roofs of their houses upon the unarmed Romans, stones and whatever they could lay their hands on. The courageous and the coward, the vigorous and inactive, fell alike victims to the infuriated and fickle Numidians. Silanus alone managed to escape, and how he effected it is uncertain.

When the Roman consul, who was then at Utica, heard of the treacherous and monstrous act of the people of Vacca, he resolved to chastise them with the utmost severity. At sunset of the same day, he started with some light-armed Numidian cavalry, and a select number of Roman troops, and was in the vicinity of the town on the following morning. When the troops were first perceived, the gates were closed to them; but finding that their lands were not wasted, and moreover seeing Numidian cavalry, they were led to believe that it was king Jugurtha, and therefore most of the citizens went out to welcome him. At a given signal, the horse and infantry fell upon them, and cut them to pieces without mercy. The plunder of the city Metellus had promised to the troops, as an encouragement to bear up against the fatigue of their hasty march. Scarcely any of the inhabitants escaped the punishment for their perfidy. Silanus, too, being unable to make his defence, was condemned to be beaten with rods, and then beheaded.*

Baja is still an important town, but is considered very unhealthy during the summer season, owing to the marshes in the vicinity. From the old MS. geography in my possession, I learn that in the time of Hassan Ben Ali Basha (nearly one hundred and fifty years ago) two marble quarries were discovered near the town, but which, like the numerous mines of this regency, are neglected. Not far from Baja there is a wood of pine and fir-trees.

* Sall. Bell. Jug. §§ 47, 66, 69.

On my return from this tour, I commenced making active preparations for my departure for Europe. Mr. Wood's state of health, at the time, prevented him from affording me the assistance he otherwise would have gladly rendered me; but Mr. Werry, her Majesty's vice-consul, cheerfully undertook the task, and, with his usual good nature, performed it to the entire satisfaction of every one concerned.

Freed from all further responsibility connected with the excavations and the antiquities discovered since our last shipment (which were now handed over to her Majesty's consul-general), I embarked for Cagliari, with the intention of visiting some of the ruins in Sardinia, particularly the famous round towers, denominated *Noraghi*, which are found in different parts of the island. The season was, however, too far advanced for a stranger to encounter the malaria; and hence I was induced, according to the advice of some friends, to abandon that project, or at least to postpone it to some future day.

To Sir James Hudson I am indebted for an introduction to his Excellency M. Mathieu, the estimable governor of Cagliari, whose affability and courtesy I shall never forget. He is justly beloved and respected by the whole population. At the governor's palace, I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Admiral Count Persano—a thorough sailor and a perfect gentleman. I shall long remember (and so will others) the delightful evening we spent on board his flag-ship—a splendid model of naval architecture—but I shall ever regret having been prevented from availing myself of his repeated offer of a passage in one of the despatch-boats to Palermo, at the time when the struggle between the champion of freedom

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